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(FOUNDED BY EDWARD L. SEARS, LL.D.)

EDITED BY

DAVID A. GORTON, M. D.

Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicę, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est.

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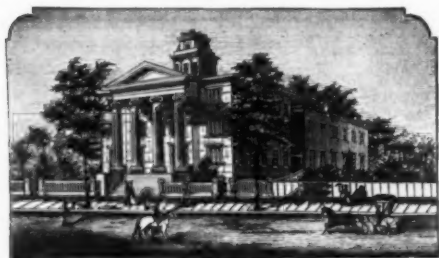
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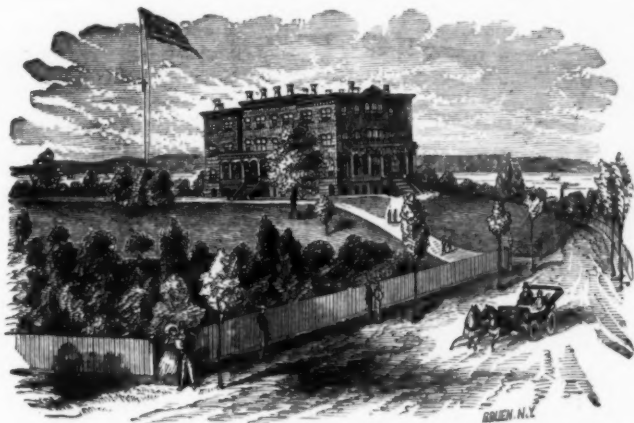
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THE
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APRIL, 1878.

ART. I.—THE PROGRESS OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

1. *Democracy in Europe ; a History.* By Sir THOMAS
ERSKINE MAY, K. C. B. 2 vols. New York : J. Wid-
dleton. 1878.

I.

DEMOCRACY has always been a subject of the greatest interest, involving as it does a government of the people by the people, and being commended to the sympathies of intelligent men by the charm of those classic histories which have kept the cause, or at least the name, of liberty alive against all the influences of kingly government in the darkest ages. It has been the theme of orators and poets, and the historians who treat of it have frequently found themselves drawn away into the flowing style of oratory and poetry—one of the latest of them, Sir Thomas Erskine May, not being entirely free from that somewhat pardonable defect—and written things which the colder or more bilious investigators of human progress sometimes regard with disfavor, and treat with disrespect. And in truth the critics are right, in a certain degree. The time for the mere sentimental effusions on the subject of ancient republicanism is gone by ; and the actual developments and character of democracy under the strong lights of modern progress have a tendency to do away with the old enchantment and bring men's minds to the level of its practical workings and deficiencies. The

history of democracy in our own day may be largely studied in our newspapers, "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time;" and it must be confessed that much of it is a very trying reading for the lovers of human progress, tending as it does to disconcert some of their foregone conclusions and lessen their faith in what is, after all, and rightly considered, the truest and noblest form of government.

Democracy—that is, the government of a people by itself—must be treated, not as a matter of sentiment, but as a science, based on a crowd of facts, and presenting a system governed by laws of progress, which will continue to tax the best wisdom of statesmen in adapting it to the growing requirements of the community. True democracy cannot be a mere matter of institutions or political arrangements, but a thing of growth, following the material improvements of society, and largely depending on the cultivation of the popular mind. And it must have its source in a general sense of justice, displacing the formidable influences of old ideas, old customs and castes.

Social injustice—only one remove from the original principle of barbarian force—has always vitiated the cause of the *demos* or the *plebs*; and this defect has in various ways exhibited itself in all the histories of democracy, ancient and modern. Popular self-government has not yet had anything like a clear stage or fair play; and we find it everywhere disfigured and trampled on, both in the kingly and kingless communities of men. The "good estate" of democracy must, in fact, be "the latest birth of time." It certainly was not the earliest. In the first ages of the world, when man's uncultured nature made him unscrupulous and predatory, under what one of the poets, with philosophical irony, calls "the good old rule and simple plan," the rule of the many, with its deliberate ways and its "open order" of movement, was found far less effective than a single will. Wars and forays needed captains and kings, whether in armies on land or in ships at sea; and like causes have produced like effects for ages, the principle still maintaining itself in much the same old way all over the world. That right of the strong hand was easily

recognized and allowed. Men saw at once who was the boldest in fight and the best in "gathering gear." But it was a far more difficult thing to adjust the quiet relations or claims of men in a tribe of one thousand or ten thousand, and set up a system of social machinery which would naturally make diversities of opinion and be, after all, knocked to pieces in the next argument about a spring-well, or a fat strip of corn-growing alluvion.

Kings—the brothers of the patriarchs, so to speak—came naturally first in the order of the little barbarian governments made by the early races—and the world has the same fashion still. But they could not always have their own way. In some places they took more than their share and behaved otherwise so badly that the tribes, with a sudden unanimity, fell upon them, drove them out and then set about managing their affairs in a many-headed manner, as we read in the histories of the Greek and Roman peoples. But these histories allow us to see that the democratic experiments were very trying and very protracted, and always embarrassed by the principles of the more simple governments they had replaced. Democracy was always exceptional and always, such as it was, of slow growth. In this respect it may be said—if the idea be not too fanciful—to resemble the oak, which does not grow vigorously on all soils. Both require their own soil and climate, both come slowly to maturity, and remarkably enough, both have grown best and largest under the hardest material conditions. The oak requires a severe climate and a stormy atmosphere; and democracy has never been found to exist (to any effective purpose) in countries possessing excessive warmth and fertility and a vast extent of alluvial ground, quickened by the force of the sun. It has not been found in Africa—for Carthage was always something of an oligarchy, and the Dutch *boers* of our own day have not been able to hold their own against the governors of the Cape, leagued with the savages—and can only be traced within the limits of Europe in the old world, where its various fortunes have been told by a thousand historians.

Among the most recent of these writers is, as has been

observed, Sir Thomas Erskine May, whose work forms the text of this article. In his *Democracy in Europe* he has given in a very affluent style, and with the manner of a judge who sums up a variety of evidence, a *résumé* or compendium of the general theme—including the democracies of Greece, Rome, the Italian Republics, the Netherlands, England and France—all well-beaten tracts of democratic history, from which he cannot be said to gather much that is new or striking, or such that would conciliate the more critical readers of his books. Yet he does his work in an effective manner, and his frankness is much in his favor. He says of himself: "Neither in learning nor in leisure could I feel myself equal to such a work; but led on by the deep interest of the subject I persevered for many years in a task which no abler heads had undertaken." Perhaps it would have been more to the purpose, if much learning and leisure had been expended on a theme of such transcendent interest. But the future of democracy and democratic historians is a large one, and all deficiencies of the present will, no doubt, be amply compensated in time. Meanwhile we shall follow the luminous course of our author's narrative, and make such conclusions as we can.

He begins with a recognition of the physical facts which have shaped the main currents of the historic republics, adopting in this the views of many great writers on the same theme. He says: * "Montesquieu has traced with luminous precision the influence of climate, soil and geographical position upon the laws and government of nations. Buckle has examined with extraordinary learning and fullness of illustration the physical laws affecting civilization. His generalizations are bold and masterly, and while some of his conclusions are open to controversy, many of them will hardly be disputed. He may sometimes attribute too much effect to the operation of the physical laws, to the exclusion of moral causes; but any philosophy would be imperfect which failed to assign to such laws a considerable influence in forming and modifying the social condition of different races of mankind. The operation of

* Introduction, p. 32.

such laws is no new theory [fact], but has been accepted by writers of all ages, from Homer and Aristotle to Taine and Buckle."

No doubt this principle is everywhere at the root of the democracies; and its consequences have shown themselves in a spirit of contest and industry growing out of the hard conditions of sky and soil. Greece was, and is, a small country—not so large as Portugal—broken up into a great number of little districts by its mountains and barriered within and without by valleys, gorges, passes and the encompassing sea—all forming enclosures of territory capable of becoming places of defence against those who did not speak the Pelasgian dialect of Hellas, and including townships in which particular tribes united themselves for the purposes of self-government. The bright and breezy little country of Greece was too rugged to admit anything like a general despotism, an agency that always loved an open ground for the free movement of an armed force supported by cavalry—as in Thrace, Persia and elsewhere. Turning to Rome we find a few predatory tribes—notably the Rhamnians, Titians and Luceres—who would naturally be called *Romi*, from an ancient Egyptian and indeed a very general ethnic term, meaning *tribes*—and who, going up from the open country into the hills surrounding the marshes of the Tiber, would therefore gather force from vigilant hardship under their early captains, till they would in time feel strong enough to abolish these overbearing leaders and try to manage without them, like their contemporaries of the Peloponnesus and Attica. Later in time, another little commonwealth came to life in Italy, under similar conditions of refuge and hardship, when the Goths in the fourth century, ravaging the northern part of the peninsula, drove a number of fugitives from *terra firma* to take refuge in the seventy-four swampy little islands at the head of the Adriatic. And this was the origin of Venice; in which the inhabitants worked in an amphibious way for generations, like so many beavers, to gather a foot-hold from the water, and shelter their democracy against the barbarians. Again, in the ninth and tenth centuries, the incursions and contests of Hungarians, Saracens and Germans on that same Italian ground, obliged the inhabitants to come

together in towns and cities, where they barricaded their homes, organized garrisons on a republican system, and lived in a condition favorable to their industries and to the arts which subsequently grew out of these.

Under the same hard law of necessity grew the communities of the North Sea among the dreary polders and creeks of Holland; and those of Switzerland among the barren peaks of the Alps. Liberty was obliged to take refuge in both places, standing, so to speak, either up to her neck in mud and water, or with her head in the clouds among glaciers and avalanches; while the fairest portions of Europe lay at the mercy of her old antagonists, the long-handed kings and horse-riding Palatines. Later, the English drifted into something like democracy; but it was a fanatical and feeble trial made at the bidding of a military chief who was himself every inch a king, or "more than king," in his rapid and arbitrary style of dealing with social disorders. Later still came the great Revolution of 1789,

"When France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,"

according to the coarse conceit of Lord Byron. And this trial ended as all such passionate attempts are likely to end—in "a man and a sword," as the Abbé Sieyès expressed it in 1797, when young Bonaparte had crowned his astounding Italian campaign with the Treaty of Campo Formio. And yet, it cannot be denied that the French fury was something more than a barren outbreak. If it built up nothing in a direct way, it certainly prepared the materials for future artificers; awakening, at the same time in all Europe a lively spirit of inquiry and progress which still lives to carry forward the work of enlightenment and emancipation.

All the records of democracy show that it had its beginnings in hardship and had to struggle against the violence and injustice of grasping despots and designing demagogues. The historians have been too enthusiastic in their estimate of the classic and mediæval republics; much of what we have learned concerning them is probably due to the exaggerations or colorings of the old narrators who wrote romance for history—as was admittedly the case in the records of Fabius Pictor and

Ennius concerning Rome, of Xenophon respecting the Persians, of Tacitus on the subject of the Germans, of bishop Turpin on that of Charlemagne, of Geoffry of Monmouth in the story of the Britons, and of the Irish Senachies on the golden age of Ireland and the royalty of Tara—to say nothing of the heroic city that never existed, beside the Troad and Mount Ida—

“ Save in the immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky Isle ; ”

while that blind old man himself is as much of a dream as all the rest of that magnificent *épopée*. The democracy of Greece did not fulfil our modern ideas of the equal rights of men ; though, no doubt, it diffused a memorable and most interesting light along its olympiads, and in an early age of barbarism and battles, gave birth to a literature unsurpassed in some of its features, by any the world has seen. Those Greek republics had always a notable, and at most periods, a strong infusion of aristocracy—enough to spoil them—the principle with which they began the world. Solon himself, “ first in the hearts of his fellow countrymen,” made property the test of civic dignity in Athens, a city in which slaves resided at all times with their masters, and the laborers and immigrants had no voice in the management of the city or state. The Boulè, or Senate, was founded on birth and property. It was the same in Sparta where the Gerusia was an aristocratic parliament. The Spartans conquered the Messeneans, Arcadians and Argives, who then formed part of the Lacedemonian state, but had no voice in the government. The Helots and Periæki, the oldest tribes of Laconia, were treated worse than the Irish in the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth century.

When those two classic republics of Athens and Sparta were at their best, (about 450 B. C.) they were aristocracies to all intents and purposes, with all the instincts of royalty, that is, those of aggression and war waged against one another. The struggles of the two chief States, and the quarrels of the other cities of Greece, resembled somewhat those of the Anglo-Saxon tribes in England, which Milton justly compared to

"the flocking and fighting of kites and crows in the air," a condition of things fatal to any enlightened system of democracy. In Attica, the "native" tribes, as they were termed, comprising the nobles—Eupatrids, Gamori, Kleruchi—together with the wealthier classes, ruled over the great mass of the people. There was a change, however, in the time of Pericles, noblest and stateliest of all those antique democrats, who procured a law allowing a great number of the *oi polloi* to take part in the government of the city, that is, have the privilege of citizenship, and make part of the privileged class. This last numbered about twenty thousand citizens in a population which the best historical critics have estimated at half a million, either living in the city or distributed in the country districts.

In such a state of things, the contests of the higher and lower classes, of the rich and the poor, were incessant in Greece; and the results were necessarily those which history has recorded—the decline and ultimate decay of the State. Sir Thomas shows that the Athenians had very little genuine democracy among them. He says: * "How did the Athenians live? The answer is simple. They had nothing to do. All the toilsome work of life was performed for them by metics and slaves; the metics† gradually increasing with the growth of the Piræus and the extension of maritime commerce. Many had been enfranchised by Kleisthenes, (550 B. C.) but they were not generally admitted to the franchise. The serfs who tilled the soil, labored in handi-

* Vol. I, p. 122.

† The classic reader who is familiar with the Greek *metic*, need not be reminded that this term with the same signification has been pronounced and understood vernacularly for many ages within the circle of the British Isles; being the very ancient Keltic word *bodac*, a "common man." He may be also interested to know that the sister Greek word *helot* is also Keltic or Irish, (*haillt* or *callet*) with the same meaning of "common man;" and that it is, furthermore, the Anglo-Saxon term, *hold* or *holt*, which had the same signification. It may be added as another curiosity of common speech, that among the early English, the skilled mechanics or "guildmen" would call an untaught worker a *holt* or *colt*, to signify he had no knowledge of a "craft" or "mystery," and was only a common laborer.

crafts and performed all menial services, and whose number amounted to about four-fifths of the entire population, had no political rights. Hence the privileged citizens who lived on the produce or rental of their land, or on the industry of slaves were, in relation to the entire community, a select body, enjoying ample leisure for politics and intellectual culture, and, however equal among themselves, exercising power over the masses. The metics and slaves comprised the entire body of the working classes and many traders and artificers who, in modern society, would be reckoned among the middle class. Hence, it appears that the Athenian constitution, however democratic as an association of citizens, was very far removed from a republic constituted on the general basis of population.

* * * The citizens were themselves the little state, they governed for themselves and their own interests, and they had no patriotism save for their own contracted ideas of the state."

Such a condition of things was not very democratic. And yet there were some features in the public polity of the Athenians that make an attractive show in the records. One of them was the *Dikastery*, a system introduced by Ephialtes and Pericles, giving to a body of 6,000 citizens—about one-third of the entire privileged or burgher class—the right to sit as judges in all civil cases of trial, those involving homicide being always referred to the Supreme Court, or *Areopagus*. A certain number of *dikasts* * were chosen daily from each tribe, and a crowd of them, from two hundred to a thousand in number, and sometimes even more, would sit together in court to hear and decide cases. On these occasions, an archon, or other high magistrate, always presided, acting somewhat in the manner of a modern judge; while the *dikasts*, according to the narratives that have come down to us, seem

* Scholars and men of culture are very apt to overlook the fact that *dikast* is an ancient relation of our familiar word *digest*, used in the expression "digest of laws;" a form of speech usually derived from the process by which food is assimilated in the human system. This plausible explanation is inherited from the Roman writers, but it is evidently a wrong one. The root of the word had, and has simply the meaning of utterance and *dictum*.

to have served in the capacity of an enormous jury—contrasting in a curious way with the twelve men subsequently called on to perform a somewhat similar duty in Anglo-Saxon times.

The privilege of the dikastery was a singular enjoyment for the lively Athenians of the burgher class, who had little business to do; and when it became a law, at the dictation of Ephialtes and Pericles, that every man serving in court as dikast should receive three obols for his day's work, the whole body of 6,000 thrilled joyfully as one man. A craze of dikastery overcame the population, and points of law were discussed in the streets and dwellings as well as in the courts. Some of the Athenians themselves turned the fashion into ridicule; among these was the buffo-dramatist Aristophanes, who in his *Wasps* brings on the stage an old fellow named Philokleon, a dikasterian monomaniac, who talks of nothing but going to law, and who sits down with the gravest interest to try the house-dog for running off with a Sicilian cheese. This institution with its mob of dikasts, in a city of twenty or thirty thousand burghers, was an extravagance which could never work in any wider field of democracy, but was especially suitable to the character of those old Greeks who were very like children in their conduct, according to the opinion of some of their own philosophers. At the same time it would not be just to pass over another custom which was much more creditable to the wisdom of the Athenians, viz.: the system of arbitrators called *Dematæ*, who sat to decide causes on the simple principle of common-sense and fair dealing. This was a system which would work well under any order of modern democracy, and it must yet be brought into play to take the place of the special pleading or chicanery which brings such discredit on the law practices of our day and generation. Indeed, it is already in operation and with the best possible results. The system of the "Prudhommes" has existed for a good while in France; and it is another of those French fashions which are so apt to find imitators in the world at large. The Prudhommes of America will yet do good service in society under a purer order of democracy.

But in spite of many fair shows and seemings, the

Athenians had no democracy to boast of. All genuine democracy must be based on the dignity of labor—and they never loved labor—being in this respect also very like children; though they had a proverb which declared that “the gods sell everything to labor.” Even Aristotle, who had some of the prejudices of his order, says that those occupations are base and unmanly which injure the health and diminish the efficacy of the human system. Labor, in fact, was a degradation in Greece. It was even looked on as a sort of wickedness. The Hebrews had something of the same idea. They said it came to the human race in the shape of a curse and a penalty; and the notion must have come across to Greece, along with the letters of Cadmus. The phraseology of the Hellenes showed how frankly they adopted that sentiment. They called their upper classes the *Agathoi*, and spoke of their plebeians as the *Kakoi*—thus literally making the former the “Good-uns” and the others the “Bad-uns.” Those aristocratic ideas were cherished everywhere in Greece; and a notable instance of the divisions existing between the higher and lower classes may be found in the story of the poet Theognis, as set down in the edition of his works published by the German writer, Welcker.

The city of Megara had its two parties, and the poet was an adherent of Theagenes, the patrician tyrant, who, in a civic scuffle, was driven away by his opponents. Theognis went into exile along with him and wrote a number of severe “elegies” against the *Kakoi*, denouncing them for their wickedness in breaking up the estates of the *Agathoi*, living in a style of vulgar ostentation, and even marrying into the first families of Megara. The elegies, or something very like them, might have been written sixty years since, by an English tory, after the passage of the Emancipation Act and the Reform Bill.

Turning to the republicanism of Rome, we find it ordered pretty much after the spirit of the Greek democracy—the difference being mainly due to the differing genius of the people. Sir Thomas E. May says: “The genius of the Greeks and Romans was essentially different. The former were imaginative, impulsive and impressible; the latter, earnest,

resolute and steadfast. In genius the Greeks were superior to the Romans; but in moral force and dignity they were far below them. The philosophy of Epicurus was best suited to the temperament of the Greeks; the philosophy of the Stoics was congenial to the more resolute and enduring spirit of the Romans." But in the main, the two races are not found "to stand off in differences so mighty;" and Mommsen, the historian, says more simply, that, in matters of democracy, "the Greeks and the Italians were brothers." They carried out the same principle of republicanism. The Romans, like the Greeks, transferred their kingly traditions to their common-weal. The race of hereditary nobles or optimates belonging to the *gentes* or "houses," held rule in the State, and were, in fact, the State, taking in all cases the lion's share of the public domain, providing the two patrician consuls and appointing the generals of the armies. The Pontifex Maximus was also a patrician. In process of time, the plebeians, who composed the rank and file of the army, became discontented and then mutinied, (496 B. C.) They seceded to Mons Sacer, obliging the optimates to come to terms. Tribunes of the people were created to counterbalance the rule of the senate and the nobles. The Publilian law, (471 B. C.) gave to the plebs the election of the tribunes; and these obtained for their clients the Aventine Hill and the grounds about it as a sort of stronghold for the lower orders—a fact very significant of that old Roman democracy. In 447 B. C. the tribunes were allowed to sit in the Senate—to listen, but not to vote, though they could warn and protest. Subsequently the plebeians were eligible to the consulate, then to the offices of curule ædile, censor, prætor, dictator and priest. "But," says Sir Thomas,* "these concessions were far from constituting the republic's democracy. The legislative acts of the people were rare and were reserved for occasions of special, popular interest, while all the acts of the Senate were binding on the people without their consent. So great was the authority of the Senate and so multiplied were the executive and adminis-

* Vol. I. p. 158.

trative of the magistracy that the people, even with their extended privileges, were little concerned in the government of the State." The Roman polity was so ill-balanced, that according to Polybius, the Romans themselves scarcely knew whether they were under a monarchy, an aristocracy, or a democracy.

The barbaric love of combat and conquest still further vitiated the republicanism of Rome. When the City had got possession of Italy, the patrician citizens won large estates which they cultivated by the hands of their freedmen and slaves; thus preventing the growth of a free agricultural class, and gathering the enormous wealth which enabled them to corrupt and overpower the plebeians of the capital. By monopolizing the products of labor they subjected the laborer. War and rapine helped the cause of the patricians and demoralized the mass of the people. The Romans became a nation of soldiers and the toga was supplanted by the sword. The citizens fell by degrees to the rank of a "Forum-populace," living mainly on the expenditures of the privileged classes and furnishing those cohorts of clients who waited dutifully on their respective patrons and fought a thousand street-battles on their behalf. With the protests and sedition of the Gracchi (130 B. C.) began the last agony of the Roman democracy. Tiberius Gracchus, backed by the tribunes of the people, proposed a law under which no landlord could hold more than four hundred acres of ground—offering at the same time compensation for the vast surplus of which they would be deprived, and assuring thirty acres to every Roman citizen desirous of cultivating them. The lords fought against this dreadful bill and twice defeated it. Tiberius persisted, using every means of menace and strategy, till at last the patricians, gathering their clients, fell upon him and slew him together with three hundred of his "communists." After this followed the turbulent interval with which most historic readers are familiar; the agitation of Caius Gracchus; the ferocities of Marius, the democrat, and Sulla, the aristocrat; then the military oligarchy, in the midst of which the patricians, having beaten down and silenced the plebs, divided and fought one

another in the desperate strife of the Triumvirates, till at last, Julius Caesar, throwing his peremptory sword into the scale, like another Brennus, put an end to that disastrous controversy of ages. The people of Rome, who had never succeeded in making themselves a democracy, subsided finally to repose as a populace, and die as a warning.

The same story, with variations, might be told of the Italian republics of the Middle Ages. They came into existence under the distant and feeble suzerainty of the German emperors, successors of Charlemagne, and were encouraged by Roman Pontiffs who wanted neither king nor emperor to overshadow the Holy See in Italy. In Northern Italy, Milan, Venice, Genoa, Pisa were among the first to shut themselves in and make the trial of self-government; and they were battlemented and flourishing in the eleventh century. In the twelfth and thirteenth, they were at their best. But they had no just principle of permanency to preserve them in the midst of the dynastic chances that beset them on every side. They were, for the most part, based on guilds which were really so many aristocracies of industry, repelling and depressing the laboring classes in town and country. Meanwhile, as they waged war against one another, they mainly depended on the *Condottieri*, or captains of mercenary soldiers, who soon became leaders in city matters also. Under the same sort of necessity they admitted among them several of the feudal nobles against whom they had shut their gates at first, and these chiefs helped the *Condottieri* to demoralize those civic communities. Surrounding these local elements of confusion were the two great parties of the Ghibellines (partisans of the German emperor) and the Guelphs, who stood for their native prince, the Pope. The cities taking sides in the controversy, held their own for a time, but the incessant military onsets were fatal to their independence. The fighters in the long run controlled the merchants, craftsmen and laboring classes of the little states, and these in time presented all the features of military oligarchies. As early as the fourteenth century the cities were under captainships, *Gonfaloniers* and *Bannerets*—Pisa being ruled by the *Faggiola*; Padua by *Castruccio Castracani*;

Cremona and Tortona by Visconti; Mantua by Gonzaga; Ferrara by the Estes; Ravenna by the Polentas; Verona by Scala; Bologna by the Pepoli, and Genoa by Boccanegra. Rienzi's attempt to restore the "good estate" in Rome was a failure. Venice was an oligarchy, such as she remained to the end. The Genoese in their better days obeyed the lords of the Riviere, the Dorias, the Spinolas, Grimaldis and Fieschis; and in their later wars against Venice they accepted the captainship of the Viscontis, Lords of Milan. Florence, in 1342, put herself under a French Duke, called the Duke of Athens; but soon drove him away. In 1378 her lower class rose against the chief guilds and made Lando, a wool-comber, first magistrate of the city. But in a few years the Albizzy family ruled the city; and in 1434 the wealthy Medicis took the chief place in the State, which they retained for three hundred years, till in 1737 their heritage was transferred to the Duke of Lorraine, subsequently Francis I, emperor of Germany. Democracy has never been able permanently to fix its roots in Italian soil. But its attempts may yet be renewed on a broader field, with fairer auspices and with better success.

In the history of Switzerland may be found something approaching the ideal of democracy, owing to the barriers which nature has raised about the mountain societies and the poverty which was their chief palladium. The people of the Swiss valleys originally confederated to resist the Germans and Burgundians, whose emperors and dukes had a claim of sovereignty over them. But the mountaineers had nobles among themselves, and the influence of those was long felt in Berne, Lucerne, Fribourg, Soleure and Geneva, where the agricultural class had no political rights, any more than in the Italian republics, and the government was mainly in the hands of craftsmen. The Alpine democracy had something of the ancient prejudice against labor—that is, unskilled labor. In the sixteenth century, after four hundred years of development, the loose federation of the hill country was a recognized power in Europe. The Cantons had arranged their little systems in an independent way, some of them being oligarchies, others aristocracies, some with mixed constitutions and some with

pure democracies. Then, as well as since, and up to a recent date, the Swiss were looked upon as the prize-fighters of Europe. They were ready to serve for pay abroad, since their country could scarcely give them subsistence at home. Time has however brought a change in this respect. They formerly went all over Europe to collect tribute. Europe now brings it up to the doors of their *châlets* by the hands of her tourists, and their savage crags and avalanches are found to pay as well as some of the richest corn-fields in the lowlands. The mechanical arts, however, are by no means altogether neglected.

The absence of those military commotions, caused by the greed and selfishness of "statesmen," that defeated the ends of democracy in other places, was favorable to the little republics of Switzerland, and the harshness of their burgher-aristocracy might have quietly worn itself away in time under the influences of peaceful intercourse. But if they had not war to trouble them, they had religion, which has at times as large a capacity of confusion and tumult as the former agency. The Reformation brought not peace but a sword with it, filling the federation with jealousies and contentions. Seven of the cantons—Lucerne, Schweitz, Uri, Unterwalden, Zug, Fribourg and Soleure, adhering to the old creed, turned so many faces of antipathy upon the protestant governments of Berne, Basle, Zurich, Schaffhausen and Geneva; while people professing both the discordant religions were found more or less in all the cantons. There were now two Diets; the Protestants leaned to France; the Catholics to Spain and Rome; while differences of language and race tended still further to damage the cause of republicanism. During the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century, Switzerland, harassed by those differences, presented a counterpart of the old Greek States. In the seventeenth century, the Swiss peasants were driven to insurrection, not alone against the nobles and land-owners, but against the burghers and guildmen of the towns in the cantons of Lucerne, Basle, Berne and Soleure. All this was too "democratic" to be tolerated; other cantons interfered; and those peasants had the fate of Jack Cade and Kett the Tanner in England, and of Guillaume Callet

in France. In Geneva the "first families," stoutly maintained their order till 1740, when the burghers attempted to win a share in the government of the city. At the end of thirty years, they succeeded; after which the workmen and immigrants long established in the place, asked in turn for a fair recognition. It was refused—the burghers joining in the refusal—and violence followed. The patricians of Berne and Zurich marched in (1782) and restored the oligarchy. Lucerne, Soleure and Berne were as aristocratic as Geneva; and so they all waited for the great French controversy of 1790. That outbreak threw Switzerland into confusion; and Bonaparte created the Helvetian republic, after the republican fashion of France, with a federal constitution. It was a good one, abolishing the servitude and the civic inequalities of the cantons. It had, in fact, an American aspect. But the "Holy Alliance" overthrew it after the fall of Napoleon; and the old aristocratic style was restored in the twenty-two cantons, together with the mischievous religious feuds that had been quieted for a time.

In 1830, when Liberty had another of her "terrivies," Switzerland recovered many of her rights, and the "first families" were forced to make room for the *canaille*. But the religions carried on their debates. The learned order of the Jesuits was admitted into Lucerne to manage the schools; and the angry Protestants prepared to resist. This brought into existence the Catholic league of seven cantons called the "Sonderbund;" obliging the Federal Diet to employ against it the persuasions of 100,000 armed men—an *ultima ratio* which silenced the insurrection. In 1847, the people of Switzerland received and adopted their present constitution which strengthens the central government, abolishes all aristocratic rights and customs, and excludes foreign influences in the matter of religion. On the whole, the republicanism of those twenty-five cantons seems to be of a quality superior to our own.

In his second volume, Mr. May narrates the customs of the Dutch democracy, (including the cities of Flanders,) the English Cromwelliad and the great French paroxysm. Hol-

land is another evidence that liberty of the commonalty had its rise under the hardest conditions of society. Dutch republicanism was derived from those who "ran as far as God had any ground," to escape from the Frank emperors and Teutonic knights, and scrape as they could a living "from the sea and from the land"—according to the words of their national motto. They found themselves "between the devil and the deep sea;" but the latter was much the more endurable of the two, since it gave them food both for body and brain in the shape of fish, and also a high-road for their "journeys of piccory" along the strands of Britain, Ireland and France. Their hard fare did not tempt the kings and counts to follow them very sharply, and left them a good deal of leisure to cultivate their "new-catched miles," in the midst of the polders and marshes of the North Sea, where their democracy had the best sort of foundation—that of labor. But those Netherlands did not escape the aristocratic influences—*i. e.*: crystallized selfishness—which grew upon the broader and more solid ground of Flanders, along with the counts, lords and bishops, who made their homes on that riverine and prolific soil, and exercised control over the burghership of the cities. The burghers, for their own part, loved to exercise control of another sort. "The guilds," says our author,* "were divided into the greater and lesser trades, the former being composed of burghers, employers of labor, and the latter, of artificers. The members of the greater guilds were wealthy, powerful and ambitious. They were clothed in municipal purple, and ruled with the sway of an aristocracy in the civic state. * * * The great mass of the artificers, bound to the lesser trades, was continually striving against the power and privilege of their more exalted brethren." At Brussels, Louvain and Antwerp, those workers rose in arms against the guild-masters, protesting against an arrangement which certainly was not made in a fair spirit of democracy. Under the house of Burgundy, the Netherlands had a sort of federal council in which each province was represented by its delegates, and had something the character of a Swiss canton. But the succeeding German

* Vol. II, p. 18.

emperors changed all that, forcing the northern division of the country, (Holland,) into insurrection, and finally into independence. But the Hollanders always kept their burgherships, and these were crowned with a stadtholdership; while Flanders remained always under the German government. The government of a stadtholder was not a democracy, as the records of Holland sufficiently show; and when the Dutch came subsequently under the kingship of Louis Bonaparte, the difference was scarcely perceptible. Under a crowned prince of Orange, perhaps the Hollanders are just now as democratic as ever their fathers were.

In respect of France, it must be said that her democracy of fourteen years (1790-1804) was rather a convulsion of change and a tumult of war than a republic; though it was prospectively a help to the cause of European progress. She weakened all the logic of kingship and custom; and the social storm which followed had the effect of those belonging to the department of nature, *viz.*: a somewhat general clearing of the social atmospheres. The republic of the history-writer and the army-general which has gone on pretty fairly for the last seven years, and will certainly last much longer, is one of the natural consequences of the foregoing tentatives, whether of terrorism, conquest or strategy; and, in fine, as regards political institutions, France moves in the front rank of progress, her people living to all intents and purposes as free as our own or the men of the Swiss cantons. The Communists, those "terrorists" of a later date, attempted in 1871 to make a stride in advance and to establish a new order of democracy; but they had the fate of their precursors of 1793; and they must still wait, looking for that "latest birth of time," which is certainly a question of time merely, and to be decided after the manner of so many other questions, once regarded and deprecated as equally desperate.

Our author comes last to the English democracy and says the history of England is really a history of liberty, not of democracy—a sort of antithesis which does not seem so very distinct or felicitous as it was meant to be. Surely, no one would accuse England of being democratic. While maintain-

ing inviolate the crown lands and revenues, the institution of a gentry class, and perpetuating a race of royal paupers to embarrass the progress of the commonalty, the English have been in the habit of waiting on Providence in a prudent way, and taking their democratic rights by instalments as they can without any of the nonsensical violence exhibited by other people. Democracy, after all, thrives best or safest under the quieter conditions of society; and war, though it has sometimes seemed not unfaithful to the glory of republicanism, is found in the end to be more of a hindrance than a help. In a country like England, where industry has given so many hostages to society, "reform" sounds better than "revolution;" and, for the rest, a people, like an army, moves best when it moves in the mass, while neither people nor army can advance with safety any faster than the rear-guard of the whole body. The English rear-guard is composed of the higher and more wealthy classes, and it may be worth while to wait for it, especially as the history of the last fifty years can show that "it still moves," however slowly; and a wider range of history can also show that the most long-lived and venerable customs of the world, however cherished in their day, must give way in the end before the growth of ideas and the progress of society. No doubt it would be a blessing to the humble workers of England, if her soil were more equally divided among those willing and able to cultivate it; and no doubt it would be an advantage if either the national debt or interest on it was abolished—"repudiated." But the effort to bring such a change about now would make a convulsion from which the country might not recover for a century. Still the change must come; and whether it be with convulsion or by easy process, will depend much on the temper of those who essay to stand in the way of it.

The English form of government is not altogether bad; perhaps it is as good as the present state of her society admits of. As for the British aristocracy, it seems to be no more or less manageable than those of the republics we have been just considering. It can be brought to order without clubs or stiletos, and that is something, when one considers how the

old democracies always had the worst of it when the controversy came to blows and barricades.

Liberty and democracy have been so long associated together in the world's history that men have come to regard them as equivalent terms. But there is no necessary connection between them. Despotism may exist in a democracy, and a large degree of individual liberty may be enjoyed in a monarchy—as in England to-day. It is also interesting to observe the confusion of ideas which exists—and Sir Thomas May is not wholly exempt from it—on the subject of human liberty. In a physical sense no civilized man was ever intended to possess it. Civilization is a subjugating process, intended to subordinate the appetites, passions and wayward impulses of the individual to the dictates of reason and justice, so that no man shall do to another what he would not that the other should do to him. The ideal government is that which establishes and maintains this divine order in the body politic, call it by whatsoever name we may.

In a properly constituted society, therefore, no man can be wholly free. He must surrender much of his own liking to a sense of what is due to others. And it is all the better for genuine liberty that he is compelled to do so. To say nothing of the positive enactments which so hamper one's freedom, we see how the unwritten laws of custom, acting on the most elevated and cultured classes, can be as despotic as those of the legislature. There is a tyrant of civilized life called "Appearances;" and everybody knows the cautions, contrivances, subterfuges and strategies, with which the most respectable people in society try to propitiate it or them—for that powerful dominator is multi-faced. Men are bound to respect public opinion. It is the most logical guide and standard in all human affairs, and obedience to it is dictated by one of the divinest faculties of our nature, in spite of its weaknesses and defects. In time its influence will be capable of conducting our race to a higher level of thought and action.

Many writers are disposed to think such a course must be unfavorable to the cause of civilization in bringing human action to the condition of a mechanism. M. Acollas, a late

French writer on democracy,* is, for this reason, opposed to the action of the Communists who would arrange men into regiments of labor and compensate them on the principle of equality in their several vocations. He believes such a system would force the workers down to a monotonous dead level, efface the individuality which induces a man to distinguish himself from his fellows, and prevent the development of genius or originality. The argument is an interesting one; and if genius is as indispensable to the progress of society as it is generally supposed to be, one must agree with M. Acollas and be content to let the soulless struggle for place, power and profit go on, applaud the successful competitors and mercilessly hand the unsuccessful ones over to the devil.

It must, in fine, be recognized that the greatest contest of democracy is yet to come. The republics we have been considering have all had their own rules and habits of tyranny, and are agreed in the policy of keeping the laboring class in a state of degradation. The same evil custom exists at present in most countries of the world, and in no country perhaps to a greater degree than in America. But the rights of labor are beginning to assert themselves, and under an improved condition of society and with the enlargement of men's ideas, it is unlikely they will long remain unrecognized. If "the gods sell everything to labor," according to the old Greek proverb, they will also sell to it the blessings of justice. Yet it must needs be a protracted controversy and a hard purchase; and the plutocracy of a great republic like our own may be much more difficult to deal with than any of the overbearing monarchies of ancient or modern times.

Having commented thus briefly on the general theme of self-government as it has been tried in so many localities and under so many phases of society, we find we have only touched, in a retrospective way, the great question, and must leave the consideration of the present aspects of the subject in the United States to be dealt with on another occasion.

* *Philosophie de la Science Politique et Commentaires de la Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme de 1793.*

ART. II.—PRE-HISTORIC MAN IN AMERICA.

1. *Types of Mankind, or Ethnological Researches, based upon Ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculptures and Crania of Races, and upon the Natural, Geographical, Philological and Biblical history, with additional contributions, by S. G. Morton, M. D., Prof. L. Agassiz and others.* By J. C. NOTT, M. D., and GEORGE R. GLIDDON.
2. *Crania Americana, or a Comparative View of the Skulls of Various Aboriginal Nations of North and South America, with an Essay on the Varieties of the Human Species.* By S. G. MORTON, M. D. Philadelphia and London: 1839.
3. *Pre-historic Races of the United States of America.* By J. W. FOSTER, LL. D. 1877.
4. *Tenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology.* Vol. II, No. 1. 1877.

"God created man red, white and black," is a saying as old as the Hebrew Targum. The fact that such an expression regarding the diverse origin of the human race was in circulation so many centuries before the rise of the so-called skeptical spirit of modern science, is in itself an example of the interest that has ever been taken in the "proper study of mankind." For ages man has been striving to wrest from the lips of nature the secret of his race-origin. Though constantly baffled in his search, he as constantly renews his efforts, eagerly grasping at the slightest clue that may be offered.

Science has already demonstrated the futility of any attempt to set definite limits to the age of our planet. When an advocate of the "recent" age of the earth, like Sir William

Thompson, assigns the date of the earth's consolidation to a period between 20,000,000 and 400,000,000 years ago, metres and bounds become inappreciable. When, moreover, we take into consideration the countless ages required for the earth "to form, reform and transform" itself, and prepare for the reception of the lowest forms of life, the elevation and submergence of continents, before America assumed her present physical conformation; and, to take a single instance, when we reflect that the Falls of Niagara have been receding from Lake Ontario for over three hundred thousand years, * any attempt to circumscribe within a period of sixty centuries all the changes of the earth and the universe, seems worse than folly. The rational believer, however, in reverently tracing the development of a great law as disclosed in the manifest designs of the greater Law-giver, with whom a thousand years are but as yesterday, cannot fail to be convinced of the puerility of any attempt to apply a finite standard to the workings of the Infinite.

The same unreasoning prejudice which so long attempted to refute the great antiquity of the earth, has been brought to bear against similar evidence as to the age of the human race. It is only within comparatively recent years that the antiquity of man in Europe has been acknowledged even by scientific investigators. Yet we fancy that few, who have given the subject any intelligent study, are bold enough to deny to the human race in Europe an antiquity dating back to the days of the hairy elephant, the bear and hyena of the caves, the great ox and the gigantic cat. The flint hatchets from the gravel beds in the valley of the Somme in France, bear an antiquity which has been vaguely estimated at from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand years. However remote, it was a period when the physical forces of man were exerted to the utmost, when constant watchfulness against the gigantic foes which surrounded him, developed the supercilious ridges to an abnormal extent, while the low retreating forehead betokens the unproportional development of the lower to that of the higher intellectual faculties.

* *Les Cascades du Niagara*, par E. Desor. Neuchâtel : 1854.

While therefore the childhood of mankind in Europe is to be traced far back in the ages of an almost unknown past, it is but natural that human relics of equal or greater antiquity should be sought for in America, "first born among the continents," whose land, if we may believe Prof. Agassiz, reached from Nova Scotia to the far West, while Europe was still represented by mere islands rising here and there above the surrounding sea.

One of the most important obstacles which Columbus had to encounter in disclosing his theories of inhabited lands beyond the oceans, is said to have been the theological argument that Providence never could have permitted races to exist so far from the means of salvation. Such races were found, however, not only in the condition so apprehensively suggested, but with manners, traditions and customs totally abhorrent to European notions. The current theology was ready for the emergency, and theories of the lost ten tribes and personal interposition by St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew * were deemed sufficient to account for all known facts relating to American ethnology.

As discoveries progressed in later years, there were gradually disclosed the faint traces of a mysterious people, whose sole surviving history is inscribed in the hieroglyphics of the western mounds and circles, whose age alone is sufficient to refute the once popular Hebraic theory. Later investigations pursued with all the ardor characteristic of American ethnologists, have brought to light the Cyclopean remains of South and Central American civilizations, far ante-dating the period of the Incas and the Montezumas, a civilization in the former case at least, "perhaps coeval with the flint flakes of Cornwall and the shell mounds of Denmark."

The oldest accounts that we possess of supposed American discoveries before Columbus, besides the traditions of the Indians themselves, all lead to the conclusion that America has been inhabited for untold ages. For unnumbered centuries, native tribes and races of men have traversed this continent in all the varying stages of savagery, barbarism and civilization. The deeper we pursue the investigations of man's origin here,

* Valasco, *Hist. de Quito*, Tome I, pp. 89, 90.

the farther does it seem to withdraw in to the shadows of the remote past. How the lowest forms of humanity were first developed upon this continent, how the wild man received his first conception of language, and, from the use of the club, advanced from the rude palaeolithic to the polished stone, or neolithic age, until from the crude clay-lined, wickerwork basket he had advanced to the manufacture of the elaborate pottery of the later races, are all links in the mysterious history of which we possess as yet but a few unsatisfactory fragments. Yet this chain of evidence, meagre as it is, leads back through historic periods before either the Assyrian or Egyptian civilization began, through the ages whose only recorded history is in the unread "manuscripts of God," to the days when man fought his desperate battle for a life hardly worth the contest. "Far beyond the comparatively recent period at which human history began on the shores of the Mediterranean, extend the ages during which as palaeontology shows us, both the eastern and western hemispheres were peopled by races of men; ten thousand centuries before the time of Homer and the Vedic poets, wild men with brute-like crania carried on the struggle for existence with mammoths, tigers and gigantic bears." *

Whatever opinions may be entertained regarding the exotic origin of the red men, recent geological discoveries seem to point conclusively to an autochthonic origin of the so-called pre-aboriginal inhabitants. † Impressed with some such conviction, a learned French ethnologist, many years ago, advocated the theory of a so-called Columbian species, which, originating among the Alleghany mountains, spread from the basin of the St. Lawrence to Florida, West Indies, Honduras and the northern part of South America. ‡ His speculations concerning the four American species are chiefly interesting as an instance of obsolete theorizing. Yet long before the recent discoveries in American ethnology, the autochthonic origin of the earliest inhabitants was forcibly maintained by the

* Fiske's *Cosmic Philosophy*, Vol. II, p. 291.

† As to any supposed heterodoxy of this view, cf. St. Augustine, *de Civitate Dei*, ap. *Opera* (Parisiis: 1636,) Tom. V, p. 987.

‡ Bory de St. Vincent--*L'Homme, Espèces*, 8, 9, 10 et 11.

American school headed by such thinkers and painstaking investigators as Morton, Agassiz, Nott and Gliddon. As Dr. Morton is justly regarded as the head of the American school, his deductions are worthy of attention. As bearing upon our subject, we give the following conclusions reached by him after years of elaborate investigations.

"*First*: That the American race differs essentially from all others not excepting the Mongolian, nor do the feeble analogies of language and the most obvious ones of civil and religious institutions, and the arts denote anything beyond casual or colonial communication with the Asiatic nations and even these analogies may perhaps be accounted for, as Humboldt has suggested, in the mere coincidence arising from similar wants and impulses in nations inhabiting similar latitudes.

"*Second*: That the American nations, except the polar tribes, are of one race and one species, but of two great families, which resemble each other in physical but differ in intellectual character.

"*Third*: That the original remains discovered in the mounds, from Peru to Wisconsin, belong to the same race and probably to the Toltecan family."^{*}

Many of the deductions of Dr. Morton, especially regarding the prevalence of a single type, have since been demonstrated to be substantially erroneous. Yet it is interesting in the light of recent discoveries to note the confidence with which he announced his creed thirty years ago. "I regard," he writes, "the American nations as the true antechthones, the primeval inhabitants of this vast continent, and when I speak of one race or one origin, I allude only to their indigenous relation to each other as shown in all those attributes of mind and body which have been so amply illustrated by modern ethnography."[†] The difference existing among aboriginal Americans is explained by Prof. Agassiz as arising from "a tendency to split into minor groups running really into one another, notwithstanding some few marked differences."[‡] Mr. Daniel Wilson, however, who has likewise critically studied the subject of American craniology, claims that though a general uniformity may prevail in certain Mexican crania, yet "it is not without such notable exceptions as to admit of their division also into do-

^{*} *Crania Americana*.

[†] *Proceedings of the American Ethnol. Soc.*, Vol. II, 1848.

[‡] *Indigenous Races of the Earth*, p. 14.

lichcephalic and brachycephalic groups,"* and this distinction is now generally recognized.

Though the evidence of man's antiquity upon this continent is not so generally accepted, yet the successive discoveries made in the last few years, have in a great measure dispelled the incredulity with which it was once the fashion to regard everything relating to American archaeology. The legend of Atlantis has been spasmodically resuscitated to account for so many unexpected developments in eastern American antiquities that the "Atlantic theory" has become a byword. The existence of a former continent is now perhaps firmly established aside from questionable tradition. Its course and extent were traced by the *Challenger* in her late voyage, and a map of the sunken land was published in a recent number of *Nature*. It is not, however, necessary to resort to the imaginative flights indulged in by Brasseur de Bourbourg, † which dwell upon the civilization that once existed on that submerged part of the continent to which the ancient Americans and Egyptians alike owed their civilization. There are other evidences of the occupation of this continent by man, far back in the periods of antiquity, which, though not appealing to the fancy so strongly as the pleasing tales of powerful ancient empires where now the ocean rolls its watery waste, yet for all practical purposes are sufficient to establish the existence of man in primeval America.

A few years ago Mr. E. L. Berthoud contributed to the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia an account of some remarkable discoveries made by him in Colorado and Wyoming. Some beautiful moss agates were found near Crow Creek, together with rude stone implements mixed with tertiary gravel, apparently coeval with it. The discovery of these earliest traces of humanity, if confirmed, is in some respects the most important yet made in the subject of anthropology. We shall therefore follow as closely as possible Mr. Berthoud's own description :

"The accompanying gravel is composed of pebbles of quartzite, jasper, agate, granite, mica-slate, basalt with a few shells,

* *Pre-historic Man*. London : 1862.

† *Quatre Lettres sur le Mexique*.

fossil-wood or wood opal; while in the low grounds, at the foot of bluffs, ancient fire-places, burnt fragments of bone and wood with flint and agate chips and implements, almost distinct from those on the summit of the low hills bordering Crow Creek, are observed. So much is this the case that the two seem to point to a distinct era, the latter presenting some progress and refinement, even in stone implements.

"The evidences of the oldest and rudest do not even show traces of fire and fire-places; rough implements, irregular piles of pebbles, are all that are left to show and identify to the observer the obscure seat of a still more obscure barbarism.

"Another fact puzzles me, that wherever on C  che-la-Poudre, Big Thompson River, Clear Creek, Crow Creek and Platte River, we find evidences of pre-aboriginal occupation, it is invariably on the low bluffs bordering these valleys and in a tertiary gravel deposit; but if we go back into the higher region of the prairies, they almost disappear, or present a difference in form or material. * * *

"I found at the foot of the first ridge the evidences of the deserted site of an ancient village, the stone heaps and circles, the projecting and polished boulders, the stray flint tools and weapons, the multitudes of broken flakes or fragments left in the primeval workshop; while all around dispersed in rude circles, the boulders of quartzite, of jaspers rocks, yellow, red or gray, nowhere else *in situ*, speak of a method or manner of industry, totally unlike our modern Indian or Moundbuilder's vestiges." Some of the shells which Mr. Berthoud carried away with him, have been identified as belonging to the genera *Corbicula* and *Rangia* and dating back to a period certainly not later than the older Pliocene, or possibly Miocene."*

This startling evidence of man's antiquity, leading back to a period so much more remote than anything yet found in Europe, renders the theory of a common origin in the old world extremely problematical. While, however, the discovery lacks further confirmation, inferences should be drawn with caution.

No such doubt, however, pertains to the discoveries by Prof. Whitney in California. No relic from the valley of the Somme is better authenticated than the now famous Calaveras skull. One hundred and fifty feet below the surface, under five undisturbed beds of lava and volcanic tufa and four beds of auriferous gravel, this skull was found. It is said to have had the characteristics of the crania of the

* *Proceedings Phil. Academy of Sciences*, 1872. p. 46. See also *Am. Naturalist*, Vol. VI. p. 776.

present California Indian, modified by those of the Esquimaux. Apart from this evidence, the labors of the state Survey have, according to Prof. Whitney, clearly proved the fact that man and the mastodon and elephant had been contemporaneous in California.* Associated with the bones of these extinct animals, among rolled stones in the gold drift, one of the tabular bones of the skull was once found a hundred and eighty feet below the surface. It was sent by Mr. Hubbs, superintendent of public instruction of California, to Dr. C. F. Winslow, soon after it was unearthed. Trustworthy authorities, among others the late Prof. Jeffries Wyman, have accepted these discoveries as authentic. As the deposit in which these relics from Table Mountain occur, is referred to the Pliocene epoch, before the volcanic eruptions took place, we have indisputable evidence that man existed in this country, not only as a contemporary of the great mammals, but at a period when the physical appearance of that region was substantially different from its present conformation. Man therefore must have been a witness of those terrible catastrophes that befel "that most ancient world beneath the new," in which huge cañons were carved in the solid rock and the Sierras themselves were upheaved.

The evidences of an ancient race in California are frequent. Stone spears and arrow heads, the work of an unknown race, are frequently met with by miners in sluicing the beds of ancient streams. Among the first relics discovered, according to Prof. Blake† were some human molar teeth, associated with gold in the auriferous drift at a depth of fifteen or twenty feet. A few years since, the fragment of a human cranium was taken from the end of a tunnel running two hundred feet into the side of the mountain. The bone is described by the Professor as "fresh in appearance and unchanged by any solution, the surface was bright, the sutures worn round and closely filled with gravel and fragments of mineral, such as were to be found in the gold drift," in which it had rolled perhaps for

* *Proceedings of Am. Ass'n for Adv. of Science*, 1868. See also *Am. Naturalist*, Vol. II, p. 445.

† *Proceedings*, &c. 1868, and *Am. Nat.* Vol. II, p. 386.

ages. Stone implements are said to be frequently found throughout the State, especially in the neighborhood of Colombia, Sonora and Table mountains, in close association with the bones of the mastodon and tapir. Where Table mountain now stands, it is supposed that a valley once existed, traversed by a river. "Here, ages since, there commenced a deposit of stone, with gold, pebbles, mud and sand. Volcanic action had encrusted these with ashes, and at last all had been covered with the lava. As the valley filled up, the water of the river cut on each side of the accumulating mass a channel commencing at the base of the deposit of lava. In time it washed its way until now Table mountain stands erect, and two valleys are formed, one on either side. This mountain extends with its flat summit for miles. * * * The thickness of the entire deposit averaged from one hundred to two hundred feet, the height of the lava above the bed of the newly formed valleys being from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet." Miners, by tunneling the mountain, had discovered remains of extinct mammalia, as well as relics of human art, including shovels, spear heads and implements of unknown use. Prof. Whitney, in a private communication,* asserts that bones of the elephant and mastodon are found throughout California, and at a depth of about two hundred feet or more, in the post-Pliocene; human relics in this connection being very common. The real question to be investigated is "whether the works of man and his bones are older than the post-Pliocene." This statement was occasioned by the discovery of a sienite implement, which for want of a better designation has been called a plummet. It was found in gravel deposits about thirty feet below the surface, in San Joaquin Valley.

While the geologists of the west have thus been rendering important services to American ethnology, equally significant discoveries have been made in the east. For a number of years past, Dr. Abbot, of Trenton, has been engaged in making careful and discriminating investigations in the glacial drifts in the valley of the Delaware river, contributing the results of his researches to different scientific publications. A spear

* Foster's *Pre-historic Races*, p. 56.

head, chipped celts, and other supposed relics of the palaeolithic or early stone age, have been discovered in the drift deposits of New Jersey, ascribed to the action of the ice. The character and position of these crude implements are such as to indicate a much earlier and ruder race than the Indians. They are described * as being generally of argillite or flint, roughly hewn from one pebble by another until the desired form was reached. No neolithic implements were found in the drift with them, though common on the surface. In times preceding the formation of the gravel bed there were doubtless "localities, the village sites of pre-glacial man, where these rude stone implements would necessarily be abundant." The mouth of the Delaware was then probably near Trenton, one hundred and twenty miles above its present position. The land was depressed during the continuance of the glacier, forming a shallow sea, which upon the withdrawal of the ice, was again raised to its present elevation.

The relics of these pre-glacial inhabitants occur at different depths in the gravel, not only near the surface, but as far as twenty feet below, seeming to indicate that they could not have been left after the deposit had ceased forming. Even if it should be subsequently proved that the antiquity of these implements is wholly unconnected with the glacial period, the latest possible date, according to Dr. Abbott, that can be assigned for the deposition of the gravel in its present condition, "gives an antiquity to the implements found therein, far greater than can be asserted of any previously found traces of man in North America other than the discoveries of Prof. Whitney in California." The deposit being, however, beyond a doubt glacial in character, and the artificial implements, including the unquestionable spear head, being of a date certainly not later than the formation of the deposit, we are forced to conclude with Dr. Abbott, that these rude implements were fashioned by man during the glacial period and were deposited with the associated gravels as they are now found, and that "the similar

* *Tenth An. Rep. of Peabody Museum of Am. Archaeology and Ethnology, 1877. Report on Discovery of supposed Palaeolithic Implements in the Glacial Drift of the Delaware*, by C. C. Abbott, M. D.

surface relics may be also glacial in age, and were dropped from melting ice rafts during the retirement and destruction of the southern limit of the ice, and finally—inasmuch as it is probable that this early race was driven southward by the ice, and returned northward, following the shrinking of the glacier—that many of these surface-found implements were made by this same people when reoccupants of the country.” Prof. N. S. Shaler, writing with reference to these relics, remarks: “If these remains are really those of man, they prove the existence of interglacial man on this part of the shore.”*

Whether these palæolithic people were the progenitors or precursors of the red man, who in the four centuries that he has been known to us, has not advanced a step beyond the neolithic stage, is a question for which the data that we possess are entirely too vague to justify discussion here. According to the traditions of the Delaware Indians themselves, they came from the west, and found and conquered races in this neighborhood. If this tradition be ever confirmed, it may reasonably be asked if these conquered people were “the palæolithic folk of the Delaware River.”†

An interesting example of the reluctance to concede the antiquity of man in America is afforded in the ingenuity displayed in accounting for the existence of a human bone associated with the bones of the megalonyx and other extinct animals. It was found many years ago near Natchez, Mississippi, in a fissure caused by the earthquakes of 1811–12. Sir Charles Lyell visited the neighborhood in 1846, and attempted to explain the coincidence by suggesting that the human bone may have fallen from the top, while those of the extinct animals may have been dislodged from a lower position, and that both may have fallen into the same heap; that the human relic might have acquired its black color by lying for so many years or centuries in a dark superficial peaty soil, common in that region. “No doubt,” he adds, “had the pelvic bone belonged

* Article on the Age of the Delaware Gravel Beds, in *Report of Peabody Museum*, above cited.

† See *Stone Age in New Jersey*, by C. C. Abbot in *Smithsonian Report*, 1875, also under same title *Am. Naturalist*, Vol. VI, Nos. 3 and 4.

to any recent mammifer other than man, such a theory would never have been resorted to." *

The incredulity that has thus been so freely expressed concerning the antiquity of the Natchez bone, is equalled only by the skepticism regarding the discoveries by Dr. Koch of St. Louis, whose accuracy has been so pitilessly assailed. Regarded in the light of subsequent discoveries, there is certainly nothing inherently impossible in the alleged results of his labors. According to his own statement, he discovered in Gasconade County, Missouri, in 1839, at a spot in the bottom of the Bourbeuse River, the bones of a mastodon, with flint arrow-heads and remains of charcoal, as though the aborigines had attacked and destroyed the animal when mired. †

In the following year, he claims to have found near the banks of the river La Pomme de Terre, a tributary of the Osage in Barton County in that State, several stone arrow-heads, mingled with the bones of nearly an entire skeleton. ‡ This skeleton which he called the "Missourium or Leviathan of Missouri," was subsequently mounted and exhibited in the British Museum. §

The artificial implements were in such a position as to furnish evidence "still more conclusive, perhaps, than in the other case, of their being of equal, if not older date than the bones themselves." They were found in a layer of vegetable mould, five or six feet deep, over which for twenty feet were alternate layers of sand, clay and gravel, and above all was a forest of old trees. "One of the arrow-heads lay underneath the thigh bone of the skeleton, the bone actually resting in contact upon it, so that it could not have been brought thither after the deposit of the bone." || Dr. Koch is said to have been one of the most successful in collecting the skeletons of extinct land and marine monsters. Mr. Foster, whose opinion is certainly entitled to great weight, testifies that his knowledge

* Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, p. 203; *Second Visit to America*, Vol. II, p. 197.

† *Transactions of St. Louis Academy of Sciences*, Vol. I, p. 62. 1857.

‡ *Description of the Missourium*, by Albert Koch, Louisville, 1841, p. 20.

§ Mantell's *Fossils of the British Museum*, p. 473.

|| *Transactions of St. Louis Academy*, *supra*.

in many branches of natural history was considerable, though not of that exact character to bring out important generalizations. The Doctor, shortly before his death, assured Mr. Foster "in the most solemn and emphatic manner," when pointedly questioned as to the possibility of being mistaken, that his statement was true.* A similar assertion had already been made by him to Mantell.†

It is not the inherent impossibility of the coincidence of the remains that is now questioned, so much as the credibility of Dr. Koch's testimony‡; for though the cloud may never be wholly lifted from his reputation, yet the principles he maintained in the face of such bitter opposition, are receiving frequent verification. As long ago as 1852, Dr. Bennett Dowler of New Orleans published his work on the palæontology of that city. From an investigation of successive growths of cypress forests around New Orleans, the stumps of which are still found at different depths directly overlying each other, and "from the great size and age of these trees and remains of Indian bones and pottery found below the roots of some of these stumps," he concludes that "the human race existed in the neighborhood more than fifty-seven thousand years ago, and that an exuberant flora existed in Louisiana more than one hundred thousand years anterior to these evidences of man's existence."§ As long however as the present difference of opinion prevails among geologists as to the yearly deposits of the Mississippi, it is premature to estimate definitely the age of the enclosed remains.

Other relics in the neighborhood of Louisiana are not wanting. Petite Anse Island in that State contains a bed of salt at a depth varying from fifteen to twenty feet throughout the whole island. The remains of the tusk and bones of a fossil elephant were found a few years ago buried in the soil. About two feet below these remains, near the surface of the

* *Pre-historic Races*, p. 62. See also *Am. Naturalist*, Vol. IV, p. 40; and *Smithsonian Report* for 1872, Article by Ch. Rau.

† *Fossils of the British Museum*, p. 473.

‡ *Silliman's Journal*, May, 1875, Article by James D. Dana.

§ *Tableau of New Orleans*, pp. 8, 17.

salt, a fragment of matting made of the outer bark of the common southern cane, was found associated with other human relics, such as broken pottery, in great abundance. It is supposed that people resorted to this island for salt, and that subsequently the upper deposit was formed in which were enclosed the remains of the mastodons and elephants. The silicious character of the material and the saline soil both contributed to preserve this piece of human workmanship for so many years.*

The shell-mounds, or Kjökken-möddings of Denmark, have already acquired a world-wide celebrity for their contributions to the history of the human race. Among the interesting tokens they have yielded to the investigator, have been found the bones of marine fishes which can no longer exist in the waters of the Baltic, and of birds which fed upon the vegetation now buried beneath successive forests. Similar shell heaps have been found in different latitudes of North America, along the coasts of both oceans and of the Gulf of Mexico, as well as along the banks of rivers. According to Mr. C. C. Jones, jr., in his work on the *Antiquities of the Southern Indians*, one of these mounds on Stalling's Island, Georgia, two hundred miles above the mouth of the Savannah river, is three hundred feet long by one hundred and twenty feet wide, and of an average height of more than fifteen feet.

These shell-mounds are of varying antiquity and have already rendered important service in increasing our knowledge of the early inhabitants of America. Their ages, so far as can be ascertained, seem to vary from two hundred years upwards. While those of the Pacific coast show by the absence of the ashy appearance, indicative of great age, an undoubtedly recent formation—at most not more than three centuries †—it is evident the shells in the deposits of New Jersey are by no means of so recent a date, their antiquity being indicated by “the chalky, porous appearance and fragility of

* See *Geology of Louisiana*, by E. W. Hilgard, p. 14; *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*, No. 248.

† Schumacher on the *Kjökken-möddings of California* *Bulletin Geol. and Geog. Survey*, Vol. III, No. 1.

many of the valves, while those that were cast away at a later period exhibit these signs of decay in a far less degree," being often as sound as though but lately left on the shore by high water.* So, too, while the most that can be said of the Kitchen-middings of Florida, is that they date back to a period "beyond the reach of history or tradition, and certainly one or two centuries before the discovery of America;"† and while, according to the same authority, the shell-mounds in New England cannot claim so high an antiquity as those of the old world, ‡ very different conclusions are reached from an investigation of the beds of gnathodon shells on the Alabama river.

These beds are found fifty miles up the stream, and it may well be believed that the aborigines could have had no motive in carrying such immense quantities as are here found such a distance from the shore. In the pre-historic ages, when Mobile Bay extended to the neighborhood of these shell banks, it is supposed that the aborigines collected the molluscs for food. The artificial origin of these heaps is demonstrated by the fact that the shells have all been opened, and marks of fire are also distinctly indicated. "The shells converted into quicklime are mingled with charcoal, so that the successive accumulations of shells may be plainly traced. Fish bones and other remains of Indian feasts are common; also fragments of Indian pottery, and of human bones, that can be identified by their crania. Some of these beds are covered with a vegetable mould from one to two feet thick, which must have been a very long time forming, and upon this are growing the largest forest trees, beneath whose roots these Indian remains are often discovered." §

With the exception perhaps of the case of those in Alabama, therefore, the theory that the American shell-mounds, because identical in appearance, are contemporaneous with those of the old world, seems without foundation in fact.

* Rau on *Artificial Shell Deposits in New Jersey*, *Smithsonian Report*, 1864.

† Jeffries Wyman in *Fifth Ann. Report of Peabody Museum*. See also *Hist. Fresh-water shell mounds of the St. Johns River, Florida*.

‡ *Kjökken-møddings or Shell Heaps in Maine and Massachusetts*, by J. Wyman, *Am. Nat.*, Vol. I, p. 561. § *Types of Mankind*, pp. 272-273.

There are other isolated and scattered proofs of man's antiquity in North America, which may offer important data when taken in connection with those already given. Among them may be briefly mentioned the discovery, by Dr. Holmes, of pottery associated with the remains of the mastodon and megatherium near Charleston, South Carolina *; and in this connection we may refer to the finding of a log worn by human feet in the muck bed at High Rock Spring, Saratoga, whose age was estimated by Dr. Grier at four thousand eight hundred and forty years.

At Portsmouth, Ohio, human relics in the shape of fire hearths were discovered by Col. Whittlesey at a depth of twenty feet beneath the works of the mound-builders, in the ancient alluvium. If other evidence were needed of the existence of a race prior to the mound-builders, it has been furnished by the discovery of two ancient skulls now preserved at Milwaukee. They possess all the characteristics of a low grade of humanity, including low forehead, protruding superciliary ridges, zygomatic arches swelling beyond the walls of the skull, and the prominence of the occipital ridge. Dr. Lapham, author of *Antiquities of Wisconsin*, in private correspondence, asserts that men with skulls of this low grade were the most ancient upon this continent. That they preceded the mound-builders, beginning the works which were completed by the latter, who, as a superior race, gradually superseded them and adopted their customs, continuing to build mounds and bury their dead in those mounds already built. Hence the skulls of the ancient race are found associated with those of the more modern. He adds that the discovery of these skulls so much resembling the pre-historic types of Europe, would seem to indicate that if America was peopled from the old world, it must have been far back of any period of which we have any record.

Our last instance of primitive man in North America will be taken from the extreme North. The existence of the Siberian elephant on the Pacific coast of our continent at the close of the tertiary period is now abundantly proved. His

* *Proceedings of Philadelphia Acad. of Natural Sciences*, July, 1859.

remains have been found nearly entire in the mud-cliffs of Alaska; and all the streams of that territory, according to Mr. Dall, abound with fossil ivory. The bones of the musk ox and elephant are regarded by the natives as the remains of dead devils.*

The same writer, elsewhere, speaks of pre-historic relics discovered by him in a cave on Amaknak Island, in Captain's Bay, Oonalaska. The interior of the cave had been painted with a red pigment. Above this was deposited a layer of organic mould, about two feet thick, in which were found three skeletons, encased in a rude sarcophagus made of the jaws and ribs of whales. Over this was another layer, six inches deep, composed of the remains of a feast on marine animals. A stratum of this upper part was covered by a bed of shingle, "evidently introduced by water," and at first supposed to be the bottom of the deposit. Mr. Dall succeeded in procuring thirty-six pre-historic crania, besides hundreds of rude bone, ivory and stone instruments, and many carvings of wood. The result of his investigations convinced him that the skeletons found were the oldest yet discovered in the Aleutian region, although not approaching in antiquity those found on Table Mountain or the Neanderthal. The appearance of the place, and its surroundings, seemed to indicate the existence of "large and flourishing communities numbering thousands of inhabitants," where there are now none at all, or only the feeble remnants of a population.† Mr. Dall rejects the theory that America was peopled from Asia or Polynesia, and in confirmation of his views refers to the existence of tribes of Ovarian stock on the coast of the Chukchee Peninsula, which were originally derived from America.

After all, it is probably neither in the frozen north nor the mild regions of the temperate zones that we must expect to find the earliest traces of primitive man in America. A rich field is offered to the ethnologist in the still unexplored or little known regions of the American tropics. It has been stated

* *Alaska and its Resources*, by Wm. H. Dall.

† *Am. Naturalist*, Vol. VIII, p. 505. See also *Smithsonian Report for 1873*, p. 418.

that, in no part of the world, have human relics been found indicating so advanced a stage of development in deposit so old as in South America. In 1860, Mr. James S. Wilson found, along the coast of Ecuador, pottery and other vessels and implements elaborately wrought, in a "stratum of ancient surface earth;" over this layer was a massive deposit six feet thick, which Mr. Wilson believed to be as old as the drift deposit of Europe, and identical with that of Guyaquil, in which occur the bones of the mastodon. Six terraces were traced in going up from the sea through the province of Esmeraldas toward Quito, "and underneath the living forest, which is older than the Spanish invasion, many gold, copper and stone vestiges of a lost population were found." In many cases these relics were situated below the high-tide mark in a bed of marine sediment, which seems to prove that this region has been submerged and elevated again subsequent to its occupation by man. "If this be true, vast must be the antiquity of these remains, for the upheaval and subsidence of the coast is exceedingly slow."*

The soil formerly inhabited by man, and containing these relics, had been submerged below the sea, the marine deposit gradually formed over them, and subsequently the whole mass was again upheaved; and now, once more, the soil seems subsiding. Sir Roderick Murchison may well describe these discoveries as of the highest interest to physical geographers and geologists.† It is such discoveries as these that serve to demonstrate the futility of the attempts of hagiologists to estimate by years the age of the human race.

Peruvian archaeology has already thrown much light upon the subject of the antiquity of man. Throughout that country are still found the Cyclopean remains and ruins of structures built long before the time of the Incas.‡ The identity of the cromlechs and megalithic monuments of Peru, with those of the old world, has been sufficiently demonstrated by that master of Peruvian antiquities, Mr. E. G. Squier. The vast terri-

* Orton's *Andes and the Amazon*, p. 109.

† *Proceedings of the Royal Geol. Soc'y.* 1862.

‡ Pedro de Cieca, *Chronica de Peru*, Cap. 105.

tory over which these megalithic monuments extend in the old world, between "barriers of seas like the Mediterranean on the south and eternal snows on the north," leads a member of the Ethnological Society of London to make the astonishing assertion that civilization developed itself on the line of their occurrence, and that the regions, which, according to this authority, include America, in which they are not found, "are precisely those where civilization never penetrated."

Mr. Squier administers a well-deserved rebuke to this extremely hasty generalization. "Civilization," he remarks, "is, of course, a relative term, and one to which nations who in this age go to war with one another may doubtfully aspire, but to which the beneficent Incas, to say nothing of the Arcadian inhabitants of New Mexico, might lay good claim. Still, if megalithic monuments of any kind are evidences of civilization, or even of its first stages, Peru can no longer 'be left out in the cold;' and if civilization took the route of these monuments, it certainly spread 'laterally' past the Pacific Islands to America, or *vice versa*."

The megalithic remains of Tiahuanaco, in Bolivia, "second in interest to none in the world," are so abundant, that the locality has been justly called "the Stonehenge or Carnac of the New World." Huge, unhewn stones, "worn and frayed by time," placed in forms of a quadrangle, are among the relics denoting a vast antiquity. The gradual development, from these crude structures through different phases of improvement, up to the elaborate and imposing monuments of later ages, is in itself a convincing argument in favor of the indigeneous character of South American civilization.

Ancient South American crania have been exhumed, and, according to Dr. Morton, the "skulls are remarkable for their extreme extent behind the occipital foramen; for two-thirds of the weight of the cerebral mass must have been deposited in this wonderfully elongated posterior chamber, and as the bones of the face were also made elongated, the general appearance must have been rather that of some of the ape family than of human beings." This extraordinary form could not be due to pressure or external force, but according to the best authorities

must have been natural and belonged to the population of those elevated regions before the arrival of the Indians.* Professor Wyman has furnished a description of a microcephalic skull from the ancient *huacas*, or burial mounds of Peru, with a capacity of only thirty-three cubic inches. It had apparently belonged to an individual not quite adult. The frontal bone was much slanted backwards, had a decided ridge corresponding with the position of frontal suture, and was slightly concave on each side of it.† When we reflect that, according to Dr. Morton, the average capacity of Indian crania is eighty-four cubic inches, the minimum capacity being sixty-nine cubic inches, we may gather some notion of the extremely low type to which these ancient representatives of humanity belonged.

Dr. Lund, many years ago, discovered human remains in the bone-caves of Minas Gerdas, Brazil, associated with the bones of extinct genera and species of animals under circumstances which lead to the conviction that they all must have been contemporaneous.‡ A peculiarity of the crania was the great depression of the forehead, in many cases in an excessive degree, "*even to the entire disappearance of the forehead*," and this natural flatness of the head is still observable in some of the Orinoco tribes. According to Reinhardt,§ the race of men whose remains were discovered by Lund, appear to have been well built and slender; skulls, dolichocephalic and somewhat prognathous, medium size and ridged with prominent cheek bones, small forehead, with eyes wide apart. It has been suggested by Rivero and Tschudi that the artificial disfigurement of the skull which prevailed among the Inca-Peruvians may, perhaps, be traceable to the prior existence of an autochthonous race, having this peculiarity.

The subject of South American ethnology is still in its infancy, and ethnological discoveries of the utmost significance may yet await the intelligent explorer. The wildest specula-

* *Report of Fourth Meeting Brit. Ass'n for Adv. of Science*, p. 624.

† *Seventh Ann. Rep. Peabody Museum of Ethnology, etc.*, p. 14.

‡ *Types of Mankind*, p. 273.

§ See Hart's *Geology, etc., of Brazil*, p. 287.

tions based upon the hints suggested by the researches of Squier and Wilson, may yet fall short of undiscovered facts.

It has become the fashion to a certain extent, in late years, to apply the term "pre-historic" to all types of mankind that existed upon this continent prior to the Columbian discovery. For the purposes of this article, however, we have preferred using the phrase in its generally accepted meaning. For that reason we pass by in silence the race known to us simply as the "Mound-builders." Though these works are now generally conceded to be of great antiquity, extending back to a period perhaps many centuries prior to the Christian era, yet there is no doubt that they were constructed within historic times. So, too, the "ancient men of the Great Lakes," with all the ape-like peculiarities of perforated humeri, flattened tibiae and deformed, ill-developed skulls,* in all probability, are not, in spite of the characteristics of platyemism, to be referred to an earlier period than the proto-historic.

For a like reason we refrain from more than a passing allusion to the ancient semi-civilized "cliff-dwellers" of Colorado, who burrowed their dwellings far up on the mountain heights in almost inaccessible altitudes, driven thither, according to tradition, from their agricultural pursuits in the plains below by a savage force from the northwest, over a thousand years ago.† The localities strewn with their ruins are now a barren waste, so desolate and unproductive as to render human occupancy at present almost impossible.‡ It has therefore been plausibly suggested that the climate has undergone a considerable change since the days of the "cliff-dwellers" of old. That there was in fact once a more genial climate in Colorado than at present is, according to Mr. Foster,§ clearly shown by the dead forests that line the mountain sides, in the water

* *Smithsonian Reports*, 1873 and 1875. *Proceedings of Am. Acad. Adv. of Science*, 1875, Article by Henry Gilman, and the same for 1876, Address of Vice-President Morse.

† Hayden's *U. S. Geol. Survey of Colorado*, 1874. Article by W. H. Jackson.

‡ *Bulletin U. S. Geol. Survey of the Territories*, Vol. II, No. 1. *Notices of Ancient Remains of Southern Colorado*.

§ *Am. Naturalist*, Vol. IV, p. 462.

lines of lakes and streams, high above the greatest floods, the deep cañons in which the once turbulent rivers are succeeded by trickling streams, and the alluvial bottoms now bare and desolate in which is imbedded a robust vegetation. Whether this alleged change of climate was or was not anterior to the times of the cliff-dwellers, it is useless, from the meagre data in our possession, to attempt to conjecture.

Whatever may be the antiquity of these remains, it is not likely that they can be referred to a date preceding historic times. It is in ages far ante-dating any existing ruins that the earliest traces of man must be sought for in this country. Even if all other proof were wanting, the now well-attested discoveries in California assign to the primitive American an antiquity reaching back to the time when, but little better than the brutes, he walked the earth as contemporary of the great pachyderms, at a period far more remote than that of any human relics yet found in Europe. For just as our continent is geologically the oldest, so perhaps it was in the shadows of the American forest that were passed

"Those earliest days when men ran wild
And gashed each other with their knives of stone,
When their low foreheads bulged in ridgy brows,
And their flat hands were callous in the palm
With walking in the fashion of their sires."

ERRATA—ART. III.

For "Tarebrother," read *Farebrother*, p. 250. For "Brooks" read *Brooke*, *id.*

On p. 252, ninth line from head, for "moral" writing, read *novel* writing.
Third line from foot of same page, for "pure" pictures, read *pen* pictures.

On p. 253 for "Christian" God, read *Christian's* God. Same page, for "cause" of responsibility, read *sense* of responsibility.

In second line from the close, for "to" which, read *toward* which.

ART. III.—ART AND RELIGION IN WORKS OF FICTION.

1. *Novels of George Eliot.*
2. *Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.*
3. *Works of Charles Dickens.*
4. *Novels of Charlotte Brontë.*

PART I.

A WRITER in a Boston paper,* in speaking of what she calls George Eliot's artistic limitations, after referring to the rich treasures of her mind, asks: "Why is she not the peer of the few greatest ones of the earth, of Homer, of Dante, of Shakespeare, or of Goethe?" and answers her own question by saying that she is not, as was each of them, before anything else, an artist; that though her ideas are so many, and her faculty of expression so great, she has no feeling for form or proportion, and writes down everything that comes to her.

In the first place, the comparison of George Eliot with those masters of thought and diction, is not relevant, because they were great as poets. Perhaps Shakespeare would not have written a great novel; very likely he could not have painted a great picture; and though, according to some, he was a lawyer by profession, we may doubt whether he would have distinguished himself in the law, had he devoted himself to that jealous mistress. George Eliot is a novelist. Fortunately, the direction of her efforts lies chiefly in that department of literature. To write true poems requires, doubtless, a different and a higher order of art from that requisite for the greatest novels; but the art required for the novel may be as true and perfect in its kind as that in the poem. Therefore, George Eliot should be compared, if comparison be made at all, with writers of fiction. But no such comparison is intended to be made here.

* *Daily Advertiser*, January 27th, 1877.

It is proposed, rather, to show that her characters are drawn in the form and proportions required by art; and that her books are all the more complete, in that her imagination is not allowed to revel with the "abandon natural to women," but is guided by the intellect. The element of imagination in her books is potent, because although it is inspired by her heart, it is controlled by her head. Whether in a novel or picture, the same requirements are made in respect of form and color, be the artist man or woman. When a woman fulfils these requirements, she does not thereby show a lack of feminineness any more than a man doing the same shows a lack of manliness.

It is not to be denied that there are some faults to be found with Mrs. Lewes' inventions. In many of her characters are found mental and moral traits which are repeated in other of her characters, insomuch that they are really almost the same persons under different names and circumstances; as witness, Dorothea and Romola; Mr. Casaubon and Bardo; Savonarola and Deronda; Mr. Irwine and Mr. Tarebrother; and even Tito Melema and Will Ladislav are quite similar in many promises of character, which differ in their fulfilment mainly through the different circumstances and influences of the different centuries in which they lived. A strong likeness of temperament exists as well in several of her characters, as in the landlord in *Silas Marner*, Mr. Brooks and Mr. Lingon, and between Hetty and Tessa. It would be a great achievement, in the multiplicity of characters she has created, to make them so individual that a family likeness between any of them would not be discovered, and a great achievement also, to make their situations always different. These achievements are not hers, for the repetitions of her scenes and incidents are as noticeable as the similarity of her characters; so that it will hardly do to speak of the "multiplicity of her characters, scarce any two of whom have any family likeness," and of the "variety of their situations."

In spite of all these faults, and many more, which in a lesser artist would be a serious obstacle to success, she has made and kept for herself her present high position; and it is

precisely because she is an artist that she has done so. An artist seeks always to speak and show the truth in the truest way. An ideal life and character, as we usually interpret the word ideal, cannot essentially be a real character or life. The ideal is the possible, not the real. It is surrounded by none of the circumstances, trials and impediments which always encircle and embarrass a real character or life; or, if so surrounded, is made to rise above them. George Eliot takes real men and women, and portrays in them a real life, which, in its workings and developments, as well as in its failures, has a pathos and grandeur in naturalness far above the ordinary conception of the purely ideal.

She is verily a great artist! Is not consistency one of the highest and rarest elements of true art? Her characters are invariably true in their mental and moral development to the temperaments that they were born with, and to the habits and mental requisitions they have attained when they are introduced to us. Never does she commit the error of making her characters do or say an inconsistent thing. It is this very fact, this strong and sometimes terrible grasp of hers upon the main-springs of conduct which influences and determines the action of her characters; the remorseless manner in which she makes each one walk in the path set before it; committing blunders and reaping the consequences—sometimes as hard to bear as if the blunder had been a crime;—doing good and often seeing nothing but confusion and weariness come from it;—this relentless development of cause and effect, never swerving from the consequences, however hard to bear, which always follow in real life, and which in its resistless course sweeps with it the innocent as well as the guilty, makes George Eliot preëminent as an artist among novel writers. She is thoroughly and grandly true to nature; therefore, in the highest sense, she is as thoroughly and grandly true to art in fiction. George Eliot does not attempt to deal with human nature as it may be; she portrays it as it is. And if, in so doing, she is a “mirror in full daylight which reflects back with absolute truth all the personages that pass before it,” she is perfectly consistent in the work she has set herself to do. That work is not to fling over life, for it is

real human life she attempts to portray, "the light that never was on sea or land;" to create an ideal life, which, however touching or sublime it may be, can never be so grand or wholesome as a life that has fought its fight, failed in part, and conquered in part, according to its strength, but finally has done its best with what it had to do, and left behind it a solemn warning in its failures, but also in its triumphs a bright and steady light to help them on in a course beset with difficulties. Surely, there can be no truer art, in moral writing, than the portrayal of the truth. The deep research into, and the vivid illustration of, the truth which characterize all George Eliot's writings, constitute the great charm as well as the artistic power of her books.

What subtle suggestions of motive and character does she portray in her pages! With a touch most delicate, she brings out the interior motives which influence and determine the outward acts. More than this, she penetrates the secret of social and spiritual laws which shape motives, and shows, with rare tact and insight, the varying outward development in different temperaments. She delineates the lights and shadows of character with great vigor and power; bringing out with here a touch and there a bit of color, a spot in her pictures, which, in the hands of a less skillful artist, would have passed unnoticed, and keeping all the while the true relation of things to the inexorable laws of existence. One is filled with wonder and admiration in contemplating the perfect adjustment of the relation of cause and effect; the comprehensiveness of vision and the power to paint what she sees; the sympathetic imagination, which, in its loftiest heights, is so true to her subject; the tenderness, born of knowledge and power, with which she dissects the suffering soul she creates; and inflicts the penalty, proper and inevitable, which its own misdoing or short sight brings upon itself. There is no weakness of touch, no vacillation of purpose, or imperfect expression of her thought in her work; and it seems to us that none but a born artist could give us such pure pictures.

Her personages are life-like, in that they are very human—full of faults. By reason of these faults they fall again and again,

and bear all their life-long the bitter consequences of them; but they are also full of the finer qualities of human nature, and are enabled by them to bear the consequences of their folly, and to grow strong and pure and good under such discipline. Everywhere does George Eliot set before the reader the beauty and value of high and noble living, of pure and sweet thought, as well as the consequences of ignoble living and thinking. Nowhere does she make badness fascinating, or vice attractive. It is hardly true as has been charged, that her personages "lean upon themselves, upon each other, upon science, upon race beliefs and upon family missions, but upon what England calls the Christian God, never." But they might rest upon themselves, upon each other, upon race beliefs and family missions, and still rest upon the goodness, gentleness, fidelity, truth, honor, and all manner of good things they find there; things which are the very essence of the attributes of God. Never did a writer, more forcibly than George Eliot teach the value of the high and noble, the sweet and tender traits we ascribe to the Divine character, and which we bow down before and worship in Him from day to day. Nowhere does she "ignore the only forces which ever have regulated, or ever can regulate, the human heart, its cause of responsibility to its Maker and its living, human love for its Divine Redeemer." On the contrary, she constantly places before our hearts and understandings, the worthlessness of all those traits and habits opposed to God and His workings. She makes us feel, in a practical as well as in an aesthetic sense, the value of working for and with Him in the way of striving after goodness, securing for others and for our own souls, that peace and strength which are sure to follow a steady and patient resistance to evil.

Truly, there is an "insight of the soul as well as of the mind;" and that insight is shown with special force in her latest and best novel, *Daniel Deronda*. The beautiful, impetuous Gwendolen, who, from her cradle, impressed the sense of her personal importance upon everybody around her, who is full of whims and vagaries, with a strong under-current of selfish ambition, blended with intimations of a fine generosity and noble impulses, is first introduced to us as an exceedingly

impulsive and wholly undisciplined girl. She is so strong in the power of her beauty and fascinations, that no ordinary course of life seems possible or endurable to her. "I will not go on muddling away my life as other people do, being and doing nothing remarkable," she says to her mother, Mrs. Davilow. Upon her return from the Continent, where, at the gaming tables of Leubronn, she first sees but does not speak to the hero of her life, Daniel Deronda, she finds her mother ruined in fortune, and a life of poverty before them all. She wishes to help her, but only in some striking and splendid way, as befits one like herself. With this object in view, she calls in Klesmer, the musician, to tell her whether her musical education will enable her to become a great singer, or if her capacities in a dramatic way can be cultivated into what will fit her for a great actress. He disabuses her mind of the idea that her musical education and training will suffice for more than the drawing-room *éclat* she has always won so readily, and points out to her with great power and good sense, the impossibility of her expectations; making her see that the false system of her education is so opposed to all the conditions of true art, that in no human probability can she become an actress or singer of first merit. Other than this, she will not be. Just here, when all the hopes and expectations of her vain pride are shattered, and she is cast adrift in a maze of perplexity and bewilderment, comes temptation and relief, in the person of Grandcourt, the rich man of the country and man of the world, from whom she had previously fled upon discovering a shameful secret of his life, but who now offers to share with her his splendid fortune and position. He conducts his courtship in such a faultless and discriminating manner, as entirely to please, and half charm the fastidious girl, who reluctantly, and more for her mother's sake than her own, finally accepts him.

The marriage, as everybody foresees, and as Gwendolen herself is half prepared for, turns out a miserable one for her. Grandcourt, who before this, has given only hints of his real character, turns out after marriage to be one of those detestable creatures in human form which English society so often breeds—

a type of morality by no means rare in the class to which he belonged—the gentry class. Selfish to the core, tyrannical and brutal in the extreme, and with an experience in vice which seems to have deadened all moral susceptibility, he has little pleasure in life other than the dominant exercise of his strong will. All the force of that will he brings to bear on Gwendolen, with the deliberate purpose of breaking her spirit and crushing out of her all individuality. And Gwendolen *is* crushed. This proud and imperious creature, with her high spirit and strong personality is made strangely abject, till she hates her husband mortally and fears him almost as much as she hates him. She is tormented, beside, with remorse over her broken promise to Mrs. Glasher, Grandcourt's late mistress, that she would not marry him, and thus stand in the way of her boy becoming his heir, a hope which Mrs. Glasher had fondly, but delusively kept by her. A man such as Grandcourt is represented to be, would never marry the woman for whom he had ceased to have any affection; but Gwendolen does not look at it in this way, and her own degradation in marrying him, knowing his past career, is deepened by the consciousness of her broken promise.

With her proud spirit broken, and with a misery and emptiness of soul she never felt before, she stands now in great need of some moral support. From the first, Deronda has "unconsciously established a spiritual mastery over her soul," and has therefore as unconsciously established relations between them, which in her great need, Gwendolen instinctively recognizes, and she reaches out to him as her salvation. In this position of affairs, almost any other writer than George Eliot would have filled in the scene by the accomplishment of all the immoral and disastrous possibilities of the situation, in a highly wrought and dramatic tale. Just this, is what some critics complain of her not doing. One of them has said: "Here we cannot but pause to note how unfortunate it is for Gwendolen that the author of her being has conceived her rather in love than in hate. Had she been of the type which is repellant to George Eliot's mind, there is nothing in the way of passion and guilt, to which we might not have hope to see

Gwendolen attain. * * * This, however, unfortunately for Gwendolen and her own great fame, is not how the subject has represented itself to the author's mind. She has resolved upon the moral reformation of her heroine, and from the moment we fully discover this fact, our hopes are painfully out."

All this shows a strange misconception of the foundations of character with which the author has endowed Gwendolen. Although she had led a selfish and undisciplined life, had even mistaken the true end and objects of life, she had shown she was capable of better things, and that she only needed the occasion to develop the noble part of her nature. She had shown herself capable of better things long before, in turning away temporarily, from the temptation of what the world calls a splendid marriage. She had again shown the same capability, when under the influence of a look from one she intuitively recognized to be of a higher order of mind, she left the gaming-table with an impression of her own unworthiness new to her; and again, when she returned to her mother and resolved to devote herself to relieving her poverty. Enough of character had been exhibited by this girl to lay the foundation of a noble career when the time and the occasion for it should come. There is no inconsistency in her character as drawn before and after marriage. Of course the author might, at this turning point in her life, have made the evil in her dominant; but however much this might have contributed to the dramatic sensation of the story, it would not have been fulfilling the purpose of the author, which was to give a vivid example of the power of conscience, when joined with good sense, to renounce the self-indulgence of the present moment, "for the sake of obeying the divine will within us—for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives." It is not to be wondered, that one who publicly regrets the moral reformation of the heroine, for the reason that otherwise "there is nothing in the way of passion and guilt to which *we might not have hoped* to see Gwendolen attain," should consider *Daniel Deronda* "a disappointment, even a failure." If to be a success, a novel must be founded upon passion rather than

principle, upon sensuality rather than purity, then certainly this book is a failure.

It is just here, in the reformation of Gwendolen, that George Eliot shows her great and wonderful penetration into the needs of a being in whom is implanted the principles of truth and duty—those underlying forces in every soul destined to triumph in its conflict with evil.

This possibility for good, which the novelist has already faintly shadowed forth in Gwendolen, is the latter's salvation. The sensuous element in the relations of the characters is now, as it is always in her works, wholly subservient to the spiritual; hence, when Deronda finds that he is the recipient of her confidence; that he has more mastery over her awakened and strongly stirred spiritual nature than any one about her, he shows in his attitude towards her a purity of purpose and a justness of judgment entirely consistent with what the reader expects of a man like him. George Eliot makes him exhibit the traits of a man who, though possessed of a sympathetic heart, knows well the path of duty and honor, and is strong enough to walk therein. When, in her agony, Gwendolen appealed to Deronda, she found him keenly alive to her needs, with a heart full of pity for her sufferings, but with a mind so well balanced by its "reiterated choice of good or evil" that he is enabled clearly to see and point out to her the only possible way for her to bear her sorrow; tenderly and wisely giving her such counsel as seems to him the special occasion demands. This picture of the sudden and terrible awakening of the self-confident and undisciplined Gwendolen to the realities of her higher needs, the need of something to hold on to and believe in—something human, but possessing the divine attributes of wisdom and strength,—is drawn with a masterly hand.

Of all the women George Eliot has created, Gwendolen Harleth stands foremost as an illustration of the regenerating influence of one mind over another. No one can doubt but that Deronda was her salvation, and that, too, through the fervor of her worshipful love for him. In the effort of this hitherto petulant and imperious girl, to raise herself to the level of

the new requirements; in her ready recognition of the character of Deronda's mind, and his spiritual fitness and capacity to counsel her, and especially in the earnest, humble way in which she received from him advice, given sometimes with almost pitiless directness, there is something indescribably pathetic. All sense of indignation that she should ever have made this marriage is lost in infinite pity at the keenness of her suffering, and admiration of her heroic resolve not only to bear with fortitude her inevitable suffering, but so to adjust her moral nature as to see clearly and act wisely in this crisis. From the first she resists, with all the power of an uncommonly energetic nature, the temptation to escape from the husband — "to whom she had sold her truthfulness and sense of justice" — by any act which would sink her in lower degradation than that she now bears. "I will not mind, if I can only keep from being wicked," cries this tortured soul; and Deronda's restraining influence over her seemed an answer to her indefinite prayer. It was his purity of heart and motive, his clear insight into the cause of her wretchedness, together with the wisdom and justice of his advice to her, which made "the thought of definite help take the form of his presence and word." She identified him with the struggling regenerative process in herself, which had begun with his action, and with the acceptance of his rebuke, began also the "hard task of self-change confusion and endurance." She had seemed to herself before "a banished soul beholding a possible life which she had sinned herself away from," but which now under the hope and inspiration of Deronda's presence and character, had become possible to her, but only through an entire change of mental and moral poise, creating in her "a self-aborrence which would sting her into better striving." Even at the last, when she first learns that Deronda must leave her, never perhaps to meet her again, taking away with his presence the living human medium, by which her hungry heart and soul received their heaven-born strength and sustenance, and feeling also for the first time, but with dim comprehension, that there were many great purposes and movements in other people's lives, in which she had no supremacy, which lay wholly beyond her world, into

which she could not enter, but must be left solitary and helpless outside; even then, she does not falter, but after the first great shock, accepts her loss as properly a part of her discipline, and consecrates herself anew to the resolve that she will "live to make others glad they were born."

In this development of the great and central idea of unswerving allegiance to duty, which underlies all reasonable and moral life, and which is its bulwark and strength in times of peril, George Eliot has established a claim upon the admiration and gratitude of every woman in the land. If she leaves the idle prattle about God out of her novels, she enthrones virtue and the divine laws in His place.

In the paper before alluded to, the writer speaks of what she calls the "moral inconsistencies" of George Eliot, and says: "This is the age of the awakening of womanhood to self-consciousness through education. * * * They are making their experiments, their mistakes, their successes all the time, and in every civilized land, * * * and she herself is the most magnificent success of that class. But throughout her books, she never gives a helping hand to the aspirations and effort of her fellows by an intimation. She merely points, in nearly every one, some splendid woman, almost as exceptionally endowed as herself, and then makes her as regards any achievement whatever, a failure. I think no woman who is trying to do anything, can draw aught but despair for herself out of George Eliot's novels." And further on, she asks: "do gifted women owe nothing to their Maker, or to each other?" and adds: "the keenest-eyed woman that ever lived, even, finds nothing in the aspirations of educated womanhood, in the devotion of Christian manhood to sustain or cheer."

There seems to be a strange misapprehension in this writer's mind of the idea which George Eliot works out so grandly in most of her books, and notably in *Daniel Deronda*. No great work for the elevation of the individual or the masses can have a healthful life, or successful issue, except it rest upon a strong foundation of morality. To attain this, therefore, is one of the first requisites in any endeavor, and is proverbially

like all first efforts, the hardest. Surely, no woman who is "struggling to find out what she is, what she wants, and of what she is capable," can, it is conceived, read this story of Gwendolen's life, its temptations, struggles, and above all, its glorious promise of a triumph over her worst enemy, self, and pronounce her achievement a failure, or see nothing in it for herself but despair. The first question that presents itself to a thoughtful, earnest mind, in its outlook upon life, is how to control one's will, intelligence and sympathies, and through them control, to some extent, the outlying social and spiritual laws, the obeying or disobeying of which is the source of our greatest happiness or unhappiness. No blind effort on our part, no matter how strong or earnest the impulse, giving birth to that effort, can accomplish much. Intelligent action must be the foundation on which we build, else we shall find our good intentions have a hard time of it in the conflict. George Eliot appeals to our understanding as well as to our emotions, making the head countenance what the heart is prompted to do, so that in reading her books we are led to pay homage to strong good sense and a certain fitness of things. A spiritual struggle for ascendancy over evil, conducted without intelligence would very likely end in failure and despair. George Eliot awakens in Gwendolen a strong desire to act wisely, not impulsively; and in the effort the girl makes to obtain self-control, to educate and elevate her mind and give her the power to influence the minds of others in any great work of practical reform, she holds out a helping hand to all who are struggling to obtain the same mastery, the same spiritual power and grace. Without this conscientious effort, no woman would be fit to be placed in positions of responsibility and trust. In the same way, and by the same process of reasoning, can we draw hope and inspiration for ourselves from a study of the noble, self-controlled and manly character of Deronda.

"Do gifted women owe nothing to their Maker, or to each other?" and can they find nothing in the "aspirations of educated womanhood, in the devotion of Christian manhood to sustain or cheer." Truly they can and do. In the perusal of this very book, with its breadth of understanding

and its wealth of comprehensive thought concerning the problem of social and spiritual life which surrounds all so closely, there is, in its aspirations and its devotion to the principles of Christian truth, much, very much, to cheer and sustain; and what she and all women owe to their Maker, is the consecration of their great powers to the presentation of the value and force of the precepts and principles which shaped and guided Christ's life, and which so forcibly, because so practically, appeals to us all to adopt. What matters it, therefore, if the "*name* of Jesus Christ, as a Living Force in the world," is seldom found in her books, when they are so full of what is of far greater worth than a mere name—the essence of His spirit, which is the foundation of all true life and progress.

In the article before alluded to, the writer says, that "woman owes everything to the Christian religion; and a woman (*i. e.*, George Eliot) who forgets the obligations of woman to Jesus Christ, and who has allowed the prestige of scientific thought to override her spiritual perceptions, *must* be fundamentally wanting somewhere. * * * Then (in her earlier days) there was yet a God in the heavens, and an immortality with Him as compensation for human agonies and failures."

Is the hope of an immortality with Him to be found any the less in her later books? It seems not. Almost every word Deronda utters to Gwendolen is pregnant with the divine hope of a possible elevation from her former moral stagnation to a strength and purity and sincerity of spirit which shall enable her to hold fast to her new-born resolve "to live to make others glad they were born," and so living, fit herself gradually but surely (for all growth of character is slow) to do the work her hands find to do, bravely and well, but with a patient, trusting, Christ-like heart, which shall, in its fruition, fit her, as nothing else can do, for an immortality with God. George Eliot never allows the "prestige of scientific thought to override her spiritual perceptions." If her books are full of the "latest demonstrated truths of physical, historical, economic and intellectual science," these occupy alway a secondary place in the analysis and demonstration of the highest forms of spiritual truth.

The time has come when we must give up the idea of antagonism between science and religion. When such antagonism appears to exist, the truth, as demonstrated by the laws written in God's handiwork of the universe, must stand, however much it may conflict with any false sentiment we have cherished of religious truth because it has been repeated by good men for a thousand years. Scientific thought is Divine thought; it is God's certain revelation to man. Spiritual perceptions will not go very far, or be very correct, unless they are the perceptions of a mind having something of the culture and education which comes from this latest revelation of God; and the more of this culture, the higher the spiritual conceptions will be. George Eliot is a greater and a nobler woman because she has stored her mind with so much of the wisdom of the times, and her works are the greater and nobler because inspired by this wisdom. It is also the more valuable, because so rare in women, who are too apt to follow their own perceptions unaided by any great measure of such training. Just the want of all this, is the reason why the writings of so many women, before George Eliot, have failed to reach an elevation which gives them permanence. Their thoughts have rested too much upon the surface of things. Thorough training and thorough knowledge have been wanting to give mental breadth sufficient for great occasions. When we say that the poet is born rather than made, we express only half the truth. Far less true is it that any one is born into a perception of the workings of the human mind, and of the influence that shapes its action, such as enables a writer to develop character and delineate life with truth and power; and enables him as well, in the persons he creates, to speak thoughts of enduring wisdom.

What the writings of George Eliot would have been, had she drunk less deeply at the fountains of intellectual and scientific thought, it might be a curious speculation to consider; but there cannot be a doubt, that they would be of far less value, not merely in a literary view, but in that larger view—the moral and spiritual—which will make them live forever in literature.

George Eliot, above all living novel writers, possesses the

genius of common sense, and her forcible, practical way of illustrating the spiritual laws which surround her characters, of meeting their spiritual wants, and through them the wants of the perplexed and discouraged human heart the world over, is wholly opposed to any merely sentimental or emotional process. "The refuge," Deronda tells Gwendolen, "you are needing from personal trouble, is the higher, the religious life, which holds an enthusiasm for something more than our own appetites and vanities. The few may find themselves in it, simply by an elevation of feeling; but for us who have to struggle for our wisdom, the higher life must be a region in which the affections are clad with knowledge." Many more like sentences could be given, but that one alone is sufficient refutation of the charge, so carelessly brought, that the "prestige of scientific thought has overridden her spiritual perceptions."

"For us who have to struggle for our wisdom," into whose minds doubt and despair too often lodge, whose spirit and strength so often fail, there is in George Eliot's books, a deep well of sound common-sense and intelligent spiritual analysis, from which we draw courage for our present and hope for our future life. We rise from an intelligent perusal of her books with renewed strength for our conflict, with minds enlightened and refreshed by the humor, wisdom and imagination we find there, and with souls cheered and sustained by a clearer comprehension of, and a broader outlook upon, life and its laws. She has created a new world, of which we who reach do but half catch the light and glory, but in which she reigns supreme.

ART. IV.—THE ALEXANDRIAN MUSEUM.

- 1.—*Reallexicon des Classischen Alterthums.* VON PAULY.
- 2.—*Das Gelehrte Alterthum.* VON H. GÖLL.
- 3.—*The Monographs of* KLIPPEL, PARTHEY and WENIGER.

IN a former article* we tried to collect the few well-authenticated articles, still accessible, regarding the great Library at Alexandria, and to continue them into a sort of history of that institution. The present paper is devoted more particularly to a study of the Museum with which the Library was connected, and to a brief survey of the literary life of the Greeks after the loss of their national independence: for these events stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect; and we can form a correct conception of this great literary enterprise only by a study of the circumstances under which it came into being.

It has been remarked, with reason, that there is no small degree of similarity between the literary activity of our own day and that which manifested itself in Grecian lands at the period now under consideration. In literature, as in commerce, times of prosperity are followed by periods of depression; with this difference, however, that in literature the cycles are usually of great extent, seldom completing themselves in less time than two or more centuries.

Greece and Rome had but one classical period, strictly speaking, because their national life had closed before sufficient time had elapsed for a recurrence of a second. If these nations had not suffered themselves to be destroyed by external violence, thus losing the opportunity of purification by internal ferment, there is no reason to believe that their history would have been greatly different from that of more than one nation of modern times. Their destruction

* *National Quarterly Review*, No. LXIII.

was caused less by internal corruption, than by neglecting to provide against the storm that was gathering without. It was a lack of political foresight, a decay of the national spirit, rather than the moral corruption so often charged against them. Germany, and perhaps other countries of Europe, would have shared a similar fate had there been any one to take advantage of their weakness. Had Germany lost her national independence in the seventeenth century, there would have been no Herder and Lessing, no Goëthe and Schiller; and the same remark with modifications is true, in principle, of other existing nationalities.

The literary activity of the present is chiefly, or at least largely, directed to the writings of past times. England had great historians before this century; but never have so many of her intellects of a high order been engaged in investigating the past of their country, as within the last two or three decades. The best talent of Germany, France and Italy is employed in making accurate editions of the writers of these countries, beginning with those that have but recently passed away, and extending back to the earliest times. The spirit of the present age is scientific rather than literary; and for this reason it is somewhat unfavorable to poetry. The poet needs no library, and, if he possesses one, does not depend upon it for success in his art. The chief themes of the poet—the experiences of life, the longings, desires, hopes and fears of the human soul, the great mystery of existence and of the unfathomable future—are essentially the same among all peoples, and but little affected either by time or civilization.

The conquests of Alexander differed from others, just as Alexander was different from other conquerors. Rarely is it the fortune of a teacher to have such a pupil as Aristotle had; and it is equally rare that pupils find a teacher like that of Alexander. We question whether Napoleon's ability, as a military captain, was equal to Alexander's—he certainly was far beneath him in desire and effort to advance the progress of knowledge, if we judge from the effect of their respective careers. In literary ability, Caesar was doubtless superior to both, but

owing to his over-anxiety to make himself not only the central, but the sole figure of his campaigns, as well as to his intensely Roman character, he contributed comparatively little toward enlarging the boundaries of science. The testimony of Humboldt to the beneficial results of Alexander's campaign is in strong language. "In no age," says he, "excepting only the epoch of the discovery and opening of tropical America, eighteen and a half centuries later, has there been revealed at one time, and to one man, a richer field of new views of nature, or a greater mass of materials for laying the foundation of physical knowledge of the earth and of comparative ethnological science."*

And again: "The Macedonian campaign, which opened so large and beautiful a portion of the earth to the influence of one highly gifted race, may therefore certainly be regarded in the strictest sense of the word as a *scientific* expedition, and moreover, as the first in which a conqueror had surrounded himself with learned men in all departments of science, as naturalists, historians, philosophers and artists."†

Notwithstanding Alexander's early though perhaps not untimely death, the process of Hellenizing the eastern nations continued. Possibly, the very fact that he had no single successor, accelerated it. Instead of one probable centre and seat of culture, several grew up, all working more or less assiduously in the same cause, stimulated to the utmost exertion by the same spur of rivalry. Several of the generals of the matchless king not only exhibited great military talents, but they had likewise inherited or acquired a strong love for letters. We find them, after they had become absolute monarchs, doing all in their power to push forward the work so brilliantly begun by their masters. That the Ptolemies distinguished themselves in this regard beyond all others, was owing perhaps less to their personal superiority than to the favorable situation of the territory that fell to their lot. Nowhere in the ancient world did so large a number of forces tending to make a great city, operate together as at Alexandria.

The student of letters is confronted with no more wonder-

* *Kosmos*, Vol. II. p. 154.

† *Id.* p. 163.

ful phenomenon in the history of the human mind, than the extraordinary diffusion of Greek thought over the whole civilized world. Neither Jews nor Romans were able to bear up against the torrent that beat against them, though here and there a brave stand was made. It is a matter of less surprise that the Romans, a people similar in race and language, should absorb this superior culture; but even the Jews, whose language and habits of thought were so totally different, were almost equally influenced by it. In regard to the latter, the truth, however, seems to be, that as the nation advanced in thought, while their language was not capable of a corresponding development, the Greek unavoidably became the medium of expression, though it did not diminish the veneration of the learned for their own sacred writings.

The want of a centralized government seems never to have hindered seriously, if at all, the progress of the Greeks in art and literature. While they destroyed with one hand, they built up the more industriously with the other. Apparently, without being conscious of it, most of their little states labored toward a common end. Centralization in Greece never made any perceptible progress before the time of Philip of Macedon, when the spirit of patriotism had lost much of its keenness. Yet, there is no doubt that not a few of the statesmen of Greece comprehended fully the miseries of the disunion and decentralization inflicted upon the country.

The difficulty in the case was hard to surmount; for, which of the several leading autonomic states had the best right to exercise, and would make the best use of, the overlordship of the rest? Questions of this nature are never settled in any other way than by force; and when a power sufficiently strong appeared in the arena, the conflict was soon decided. But the unfortunate fact remains, that as one or another of the states of Greece proper gained a temporary supremacy, it made such bad use of its power as soon provoked the subject-states to rebellion, or at least made them willing to take advantage of a war in some other quarter for throwing off their galling yoke.

In the relation of Greek to Barbarian the case was different.

Here, the feeling of separateness and superiority was very strong—notwithstanding that it was occasionally suppressed for the sake of an advantageous alliance. Aristotle expressed the long-felt conviction of his countrymen in the words: "The Greeks might, if they were united into one state, exercise dominion over all barbarians, in spite of the disparity in numbers."

As the Alexandrian Museum was entirely a Greek institution, its origin must be sought in Greece. The term *μουσείον* originally signified "a place dedicated to the Muses." There was one on Helicon, where a very old copy of Hesiod was preserved, and near which, in a sacred grove, likenesses of many poets and other distinguished men were to be seen. Similar museums are also mentioned as existing at Athens, Troezen, Aptera in Crete, and elsewhere. The word, as used by later Greek writers, is also sometimes translated "a university." At these *μουσεία*, contests in musical skill frequently took place; so that in course of time, owing to its various literary uses, the name *museum* came to be applied to any place where music,* in the ancient sense, was practised and encouraged. Longinus is, by one writer, called "a walking museum." The residence of Pythagoras is also called a museum; and Athens was frequently called the "Museum of Greece." At those places which were more distinctively museums, the peculiar rites of the Muses received proper attention; but the literary element of their worship gradually came more and more into prominence. The philosopher Theophrastos gave directions in his will for the founding, at Athens, of a Museum for philosophical studies; and this long remained the chief seat of the Peripatetic School. Here, also, the *συσσίτια*, "meals in common," a characteristic feature of the Alexandrian Museum, were partaken of. Aristotle is generally believed to have been the first person who collected books with a view to scientific investigation and research. His library, which, owing to royal favor, had doubtless become very large, was bequeathed by

* The practical education of a free Greek consisted of instruction in music and gymnastics—the former embracing philosophy, poetry, the mimic art, orchestries, and sometimes mantic.

him to his most distinguished pupil and successor, who disposed of it as above indicated. Neleus, a pupil of Theophrastus, sold this library, with the exception of the writings* of his master and those of Aristotle, to the king of Egypt, and they became part of the Alexandrian Library.

The Museum† at Alexandria was part of the royal palace, and consequently lay in the quarter of the city called the Bruchion. Being near the sea, its location afterward hastened, if it did not cause, its destruction. It had, according to Strabo, a *περίποτος*, "covered walk," an *ἐξίδρα*, "covered porch or gallery," and an *οἶκος μέγας*, "great hall," which was used as a dining-room, where the members of the Museum took their meals, distributed in companies according to the philosophical school to which they belonged—though it is possible that some other basis of division was used.

These schools seem to have had a president or representative, corresponding very nearly with the dean of a German university, who, in their corporate capacity, were in turn represented by the president of the Museum, a High Priest of the Muses. Connected with it was also a building, or there may have been several of them, used as dwelling-places for the members of the institution. But the reader will remember that a Grecian dwelling was very different from a modern one. The dwelling-houses of the Greeks were generally but one story high, and built with little regard to architectural display. The Greek loved display only in his social, or rather in his political and religious relations. He took pride in having the finest public buildings, the most beautiful temples and statues, and the most gorgeous processions; but what he ate, or in what kind of a house he lived, were matters of comparative indifference to him. In Alexandria, as in Athens, the free Greek passed the greater part of his time in the open air of its genial climate, treading the shady walks, sitting 'neath the covered

* For the history of these, see Plutarch's *Life of Sulla*, chap. xxvi, and Klaiber's note to his German translation.

† The reader will observe that we use the word "museum" to designate both the buildings and the literary society. This is justified by ancient usage and can occasion no ambiguity.

porches, reading, writing, lecturing or disputing with his fellow-philosophers, or with his pupils. During the first centuries of the Museum, men had not yet learned to depend chiefly on books for their knowledge. They learned first by intercourse with those better informed than themselves, afterward by investigating the operations of their own minds. The eagerness of the Greek to learn was proverbial; but this trait often degenerated into mere idle curiosity. The Apostle Paul alludes to it when he speaks of a class of people who devote themselves solely to telling or hearing some new thing; and their treatment of him is evidence of a willingness to listen to what any man of intelligence might have to say.

The equable temperature of Alexandria makes it probable that the dwellings which formed part of the Museum were little more than sleeping apartments. Another part was the library building, connected with which were the various workshops for copying and otherwise preparing the rolls for preservation in the library, and, perhaps, also for sale. Another part formed what, for want of a more suitable English term, may be called a medical college; then, there were likewise a menagerie, or zoological garden, for the maintenance of which Ptolemy II expended immense sums; a botanical garden, and an observatory. Wherever it was practicable and appropriate, pictures and statues were placed throughout this entire quarter of the city. The enormous cost of keeping up this immense establishment was defrayed from the royal treasury—proof not only of the intelligence and liberality of the reigning dynasty, but also of the enormous revenue and resources of Egypt. A passage in Diodoros throws light upon this point. When speaking of that country he says: "The land and soil are divided into three portions. The revenues of the second belong exclusively to the king, for the military expenses of the realm, the civil expenses of the court, and for suitably rewarding men of merit." Other authorities coincide with the above statement that the kings owned a large portion of the land in their own personal right; and besides the income derived from this source, there were probably, in so well organized a gov-

ernment as that of Egypt, some additional revenue created by taxation.

In the reign of the first Ptolemies, the sums expended under the last item mentioned in the above quotation were large; but under the later members of the family they gradually diminished. Several learned men admitted that they went to the Museum because there was "money in it." For a considerable length of time, probably during the continuance of peace, the expenses of the whole establishment were defrayed through a treasurer, who was required to render a circumstantial account of the various objects for which money had been expended. In connection with the mention of this fact, an anecdote is related by Athenæus, as showing the personal interest which Ptolemy Philadelphus took in even the smallest matters pertaining to the Museum.

The grammarian, Sosibios of Lakedæmon, who, by his adroitness in answering questions, had obtained the title of *λυτικός*, claimed to have removed a difficulty in the interpretation of a passage in Homer (*Iliad*, xi, 636-7) by transferring the word *γέρον* from the second line into the first. When the next pay-day came, and Sosibios, along with others, presented himself for his allowance, the treasurer replied that it had already been paid him. Indignant at this injustice he went to the king and complained. Thereupon the king directed the pay-roll to be brought, when, sure enough, the name of Sosibios was not upon it. "But," said he, "I find here the names of Soter, Sosigenes, Bion, and Apollonios. If now you take the first syllable of Soter, the second of Sosigenes, the first of Bion, and the fifth of Apollonios, you will see that your name is among the payees." Thus the philosopher was not only outwitted but defeated by his own theory of transposition in textual criticism.

There is additional evidence to show that the king was in the habit of associating, on equal terms, with the members of the Museum. Desirous of learning geometry, he once asked the distinguished mathematician Euclid whether there was no shorter and easier method than that laid down in his *Elements*. The answer he received was, that there was no royal road to

geometry.* Upon one occasion the king asked a grammarian, "Who was the father of Peleus?" He answered by asking the same question as to Lagos, insinuating that the ancestry of the first Ptolemy was as obscure as that of the Greek hero. On another occasion, the distinguished musician Stratoneikos, in response to some questions about his skill, remarked to the king that the *plectron* was a very different thing from the *skeptron*.

We can hardly conceive of circumstances more favorable to the pursuit of knowledge than were those that surrounded the members of the Alexandrian Museum; and that these were on the whole well improved, there is no good reason to doubt. We have no direct evidence that the men here assembled were expected to teach, but we may safely assume that the privilege of so doing was one frequently embraced. As students from all Grecian lands would meet in this city, an excellent opportunity was afforded ambitious men for extending their fame into far countries by the instruction of genial pupils. A few of them, doubtless, preferred to spend their time in comparative solitude and reflection; but the social propensity was so strong in the Greek nature that asceticism was rare even among thinkers.

The teaching of young men in the higher knowledge, in ancient times, was conducted very differently from the present mode. There was more conversation, less lecturing, and probably no study of text-books at all. Pupils associated with their teacher, propounded their questions, and listened to his solutions.

But, on the other hand, to say that some who enjoyed the emoluments of membership made poor use of their advantages, is but to call attention to what always happens under similar circumstances. Not a few sought notoriety by repartee and *bons mots* rather than the renown of the scholar. Some of the questions discussed are exactly on par with the most silly that engaged the attention of mediæval dialecticians;—men might

* This is the only well-authenticated fact in the life of one whose work is even better known to the modern student than the poems of Homer. Ten persons learn geometry for one that learns Greek.

wrangle about them to the end of time without reaching a conclusion. Here are a few specimens: "What was the maiden-name of Achilles when he was concealed among the daughters of Lykomedes?" "Did Nausikæa wash her dirty garments in salt or fresh water?" "In which hand was Diomedes wounded?"

It is greatly to be regretted that the Greek scholars who dwelt together in Alexandria were not wise enough to overcome their indifference to the social institutions of other peoples sufficiently to interest them in the study of the Egyptian language. The Greek took a just pride in his matchless vernacular, and he rarely thought any other, not even the Latin, worthy of attention, except for practical purposes. He failed almost entirely to recognize the fact that the language, *per se*, of the most uncivilized people was just as worthy of careful study as his own. His proceeding in this matter was as unscientific as if he had taken the full-grown man as the typical human being, and looked with contempt upon the child because it was not a man. It is true that to a free Greek the other subjects of Alexander's successors were, for the most part, of little consequence; but it is not to the credit of his discernment that he so generally failed to perceive that Egyptians did not belong to this category. The Greeks regarded Egypt as the Land of Wonders, and admitted that, compared with its history, their own was but "of yesterday," as Herodotus expresses it. But those who visited the country directed attention chiefly to the real and entirely neglected the formal. While they studied its systems of philosophy, and its religion, they neglected its language, the only medium through which they could be intelligently comprehended. All that the Alexandrian Museum did for the study and elucidation of the language of the people, among whom it existed for several centuries, amounts to exactly nothing. Greek culture, by following the lines of commerce, had, in the period of which we write, over-spread the countries about the Mediterranean and penetrated to a considerable distance inland; but it had not commingled with the entire literature, except in isolated instances and to a limited extent. The paper and glue busi-

ness alone grew to such enormous proportions that Firmus, who had seized Alexandria, in the time of Aurelius, boasted that he could support an army by his revenues from this source alone.

The Greek version of the Old Testament, known as the Septuagint, must not be passed without notice in an article on the Alexandrian Museum, though a brief reference to it will suffice. There is little doubt that this translation was made at Alexandria, but, whether under the auspices of the Museum, at what time, whether as a work continuously and systematically carried forward, or done in parts, and at different times as occasion required; whether brought about by a desire on the part of the Greeks to become acquainted with the sacred writings of the Jews, or by the Jews feeling the need of this medium for expounding their books to their own people, are all questions that have been variously answered; but no answer of sufficient authority has been given to decide any of them. The most probable conjecture is, that a Sanhedrim of seventy members existed at Alexandria after the pattern of that at Jerusalem, and that the translation was prepared by its authority and issued under its sanction. The more one studies this question, the stronger grows the probability that no positive conclusion will ever be reached, because the ultimate authorities are irreconcilably at variance. Synkellos, of Byzantium, a Greek monk of the eighth century, whose statements play an important part in this controversy, says that Philadelphus collected books of all the Greeks, Chaldeans, Egyptians and Romans, and had those in foreign languages translated into Greek. But how much literature had the Romans 250 B. C.? The palpable incorrectness of part of this statement makes the whole of it dubious. The Egyptian Manetho and the Babylonian Berosos both probably lived in the time of the second Ptolemy, but both wrote in Greek; the former, and perhaps others, compiled, by direction of this king, a history of Egypt. The proverbial disinclination of the Greeks to learning foreign languages, and their consequent ignorance in this respect, made translating into Greek very easy work. No inaccuracy, however gross, was in the least danger of detection. We see in

the second book of Herodotus what success a Greek has in the study of Egyptian history. Some of the stories told him were too "big" for even his credulity; but many of his countrymen, a few centuries later, would have readily believed the adventures of Gulliver and Sinbad the Sailor.

The terms *book* and *volume*, that we are still in the habit of using when speaking of ancient written literature, are misleading; the name remains, whereas the thing named has entirely changed.* The Latin word *volumen* was correctly applied to the ancient rolls; and though books are no longer thus kept, we still use a direct derivative rather than the more appropriate *codex*. The material used in Egypt for the manufacture of books was, for a long time, exclusively the papyrus, the sub-cortical layers of which were united lengthwise by means of glue. From Alexandria its use spread over the civilized world. The papyrus rolls, prepared from the byblus or inner bark, were usually about twelve inches high, as we would measure the page of a book, and in length from eight to twelve feet. Each one was fastened upon a roller at the right-hand end, and, when being read, was unwrapped toward the left. The writing was in columns about five inches in breadth; and the reader usually rolled up his MS. with the left-hand as fast as he unrolled it with the right, leaving the one column, which he was reading, open between his hands. As the older MSS. were without punctuation marks, or capital letters, it would have been exceedingly difficult to find any particular passage,

* Volume is derived from volumen, which, in turn, is from volvere, "to roll," and is of purely Latin origin. Its Greek and its English equivalents are "τευχος" and "roll." "Book, from the A.-S. "*bōc*," is from a Teutonic root. "Buch" and "codex" are nearly related, so are "liber" and "βύβλος"—less nearly the two groups to each other. The connection between the German "Buch" book, and "Buche" the beech-tree, is apparent; "Buche," "liber," and "βύβλος," designated practically the same material among three different peoples, and of course arose independently of each other.

In 1821 there was found, with a mummy, a well-preserved roll containing the twenty-fourth book of the *Iliad* from line 127. It is ten inches high, eight feet long, and contains sixteen columns of about forty-three lines each.—WENIGER.

if the evil had not brought its own remedy. In the original MS. of a work, whether prose or poetry, the number of lines in a column was always given; and by means of multiplication it was easy to ascertain the whole number of lines it contained. As lines were of about the same length, the ancients were able to estimate the size of a work from the number of lines being given, just as correctly as we can by knowing the number of printed pages or sheets.

When copies were made from an original MS. its numbering was also marked in the copy, a custom that is still followed by some editors who give the paging of standard old printed editions in addition to their own.

The roll referred to in the note contains 675 lines of the Iliad. If we suppose (which is probable) that it originally contained an entire book, it would have required twenty-four rolls of equal size to contain the entire poem. From this the inference is plain that the Alexandrian Library, even if it possessed the largest number of rolls recorded, contained very much less literary matter than many of the large libraries of the present day. As no process like our stereotyping was known and each MS. was a copy made by hand, it was very difficult to get such as were free from errors. The writings of ancient authors were often interpolated in favor of particular persons and places. With so much ingenuity was this done in some cases, that the interpolation, though suspected on the best grounds, has not been proved to this day. Strabo complains that copyists do not compare their work with other MSS.; and Eusebios tells of a man who made his transcriber swear a terrible oath that he would copy conscientiously. With the founding of the Museum the necessity of text-criticism became apparent. In its libraries were collected MSS. of the Greek writers made in different cities, all claiming to be authentic, yet in many cases differing greatly from one another. In the poems of Homer these discrepancies were especially numerous; and many and fierce were the battles of words fought by the champions of this and that reading. The high antiquity of the poet, the uncertainty of his birthplace, the great lapse of time between the composition and the writing-down of his poems, the pan-

hellenic interest of his subject, and the inevitable charm of his style, made his works the centre of attraction and study. Canons of criticism were gradually established in conformity to the principles of interpretation held by several of the most distinguished grammarians. These will be more particularly spoken of further on in this article.

Literary criticism not only owes its existence to the Alexandrian Museum but specially to the study of Homer. In the course of the centuries in which this author was the chief object of investigation, so many emendations were made that the assertion of Wolf seems by no means improbable, *viz.*: that not a single line now remains exactly as originally composed. Every reader of ancient literature knows that a large part of it is of uncertain authorship. Writings of this kind have attached themselves to almost every prominent name both among Greeks and Romans. This uncertainty clings mainly to works of limited extent, and arose for the most part from the custom of inscribing on the same roll the literary productions of different authors. The right name was in most cases affixed to the original; but was often omitted from copies, either through carelessness or with intent to deceive. The frequent similarity of names also led to confusion. Here, then, were many questions that demanded the attention of the Alexandrian critics, but in many cases a reconciliation of conflicting opinions and traditions had already passed beyond possibility; and the uncertainty continues to this day.

We do not know the conditions of membership in the Museum; but we do know that the sanction of the ruling sovereign was necessary to the validity of an election. When Egypt passed under the Romans, some changes were made in the internal affairs of the institution. These changes were not beneficial to literature; for herein the authorities in the ancient city on the Tiber too nearly resembled those who generally rule in a modern city on the Potomac. Under the Roman emperors men were made members of the Museum who not only never lived in Alexandria, but who were not even engaged in literary pursuits. We are safe in assuming that this was done much less on account of the honor conferred than

for the sake of the emoluments belonging to the position. There is good reason to believe that the emperor Hadrian made the most shameless use of this power. He gave the honors of membership to Dionysius of Miletus and Palemon of Laodicea, neither of whom dwelt in Alexandria. His private secretary he made High Priest of all Egypt and President of the Museum of Alexandria. A certain athlete, named Asklesiades, is also mentioned as overseer of the philosophers in the Museum. The emperor Claudius endowed some fellowships in the institution, which bore his own name; with the proviso that his own writings—an Etruscan history in twenty books, and a Carthaginian history in eight books—should be publicly read on his birthday.

The first librarian proper was Zenodotos of Ephesus, who had been called to Alexandria by Philadelphos as an instructor for his sons. He devoted himself to cataloguing and getting well in hand the immense collection of books placed under his charge. As a critic he devoted himself specially to the departments of epic and lyric poetry; but most of all to the writings of Homer, whose poems he edited. About four hundred of his emendations have come down to us, though he wrote no continuous commentary on his author. He is also believed on good authority to have edited Pindar and Anacreon. Of his life but little is known. Several epigrams in the Greek anthology ascribed to him, are now admitted to be the production of another and later Zenodotos. Zenodotos was succeeded by Kallimachos, a native of Cyrene. Having opened a school in a suburb of Alexandria and gained great celebrity, he attracted the notice of the king, and, upon the death of the librarian, was called to succeed him. Kallimachos was a man of extraordinary erudition; of more than ordinary talent; and a true literary son of his generation. If all other evidence of his abilities were wanting, the large number of great men trained by him would be sufficient to stamp him a great man. He wrote eight hundred books, though they were undoubtedly small; for one of his maxims was that a big book is a big evil. Only a small part of his writings has come down to us, but it is sufficient to show how comprehensive his learning was, as

almost every branch of literature received his careful attention. He laid the foundation of Alexandrian literary history by his critical catalogue of the library in a hundred and twenty books, in which he recorded the biographies of authors and accompanied them with an estimate of their writings. This work was the natural outgrowth of the duties of his position as librarian. The destroyers of this great compilation have inflicted an irretrievable loss upon Greek letters. His Elegies, which are among the best of their kind, were much admired by the Romans, and imitated by Ovid, Propertius and Catullus. Of his epigrams we have about sixty, which are not only the finest of their kind, but their author's best performance. His "*Αἰτια*, (*Causes*), in four books, treated of the origin and causes of ancient myths, and related many hitherto unheard of things about gods and demi-gods, which the poet claimed had been revealed to him by the Muses in a dream, on Mount Helicon. He considered this his best work, an error into which he would naturally be led by the vicious taste of the time.

Another librarian, a man not only distinguished in literature, but equally so in science, was Eratosthenes of Cyrene. He died about 200, B. C., at the age of eighty, from voluntary starvation, because unable longer to endure the increasing decay of his eyesight. Several epithets applied to him indicate contemporary opinion of his acquirements, such as, "Pentathlete of Science," "Plato, the Younger," etc. He was the first who called himself a philologist, that is, "friend of liberal culture"—for the term as used by him had a much more comprehensive signification than at present. His greatest achievements were in mathematics and geography—he was in fact the founder of scientific geography. Others had collected isolated facts; he combined them and pointed out their relation. His geographical work has been lost and is now chiefly known by the citations of Strabo. He believed the earth to be an immovable sphere. The existence of marine deposits of various kinds far inland led him to adopt the opinion of Straton of Lampsacus, and which has recently been revived, * that the Black Sea and perhaps also the Mediterra-

* In Baker's Turkey, c. g.

nean, are remnants of an immense inland ocean, though he denied the uniform level of the ocean. He also undertook to determine the size of the earth by the method still in use; and though he did not reach an entirely correct result, his success is remarkable considering the appliances he was compelled to be content with. He was the first who used parallels for determining position upon the earth's surface. His first parallel passed through the Strait of Gibraltar and the island of Rhodes, eastward; his first meridian through Syene and Alexandria. He also measured the obliquity of the ecliptic, the distance of the sun and moon from the earth; and invented the mesolabe. As accurate mathematical instruments were then unknown, his conclusions must be considered surprising for their accuracy. In his chronography of which only a few fragments remain, he fixed the dates of several important events, which are still accepted as the most probable, where certainty is not attainable. Besides a number of philosophical treatises, he wrote an extensive work on the old Comedy which belongs to the department of literary criticism. Its extent is not known, but a twelfth book is cited. A few notes on Aristophanes are all that have been preserved, and they stamp him as a man of sound critical judgment.

Another distinguished librarian, a pupil of Zenodotos, Kallimachos and Eratosthenes, was Aristophanes of Byzantium. When over sixty years of age, he was called to Alexandria, upon the death of Apollonios of Rhodes. Having attempted to escape to king Eumenes of Pergamos, he was imprisoned for a time, but was subsequently released and died 185, B. C., at the age of seventy-seven. His literary studies were confined chiefly to the works of Homer, of which he prepared an edition on the basis of his master Zenodotos' text. He indicated his opinion of particular passages by means of marginal marks, some of which he found already in use, others he invented. None of his commentaries have come down to us, but we have still about two hundred of his readings preserved in the writings of his pupils. His principal work belonged to the department of lexicography; in it he discussed, in addition to the usual meanings of words, their rare forms, synonyms,

etc. It was divided into books which had special titles, and are generally cited as separate treatises, e. g.: *Terms of Abuse*, *Attic Idioms*, *Lakonic Glosses*.

With Aristarchus, a pupil of Aristophanes, and the most distinguished of all the Alexandrian critics, our notice of librarians must close. Aristarchus is generally believed to have succeeded to his master's place, which, however, he did not retain until death. Owing to political troubles he found it advisable to quit Egypt, whence he went to Cyprus, where he put an end to his life by starvation, because of an incurable dropsy. In the opinion of modern philologists, no man among ancient scholars and critics was his equal. Further progress in his department was only possible by starting where he left off, and proceeding by the methods he indicated. The number of his pupils, among whom were many distinguished men, is put at forty—though this number looks suspiciously symmetrical. His writings amount in all to eight hundred. His chief study was likewise Homer, to which, according to the ancient mode of reckoning, he wrote forty-eight conundrums, that is, one to each book. Some thousands of his emendations have been preserved; and in recent years the Königsberg critics have chiefly directed their labors toward a restoration of Aristarchus' text. So remarkable was his critical acumen, his power of intuitively comprehending the hidden meaning of an author, that the philosopher Panætius calls him "*μαρτυς*." That his powers were not over-estimated is proven by the publication of the *Scholia Veneta*. His method was chiefly inductive; he proceeded from the known to the unknown, and laid great stress on the comparison of parallel passages. He sought to elucidate an author by his own words, and guarded particularly against the common error of explaining words in Homer by their later usage. Where a word occurred but once, he always vindicated its plain and obvious meaning. The habit of regarding Homer as the source of all wisdom, which, as the basis of a critical method, had its ablest defender in his contemporary Krates Mallotes, received its death-blow from Aristarchus. In common with Eratosthenes, he believed that Homer had little accurate geographical knowledge beyond

the limits of Greece, and hence taught that not a few of the countries mentioned by him are beyond the possibility of identification and location. He laid great stress upon comparing MSS., and rarely indulged in purely conjectural emendations. He seems to have had no doubt about the historical existence of such a person as Homer, and considered Athens his birthplace. He says plainly that no traces of the art of writing are discoverable in the Homeric poems, but we are left in doubt as to his belief whether Homer wrote or not. Besides the critical writings above referred to, he commented the Greek tragedians, always paying particular attention to accent and the laws that effect its change of position.

The field, here made the subject of a rapid survey, is one not often chosen by the historian of literature, partly because of the scantiness of uncontradicted testimony; partly because the preceding periods so far outshine this—eclipse it by their own brilliancy, if the expression is permissible. That much of this literature reappears in a Latin garb, has contributed greatly to the loss of original matter. The readers of Plautus and Terence, of Horace* and Ovid, as well as of other Roman writers, in nine cases out of ten, do not realize that they have before them chiefly Greek ideas suited to Roman tastes; and because so little of the Alexandrian literature has survived in its original form, we shall never know how extensively the Romans borrowed from this great fund.

On the whole, our judgment of the Alexandrian era must be favorable. A man cannot be blamed for lack of ability, neither is it the fault of a generation if it has produced no great men. The different kinds of poetry had succeeded one another in early Greece. The whole talent of the nation seemed to be concentrated upon epic, lyric, or dramatic poetry; and nobody ought to achieve greatness in more than one. The Alexandrians did well, then, in seeking to perpetuate and spread the Greek master-pieces, and to facilitate, in every possible way, the understanding of them. They generally mistook learning

* In many of his odes Horace gives us the best—or the worst—examples of the habit of compensating for a lack of original thoughts by a profusion of mythological allusions so conspicuous in the Alexandrian poets.

for creative talent ; but that so few of them based their sole claim to distinction on the latter, proves that the error did no serious harm. Even with this example before them, poets have more than once since, for whole epochs, lost sight of the true principles which govern their art, and have mistaken the artificial for the artistic. It is only when men speak as they feel, and not as they are taught, that their words have a universal interest. Yet students of antiquity will ever continue to feel the keenest regret that so little of this vast accumulation of literary treasures has survived to modern times.

ART. V.—CAREER OF M. THIERS.

1. *The History of Ten Years, 1830–1840.* By LOUIS BLANC.
2. *History of the National Constituent Assembly.* By J. F. CORKEAN.
3. *The History of the French Revolution.* By M. A. THIERS.
4. *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire.* Par M. A. THIERS. Vol. XVIII. Paris: 1845–1870.

THE *apoplexie foudroyante* which, on the third of September, 1877, terminated the career of the distinguished French statesman, by a somewhat singular coincidence, on the two hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the death of Oliver Cromwell, is an event which impressed more or less deeply the civilized world. On his own country it was difficult duly to estimate its influence. To the republicans it was an evil omen; to their opponents, a shock too profound in its effects on their fortunes to be fully realized; to the country at large, a blow that shook it to the centre, and the far-reaching results of which it would have been vain to anticipate. It seems strange, indeed, at first sight, that such should have been the impression produced by the death of a man whose period of life rendered it an event to be looked for at almost any moment, and which in the course of nature could not have been long delayed. And yet, so large was the space in the political world, filled by M. Thiers, and so vigorous his grasp upon life, that in spite of his eighty years, we feel as if it were some ambitious aspirant, whose premature death in the full vigor of manhood had recently been announced to us, rather than that of the octogenarian whose distinguished career commenced when

many of those now prominent on the stage of public affairs were at school or in their cradles.

Marie-Joseph-Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles on the 16th day of April, 1797. His father, according to one account, was a locksmith, according to another, a dry goods merchant. His mother was of a decayed *bourgeois* family, a distant relative, it is said, of the brother poets, André and Joseph Chénier. While at the public school of his native city he is said to have displayed a taste for military studies, which he retained throughout his career, and which, had the first Empire lasted, might not improbably have changed the whole current of his future life. The fall of Napoleon, however, crushed his military aspirations, if any such had previously existed, and he turned his attention to the law. This profession was not to occupy him long, but it was while he was still, nominally at least, engaged in the practice of it that an incident occurred, which, though slight in itself, we have thought worthy of notice as eminently characteristic of the man.

The Academy of Aix, in which city he had taken up his residence, offered a prize for an *Éloge de Vauvenargues*. The young advocate engaged in the competition, but none of the essays submitted were adjudged worthy of the prize; the bestowal of which was consequently postponed until the next year. It was thought that the authorship of M. Thiers' essay had been suspected on account of the vehement support it received from one of his friends in the Academy, and that his well-known political sentiments had stood in the way of its success. He resolved, on the next occasion, to guard effectively against this danger. Accordingly, the same essay was handed in the following year, and was awarded the second place; a paper sent from Paris being pronounced beyond question superior to all others, and receiving the prize. On opening the packets containing the names of the various authors, the Academicians discovered to their surprise that their enterprising fellow-townsmen was the writer of the second essay as well as of the first.

Men of this type naturally gravitate toward capitals; Frenchmen of this type tend naturally to the great whirlpool,

Paris. Accordingly, in the Fall of 1821, we find M. Thiers *en route* for the metropolis. He was accompanied in this search after fortune by Mignet, a young friend of similar situation and pursuits, destined also to future distinction. They were both armed with letters of recommendation to M. Manuel, a prominent leader of the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies. Through his means the two friends soon found employment: Thiers on the editorial staff of the *Constitutionnel*, Mignet on that of the *Courrier*.

The chiefs of the Opposition were not long in discovering that they had drawn a prize in the young advocate from Aix, and Thiers became widely known as an able and daring political writer. The number of subscribers to the *Constitutionnel* rose in 1825 to over 16,000, and in 1830 to nearly 20,000, showing a circulation far in excess of that of any other journal in Paris. Meanwhile the first two volumes of the *History of the French Revolution* appeared, bearing the name of Thiers in conjunction with that of Bodin, a young *littérateur*, at that time possessed of considerable reputation. In the subsequent volumes his name was omitted, and in later editions, the first two having been retouched by Thiers, was dropped altogether from the title-page of the work. This production at once attracted general attention and excited deep and lively interest by its picturesque and animated narrative, vivacious style and dramatic power.

As his reputation increased, the young writer was received into the highest circles of the Opposition party, and became in an especial manner the *protégé* of the eminent banker Lafitte,—"le Fox de ce pays-ci," as he naïvely and pleasantly styled himself. The July revolution was already in course of preparation. It was determined to establish a new Opposition journal. M. Lafitte furnished the necessary funds, and M. Thiers, with Miguel and Armand Carrel as coadjutors, assumed the editorial control of the *National*.

It need hardly be said that it was conducted with vigor, ability and boldness. Some idea of its spirit and policy may be gathered from its editor's own programme. "Confine," he said, "these Bourbons within the four walls of the Charter;

shut the doors, stop the chimneys, and we shall soon force them to jump out of the windows."

The task of governing France after the complete *bouleversement*, the entire subversion of society, at the period of the great Revolution, was one which required all the genius and energy of Napoleon during his tenure of power. Whether, if his life and reign had been prolonged to old age, he would have been able to cast the seething mass, which had issued from the seething caldron, into permanent and coherent shape, and the Imperial throne, surrounded by institutions gradually and carefully adapted to the spirit and wants of modern society, and acquiring by time the strength which tradition and habit alone can give, could, under able and skilful successors, have become a seat of power as secure as it was splendid, is a question impossible now to decide. The course of events was far different. In addition to the perils and difficulties confronting the restored dynasty, inherent in the internal condition of France, there was one almost insuperable obstacle to its permanent and peaceable possession of the throne. It was a badge of defeat, a lasting monument of humiliation. It was the representative of foreign conquest and foreign dictation. It was associated in the minds of Frenchmen with the armed occupation of the country and the capture of the capital, with the sight of Cossacks encamping in the *Champs Elysées*, and the hereditary enemies of their race defiling through the streets of Paris. Their very presence constantly recalled a period of anguish and shame intolerably galling to the feelings of a proud, sensitive, and high-spirited nation.

To cure so fatal a defect of title would have required the rarest combination of magnanimity, genius and skill. All these qualities were wanting. To the time of his death, Louis XVIII had managed to keep his tottering seat, and wield, with cautious hand, his uncertain sceptre over an exhausted people. The reign of his successor was destined to be brief and strong. From the very beginning, the Opposition which confronted him was sanguine, violent and powerful. When the crisis came, the king and his ministers walked straight forward into the abyss that opened before them, and disappeared as if they

had been swallowed up by an earthquake. Thus the restored throne again crumbled into dust, and the heir of Henry IV and Louis XIV became once more an exile.

The *National* had taken an active part in paving the way for this revolution. In its columns had appeared significant suggestions of a parallel between the English Revolution commenced in 1640, completed in 1668, and the French Revolution commenced in 1789 and still incomplete. Plainly the Duke of Orleans was to play Prince of Orange in this recast of the old drama.

M. Thiers exerted himself actively to realize the supposed parallel. On the publication of the famous *Ordonnances*, he assisted in drawing up the Journalists' Protest of July 27th, 1830, and maintained that the signatures of those who concurred in it ought to be attached, in order to secure for the document the favor attendant on boldness. This view, in spite of the opposition of some who participated in the movement, finally prevailed.

The protest, immediately printed and circulated throughout Paris, served as the signal of revolt, though M. Thiers himself seems to have been in favor, at first, of less violent methods of resisting the government. Events progressed rapidly. Within three days the reigning dynasty was overthrown, and the grave question at once presented itself: who or what was to succeed? The Orleans prospects were by no means promising at first. On the memorable 30th of July, M. Thiers, accompanied by Miguel and others, setting out from the office of the *National*, proceeded to the *Place de la Bourse*, distributing among the people printed eulogies of Louis-Philippe. They were received by the crowd at first simply with surprise, afterward with hisses. Moreover, the Duc de Chartres was arrested and narrowly escaped with his life.

Some efforts were made by Bonapartist partisans to raise the Imperial standard at this juncture, but they were so feeble and ill-directed as to be foiled with little difficulty.

To deal with the Republicans was a different and more arduous task. M. Thiers and his coadjutors set themselves to it with the utmost zeal and activity, and with so much success

that after a short interval of doubt and delay the Duke of Orleans was invited to act as Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. The offer was accepted, and the new William of Orange stood already with his foot on the step of the vacant throne. The interregnum was not of long duration. A few days more and the crown which had fallen from the head of Louis XVI's brother encircled the brow of Egalité's son.

When the new government was fairly launched, M. Thiers' claims upon it were not forgotten. He was made Under-Secretary of the Finance Department in the Lafitte administration. The extent to which, though in a subordinate position, he enjoyed the confidence of the Premier, is sufficiently shown by the fact that he was the real author of the speech on foreign affairs delivered by the latter not long after his accession to office, which, falling from the lips of the President of the Council, was regarded as a formal manifesto of the foreign policy of the government.

In the sitting of the 19th of September, when the Polish question was under consideration, M. Thiers particularly distinguished himself by a brilliant and effective speech, which gave a new turn to the discussion after a long and heated debate, and called up the veteran of the Opposition benches, the aged Lafayette, in reply. According to M. Thiers' view of the subject, the failure of the government to lend its aid to the reconstitution of Poland was easily defensible for the best of all possible reasons, that such reconstitution was impossible. Nature herself, he said, had thrown an insuperable obstacle in its way by the geographical conformation of the country. Neither the conquering Republic nor the conquering Emperor had been able to effect it. Might it not, then, be despaired of? Was it reasonable to require it at any other hands? This speech produced a profound impression on the Chamber.

A few days later began the famous debate on the prime minister's motion for the abolition of hereditary peerage. Contrary to public expectation, M. Thiers appeared in opposition to the avowed policy of the cabinet, though not indeed to the real sentiments of the chief. His speeches in defence

of the hereditary principle during this long and animated debate fixed on a secure basis his reputation as an orator. In spite of himself and his coadjutors, however, the Minister's motion prevailed by an immense majority.

It was on this occasion that, in order to secure the concurrence of the Upper Chamber, thirty-six new Peers were created at a single stroke, thus almost literally realizing the well-known threat of a British Minister that he would turn the Horse-Guards into the House of Lords. The immediate object was attained, but a storm of indignation burst forth against the government, and thirteen Peers, unwilling to hold a position thus shorn of its permanence and dignity, gave in their resignations.

Whatever the result of this celebrated parliamentary conflict in other respects, the political fortunes of M. Thiers were at least assured. Henceforth, up to the *coup-d'état* of December, 1851, he was one of the most prominent figures on the stage of public affairs.

Upon the 5th of June, 1832, on the occasion of General Lamarque's funeral, took place an insurrection which caused the newly established throne to totter to its base. An unaccountable apathy seemed to possess the chiefs of the State, and the task of defending the existing order of things, neglected or deserted by those to whom it properly belonged, devolved upon M. Thiers. He was equal to the occasion.

Taking his station at the staff-office of the National Guard, in company with MM. Kératry, Béranger and others, he employed himself with the utmost zeal and energy in preparations for defence; at the same time summoning the deputies of the ministerial party to repair to his support. Only thirteen responded to the call.

Meanwhile the king, whose appearance had been anxiously looked for, arrived and entered the agitated capital with calm and confident demeanor.

When the time appointed for the next meeting of the Chambers drew near, and the deputies began to assemble in the capital, it soon became apparent that the Ministry which

then held power, and which the king was anxious to retain, would be unable to carry on the government longer in face of the prompt opposition which threatened it in the legislative body. Forced to make a new choice, Louis-Philippe applied in the first instance to M. Dupin; but this negotiation, which at one time seemed to be progressing favorably, was for some reason suddenly broken off, and the parties separated mutually incensed.

MM. Guizot and Thiers were now the most prominent in the list of probable premiers, but the former was liable to the grave objection of unpopularity, and the latter, in spite of his acknowledged ability and energy, was hardly considered to possess as yet the necessary weight for so high a position. In this dilemma, the name of the Duc de Broglie was suggested. He was not at all to the king's taste; but constitutional sovereigns have to acquire the habit of sacrificing their personal preferences to political necessity, and there was no greater adept in the art of yielding gracefully than the *bourgeois* king. Accordingly, overtures were made to him to take office in an administration of which it was expressly stipulated that M. Thiers should be a member. M. de Broglie hesitated when the offer was made him, but finally accepted it upon the condition that M. Guizot should also have a seat in the cabinet. After many ineffectual efforts to make him abandon this determination, the king was obliged to yield.

By the arrangement finally agreed upon, Thiers took the portfolio of the Interior, and Guizot that of Public Instruction. Marshal Soult was Minister of War and Premier. At this period, and while they were members of the same administration, commenced the long strife between Guizot and Thiers, a strife ending only with the subversion of the dynasty, which they had both served, in 1848.

When the new session of the Chambers opened, the attacks of the Opposition were bitter and vehement, more especially upon the measures adopted in the suppression of the insurrection. M. Thiers was conspicuous among the defenders of the government. "What," he said, employing upon the occasion the direct and effective *argumentum ad hominem*,

"would you have done in our place? . . . Come, let us have your plans; initiate us in the mysteries of your wisdom."

At the close of the debate the victory of the government was complete, and an address, declaring the concurrence of the Chamber in the sentiment of the speech from the throne, was carried in spite of the utmost efforts of the Opposition.

While thus triumphant in parliamentary conflicts, the ministry was beset with external difficulties. The Belgian revolution had introduced a fresh complication into the politics of Europe, and the king and his ministers were not in accord as to the course to be pursued. The latter were anxious that a French army should march at once to expel the Dutch from Antwerp, and finding their cautious sovereign opposed to this measure, tendered their resignations. His majesty yielded, or appeared to yield, but still no decided steps were taken, and the army halted, as if irresolute, on the frontier.

About this time, on the rejection by the Chamber of Deputies of the act appropriating twenty-five millions of francs for the satisfaction of certain long-standing claims of the United States against France, the Duc de Broglie resigned, and the door was immediately opened wide for intrigues in the bosom of the Cabinet. Contented with his increasing influence at the council-board, and his brilliant success in the Chamber, M. Thiers was not solicitous of any change of position. It was his pride, by the ascendancy of his talents and character, to play a first-rate part while occupying a second-rate post. His friends, however, wished him to possess the outward show as well as the real substance of power, and exerted themselves to obtain for him a more prominent and important office. Their efforts were successful, and among other changes, M. d'Argout retired, and M. Thiers succeeded him in the office of Home Secretary, to which recent changes had given an increased dignity and importance. A fresh insurrection was soon to furnish him with the fullest employment. The movement took its rise and assumed its most formidable proportions at Lyons, but was not slow in spreading to the capital. Here it was suppressed without serious difficulty, but the authorities were

loudly accused of staining with unnecessary bloodshed their *facile* victory.

The Cabinet, while thus triumphant over armed opponents, was, notwithstanding, on the verge of dissolution. A settled animosity existed between Marshal Soult and the *doctrinaires* represented, since de Broglie's retirement, by Guizot. M. Thiers had inclined strongly to the Marshal's side, and more than once came forward as his defender; but upon the question on which issue was finally joined, he sustained M. Guizot. The conflict resulted in the retirement of Soult, whose place was filled by Marshal Gérard. The new minister at once introduced an element of discord, by insisting on a measure of general amnesty to the parties implicated in the insurrections of the year 1834. Of this policy, strange to say, M. Thiers was the chief opponent in the Cabinet. His views prevailed, and Marshal Gérard retired. The ministry was in a moribund condition, but efforts were still made to strengthen and reorganize it. One arrangement after another was proposed only to be objected to, discarded and abandoned, and at length every attempt at a satisfactory adjustment having failed, the ministers resigned.

Then followed the historic "Three Days' Ministry," received by all Paris with a roar of merriment prophetic of its speedy fall. On the second day of its existence M. Thiers was sent for by the Duke of Orleans. He hesitated lest he should be suspected of intriguing against his late colleagues, but yielded at last to the urgency of the request. In the course of the interview with his royal highness which followed the late minister's arrival at the palace, the king himself entered. His majesty confessed, with an easy smile, that he had been beaten in the contest, spoke in a contemptuous tone of his new ministers, and ended by requesting M. Thiers to resume office. M. Thiers would commit himself to nothing without the concurrence of M. Guizot. There was little further difficulty, however, in coming to an agreement, and all this turmoil, excitement and strife ended simply in the reconstruction of the late ministry without Marshal Gérard, and under the nominal presidency of Marshal Mortier.

Intrigues, meantime, were secretly going on for the overthrow of the ministry. "The Siamese Twins," as the king called MM. de Broglie and Guizot, were not favorites at court. Talleyrand declared, in his characteristic style, that it was M. de Broglie's vocation *not* to be Minister for Foreign Affairs. His retirement was anticipated, and M. Thiers began to be spoken of as his successor. A crisis was at hand. Early in the year 1836 a serious disagreement arose between the Premier and the Finance Minister M. Hermance, in consequence of which, notwithstanding all M. Thiers' efforts to effect a reconciliation, the latter retired. In the conflict which ensued in the Chamber, though directed by the main body of his personal followers, M. Thiers stood nobly by his colleagues, and defended the course of the government in one of his finest parliamentary efforts. Nevertheless, the ministers having sustained a defeat on the question at issue, immediately resigned in a body.

A new cabinet had now to be formed, and the highest place was again open to the ambition of rival statesmen. The question as to who should fill it was not long in receiving a decision. The alliance between men of such widely different temper and opinions as Guizot and Thiers, could hardly, at best, have been of long duration, and adroit means were now used to separate them. It was conveyed to the latter that he was thought incapable of sustaining the weight of government without the aid of the *doctrinaires*. The effect of this upon an able, ambitious and self-confident spirit, can well be imagined. "They defy me to form a cabinet," he exclaimed, "from this moment it is formed." In effect, the new cabinet was almost immediately announced, with M. Thiers as Minister of Foreign Affairs at its head. Thus, before he was forty, he had raised himself, by dint of skill, talent and energy, without the aid of fortune or connection, from obscure beginnings to the highest post to which, under a constitutional monarchy, a subject can aspire.

It had been suggested, before his elevation, that he was perhaps not altogether suited to the polished and courtly circles of the *corps diplomatique*; but Talleyrand had bestowed the

seal of his approbation upon him in the spirited sentence: "*M. Thiers n'est point parvenu, il est arrivé.*" Accordingly, in the social, as in the political world, he did not fail to meet with success, and his vanity was perhaps scarcely less gratified by the plaudits of the *salons* than by those of the Senate. To follow in detail, the career we have been considering, at this period, would involve, in large measure, the contemporary history of Europe. We shall, therefore, merely glance at some of the principal events of M. Thiers' administration.

The course which he pursued in reference to the armed occupation of Cracow by the allied forces of Russia, Austria and Prussia, was a bitter disappointment to the expectations of the public. This flagrant outrage was suffered to pass without interference and even without protest on the part of France. Conduct such as this seemed hardly in keeping with the previously expressed sentiments of the minister; and he was accused of being intoxicated by the flatteries and duped by the cajoleries of the dexterous diplomatists who surrounded him. Beyond question great efforts were made at this juncture to win him over from the side of England to more intimate relations with the continental courts. Flattery is not likely to have been spared; and M. Thiers' warmest admirers would hardly claim for him such an absence of personal vanity as would have rendered him proof against the weapon.

Be this as it may, it soon became evident that France was gradually drifting further from England. The cause of Don Carlos having gained ground in Spain, the English government so far changed its tone as to invoke the intervention it had formerly opposed. Louis-Philippe's original distaste for the scheme is said to have been increased by the aversion which he felt for Lord Palmerston, from whom the proposition came. M. de Talleyrand, too, who, as the story runs, had once been kept waiting in Lord Palmerston's ante-room, and never forgotten the affront, threw the whole weight of his influence against the proposed intervention. Whatever may be the effect which ought in fairness to be attributed to the personal feelings of these distinguished individuals, to the disgust of a king, the discourtesy of a minister, the pique of one ambassa-

dor, and the cajoleries of others, thus much at least is certain : M. Thiers refused to comply with Lord Palmerston's request, and the *entente cordiale* between France and England, if indeed it can be said to have existed previously, had now received a fatal blow.

Leaning still further in the direction of the absolutist courts, the French government involved itself in an impolitic and discreditable dispute with the Swiss Republic in regard to the asylum afforded in that country to political refugees.

So far, the course of the government had been uniform, the king and the Premier had worked together harmoniously for the attainment of the former's favorite ends ; but this concord, from whatever cause it may have arisen, was of no long continuance, and the actors soon reappear in their old character of opponents. It was the "still-vexed" and ever-recurring Spanish question that finally divided them and caused M. Thiers' retirement from office.

A change had taken place in the cabinet of Madrid since the subject of intervention had been last agitated, and the minister who now governed Spain himself favored it. M. Thiers maintained that the occasion was opportune for the long talked-of interference ; Louis-Philippe thought otherwise. An obstinate and prolonged struggle ensued. The king remained fixed in his own opinion ; the minister, in his. Every effort was used to shake the latter's resolution. The aged Talleyrand's witchery was invoked once more. But the subtle charmer charmed in vain ; the Nestor of politicians failed in his task of conciliator.

At length all hope of winning M. Thiers over was reluctantly abandoned, and steps were taken for the formation of a new cabinet. Then came news of the Spanish revolution of the 12th of August, 1836. As might have been expected, the king and the premier differed in regard to the course to be pursued. The former declined to adopt the policy recommended by his chief constitutional adviser and the ministry was virtually dissolved. A prolonged interregnum followed, to the extreme vexation of M. Thiers, and hardly less to the king who was in constant dread of some daring step on the

part of the Foreign Secretary, which would cut the knot of the Spanish difficulty in a manner little to his taste. At length, however, he was able to announce the successful construction of a new cabinet, and the retiring minister, after a cordial interview with his sovereign, left Paris to seek in a tour beyond the Alps a temporary forgetfulness of the cares and vexations of that political career into which he had entered with so much zeal.

Such was the close of M. Thiers' first administration. It may well be credited that he resigned office not only without regret, but even with a feeling of relief. He had been assailed, harassed, thwarted, and disappointed. It is easy to conceive that there were parts of his own official conduct to which he could not look back with a gratified or self-approving glance. There were, moreover, many other resources open to him. He was not a man of one idea; he had never been a mere political machine. He loved society, he was devoted to literature, he appreciated art, he revered science. Here were rich sources of consolation which his language and his actions alike show that he understood. There is even a sad impressiveness in the tribute which he pays to a life devoted to the pursuit of scientific truth in the peroration of his inaugural address delivered to the French Academy in December, 1834. "I say it unaffectedly before you. Happy is that career which ends in a grave like Cuvier's, and which is covered at its close by the eternal laurels of science!"

Moreover, devoted to the exciting game of politics, he knew that his absence from the field would be but short, and his self-confident temper assured him of an eventual return to power. Meanwhile, Italy was before him with all the varied attractions which it offers alike to the eye and the mind of a man of genius, sensibility and culture. But we cannot follow him there.

The holidays of statesmen are necessarily brief, and accordingly we soon find M. Thiers drawn again into the political vortex and engaged in active opposition to the Molé ministry which had succeeded his own. Reeling under the blows of this powerful assailant, and rent by internal dissensions, it soon be-

came evident that this administration was unequal to the task of carrying on the government. Overtures were successively made to M. Thiers to become one of a cabinet under the leadership of M. Guizot, and that of Marshal Soult. Both offers were declined, and the crisis at length ended in the retirement of the *doctrinaire* section of the ministry, and its reconstruction under the continued presidency of M. Molé.

M. Thiers, as leader of the Left Centre, or third party which had grown up between the Administration and the Opposition, now held the fate of the former in his hands, and in the debate on the subject of the secret service money, it was, so to speak, put on trial for its life. Intense anxiety was felt as to the part that he would take, for upon that the result was acknowledged to depend. When he did speak, it was with telling effect in favor of the government, which carried its point by a large majority. The result was twofold. M. Molé was saved, and the *doctrinaires* foiled.

Towards the close of the year, the Chamber was dissolved; and, in view of the election to follow, was brought about that singular coalition between the constitutional Opposition and the Republicans, in virtue of which M. Thiers served on the same central committee with Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc. The ministry by great efforts succeeded in securing a majority of the new Chamber, but their fall was not long delayed. In the vote on the address at the opening of the session in December, 1838, they sustained a virtual defeat, and in consequence the Chamber was immediately dissolved.

Our limits forbid us to follow in detail the course pursued by M. Thiers on the great questions that then divided parties in France. It could hardly be said that the part he took was active and prominent, and his parliamentary position a strong and commanding one. Early in 1840 he delivered his remarkable speech on foreign affairs, his "*discours-ministre*," as it was called by the *Constitutionnel*, in which he attacked the policy of the government on the eastern question, and declared himself emphatically a partisan of the English alliance. Whether this speech was, as it has been termed, a distinct bid for office, or not, at any rate M. Thiers was soon

after, by a singular and almost unprecedented combination of all the elements of opposition, carried triumphantly, against the wishes of the king, to the highest post in the administration. His tenure of power at this period was short, yet sufficiently long for him to show his respect for the memories of the Empire by bringing back (1841) the remains of its chief to rest on the banks of the Seine, and also for him to advance to the very brink of a war with Prussia, in which he probably hoped to realize his darling dream of regaining for France the frontier of the Rhine. If so, he was doomed to disappointment. A general European war seemed imminent: the cautious king desired a more cautious minister, and the too warlike premier retired to make room for his old rival and late ally, M. Guizot.

From that time until the fall of the Orleans dynasty he remained out of office, except when called for a moment, as it were, to the head of affairs in the midst of the revolution. Though he continued as the recognized leader of the Opposition to take an active part in politics, much of his time must have been devoted, at this period, to the composition of his history, the first four volumes of which appeared in 1845. As the history of the Revolution had been considered a veiled attack on the restored Bourbons, so now it was strongly suspected that the history of the Consulate and the Empire was directed against the spirit and policy of the July monarchy. The author himself, however, has given us a very different view of the true scope and mission of the historic art.

Meanwhile, as time went on, M. Thiers withdrew more and more from active participation in public affairs, and appeared content to await with patience the progress of events. The revolution which was to overthrow a throne founded on revolution was rapidly approaching, but, in so far as he was instrumental in it, he must have been so unintentionally. He had been for years excluded from office, and he desired to fight his way back to it; he was opposed to the policy of the party in power, and he wished to change it. But further than this there is no evidence that he designed to go. As so often happens, however, the exigencies of his political position

brought him into close connection with men whose objects were widely different from his own.

All sections of the Opposition, postponing the settlement of the questions which divided them, united for the overthrow of the Guizot ministry. The misfortune of men like MM. Thiers and Barrot was that they accomplished so much more than they aimed at. In spite of their long and varied experience in public affairs, they did not adequately estimate the inflammable nature of the materials with which they were dealing.

Yet, to all appearance M. Thiers' conduct was prudent and circumspect. He attacked with bitterness the foreign policy of the government at the opening of the session; but this did not at all pass the bounds of ordinary parliamentary warfare; while, on the other hand, he did not sanction by his presence the famous reform banquets which became the immediate occasion of the revolution. Into the history of that revolution it is not our purpose to enter. One most singular fact in regard to it is, that it seems to have taken every one equally by surprise. Neither the king nor his ministers, nor the Opposition leaders, nor either of the parties into which the Chambers were divided, expected, or were prepared for it. A demonstration against M. Guizot's administration and in favor of electoral reform suddenly expanded, no one knows how, into a democratic, almost a socialistic, revolution. At every stage in its progress the principal actors seem bewildered and taken by surprise. As a first means of conciliation, the king consents to accept Molé in place of Guizot. This failing, he retreats a step and sends for M. Thiers. M. Thiers agrees upon certain conditions to accept office, and with characteristic self-confidence believes the monarchy already saved. It was at this time that the order to the troops to cease firing on the insurgents, for which he has been so much censured, was given. The fact of this was either an overweening confidence in the effect on the people of his return to power, or a not unnatural distrust of the troops themselves—perhaps a mixture of both.

However this may be, it was soon apparent that the new break-water was powerless to check the advancing tide. M. Thiers in his turn retires, and advises the king to try the

effect of placing M. Odilon Barrot at the head of the administration. This was a desperate expedient, and the last that remained. It failed, of course, and then followed in rapid succession the abdication of the king in favor of his grandson, the flight of the royal family, and the proclamation of the Republic. It is said that at the moment of departure the queen could not forbear reproaching M. Thiers with his long-continued opposition to the king, and that he, as became him under such circumstances, received the reproach with a silent bow.

We can well believe that the course taken by the movement he had helped to inaugurate was a bitter disappointment to the *bourgeois* statesman; but he was not the man to brood in inaction over events beyond recall. Accordingly, we find him returned in May to the National Assembly by five different constituencies, an evidence how temporary was the eclipse of his popularity resulting from the events of February. He was, in spite or perhaps on account of this, so odious to the Red factions in Paris that a guard had to be stationed around his house, and a friend going to see him paid the penalty of a general resemblance of figure and appearance by being made the mark for a bullet.

M. Thiers had no sooner entered the Assembly than his influence began to be sensibly felt. He brought the trained skill of a parliamentary veteran to the task of organizing the Right, or Conservative party, and was the informing spirit of the famous club of the *Rue de Poitiers*. It was well-known that a Minister's portfolio would at once have been tendered him by Louis-Napoleon, if his consent to accept it could have been obtained; but his relations with the "Prince President," though not hostile, remained cautious and reserved. He supported him, but supported him apparently with an *arrière-pensée*. The wildest and most improbable schemes have been attributed to him at this period. He was, it was asserted at one time, intriguing for the immediate reëstablishment of the Empire; again, a little later, he was endeavoring to negotiate a marriage between Louis-Napoleon and the Duchess of Orleans. Whatever importance may be attached to rumors of

this kind, it is certain that the time was rapidly approaching which was to place him in pronounced opposition to the government. The elections of May, 1849, resulted in favor of the Monarchists, and Legitimists and Orleanists were alike willing to forget their differences for the time and combine to make a tool of the President, if he chose to submit, or crush him if he attempted to resist. The Republic proclaimed with so much pomp and circumstance, was now felt on all sides to be a stupendous farce. The only real question was, who should be its heir? M. Berryer and the Legitimists supported Henry V; MM. Thiers and Molé and the other Orleans leaders were for the Count of Paris. Who the President favored was, for the present, a mystery; but M. Thiers, at least, if he had not done so already, penetrated the mystery before very long. Imperialism was about to return, and the President of the Republic was for Napoleon III.

Meanwhile, incompatible as was the nature of their views and plans for the future, the two great sections of the monarchical opposition united cordially in bitter and vigorous assaults upon the existing government. Heated debates were of constant occurrence in the Assembly. It was during one of these that a personal difficulty, arising out of a question of veracity, and resulting in a hostile meeting, took place between MM. Thiers and Bixio. In the course of the same debate Victor Hugo assumed an attitude of decided hostility to the future Emperor, stigmatizing him by the since widely-known epithet of "Napoleon the Little."

"Time and I," it was a favorite saying of Philip II, "are a match for any other two;" and time was working effectively in favor of the man thus contemptuously denounced. While constantly defeated and reflected upon in the Assembly, he was as constantly gaining ground in the country. His name was a tower of strength among the peasantry. He was the heir of the Emperor, the representative of the "little corporal,"—nay, as some even believed, the "little corporal" himself. The proprietary classes, those "with a stake in the country," alarmed at the growth of socialism, were ready to support any government that promised stability and order,

and could be relied on to protect the rights of property. Thus, though he was thwarted and outvoted in the Assembly, though he was forced to abandon one set of ministers after another, though almost the whole political talent of France was arrayed in one section or another of the opposition against him, his position, seemingly weak, was in reality strong, and becoming stronger every day. The utterly impracticable nature of existing institutions was felt by every one. In the confusion following this inevitable fall, he had the incalculable advantage of being already at the head of the executive government, a king, "cabin'd, cribb'd and confin'd," it is true, but still "the king in possession."

With the *coup-d'état*, however, its causes, character, and consequences, we are not at present concerned, except in so far as they affect the subject of this sketch. On the memorable 2d of December, 1851, M. Thiers, together with seventy-seven other of the principal opponents of the government, was arrested and conveyed to prison. During his incarceration, which lasted a very short time, he was treated with great consideration; was allowed to remain in Paris when some of his companions were transferred to Ham, and finally, on account of a disease of his throat, which was thought to be aggravated by confinement, was released from prison and sent across the frontier into Germany.

It was undoubtedly one of the weak points of the new *régime*, that the intellect and culture of the country it aspired to govern, as a general rule, either vehemently opposed, or stood coldly aloof from it. Fortunately for himself, when permitted, as he was in no long time, to return to France, M. Thiers was not reduced to waste his life in idle repining or inglorious sloth. Though cut off from one field of exertion, his occupation was by no means gone; another remained amply sufficient for the exercise of his rare powers. He could turn at once to those literary labors which had already given him so high a reputation, and which are, perhaps, destined to remain the most enduring monument to his memory. Most justly might he apply to himself the words of Sallust: "*Non fuit consilium socordiâ atque desidiâ bonum otium conterere*;

* * * * * *Statutum resgestas populi nostri carptim ut quæque memoriâ digna videbantur perscribere;*" if he could not add, "*eo magis quod mihi à spe, metu, partibus, reipublicæ animus liber erat.*"

It may well be imagined that it was not so easy for a man, long accustomed to the exciting scenes, the thrilling alternations of hope and fear, the stirring contests, the intoxicating triumphs of an active and stormy political career, to reconcile himself to the sudden and complete deprivation of all this. And as year after year went by, and he felt old age advancing upon him, he might naturally have chafed at what seemed like a hopeless exile from the stage on which he had acted so important a part. Yet, if shut out from the rewards and—what he perhaps valued still more—the struggles of the political arena, there was much still left to him.

Parisian society was not, it is true, what it had been. There was no Madame de Sévigné now. The brilliant circle of the hôtel de Rambouillet had left no successors worthy to replace it. The eloquent voice of the authoress of *Corinne* and *Germany* was silent in death, and Madame Récamier, surpassed by others in wit, brilliancy and culture, but long unrivalled in the power to charm, to soften, and to attract, had lately closed her life, blind, and in almost complete seclusion. Yet, there must still have remained many sources of interest and attraction; there were still, in the great world of Paris, many charming women and gifted men, and the intellect of the country, denied vent in the ordinary channels of public life, in the tribune and the press, might still enjoy the triumphs of the *salon*, might blaze in epigrams, and sparkle in *bons mots*. All this M. Thiers' temperament and culture had eminently fitted him to enjoy. And then, for his graver moments, there was the great work into which he had thrown himself with so much ardor, and in which he felt so deep an interest, personal and patriotic. The reception with which it met was in the highest degree gratifying. The very criticisms and assaults directed against it, were but so many proofs of the impression it produced and the interest it excited. It was the great appeal of his country before the bar of posterity; and

that the pleaders on the adverse side should be angry and bitter was only what might have been anticipated. Thus he might indulge the hope that year after year he was blending his own fame more and more indissolubly with that of France; while the deep, personal and national interest attaching to his subject gave to his career, as an historian, an altogether unusual degree of brilliancy and *éclat*. With whatever measure of constancy, resources and consolations like these, enabled him to support the abrupt termination of his active political life, they were not much longer to be so securely held. In 1860, Napoleon III began somewhat to relax the despotic grasp with which he had hitherto held the reins of power, to make advances towards the Liberals, and to introduce into the imperial system a partial and modified sort of constitutionalism. The possibilities open to the Emperor, and the manner in which he dealt with them, are questions of deep interest, but upon which we have not space to enter here. We pass on to M. Thiers' share in the events soon to follow. In 1863, at a meeting of the moderate opponents of the government, it was decided that at least one prominent member of the party should endeavor to secure a seat in the Chamber of Deputies at the then approaching election. M. Thiers yielded unwillingly, as he assures us, to the almost unanimous wish that he should undertake the task.

On his entrance into the Chamber, he found the large majority of its members by no means zealous in their devotion to the Emperor, yet ready to support him as a bulwark against further convulsions, voting with the government, yet at heart bitterly opposed to its policy on the Mexican question. The opposition needed a leader and where could they find one more skilful and efficient than the veteran statesman who had just reappeared upon the stage. Opposition for the time met with but little success. The majority agreed with M. Thiers, but voted with the government; and the government was deaf to the voice of warning or remonstrance. On the Mexican question, the Danish question, the German question, it acted without regard to the advice or protests of friends or foes. No man of any party could have been more thoroughly French

than M. Thiers, more warmly patriotic according to his view of patriotism, more zealous and eager for the advancement of France, for the increase of her power, or for the elevation of her fame. No man would have joined more cordially in the effort to curb the growing ambition of Prussia, to prevent the consolidation of a preponderant power in the shape of united Germany on the frontier of France, to assert the doctrine of "natural boundaries," and by a new "revendication" extend the national territory to the Rhine. But he differed *in toto* from the Imperial government as to the road by which these desirable results could be reached. Nevertheless, when, but a very short time before the fall of the Empire, its institutions were still further liberalized, and Louis-Napoleon having conceded ministerial responsibility, assumed the rôle of a quasi-constitutional sovereign, M. Thiers supported and urged his friends to support the Ollivier Ministry. When the long-threatening trouble between France and Prussia came to a crisis on the Hohenzollern question, believing his country to be wholly unprepared for war, he threw all his influence on the side of peace, and he has left on record his conviction that a majority of the Chamber, and a section of the Cabinet itself were with him at heart. The deplorable result was brought about, as he thinks, by a small but violent faction which wrought upon the Emperor's mind by means of their influence over the Empress.

When the news of the first defeats on the frontier arrived in Paris, M. Thiers accepted, at the urgent solicitation of a large majority of the Assembly, a position on the Commission of Defence, where he vehemently opposed the plan of despatching MacMahon to Bazaine's relief. He depended upon this army, if retained near the fortifications of Paris, to save from the knife of the invader, the heart, at least, of France. After the surrender at Sedan all parties seem to have looked to him for guidance. The Empress sought his counsel; the Right and Left alike desired him to assume the leadership. Never, under any circumstances, wanting in self-reliance, he did not shrink from the perilous responsibility. His plan was that the existing Assembly should pronounce the deposition of the

reigning dynasty, conclude an armistice with the Germans, and then call a fresh Assembly to decide upon the terms of peace. This scheme failed, according to M. Thiers' view, through want of prompt and judicious action on the part of the legislature. The Paris mob once more assumed control of the destinies of France, and M. Thiers retired only to reappear when he undertook the forlorn mission to the various Courts of Europe in search of aid for his prostrate country. The results of this mission are well-known—the profuse civilities, the assurances of sympathy, the ready tender of good wishes, yet withal, the invincible determination at bottom to take no active step in behalf of the long-dreaded nation now called on, in her turn, to suffer the last extremity of misfortune.

On his return, after the failure of these efforts, M. Thiers endeavored to arrange with Bismarck the terms of an armistice, pending the convocation of an Assembly and the conclusion of peace; but the insurrection of the 31st of October prostrated all his plans. So momentous, however, had he deemed the crisis that he had seriously contemplated negotiating a peace at once, without waiting “to take the sense of the country;” and had even gone the length of discussing the terms with Prince Bismarck. These, he informs us, were much more favorable than those which France actually obtained, but their details he did not consider himself at liberty to disclose.

Having been elected to the Bordeaux Assembly in twenty-six Departments, M. Thiers was, by a fusion of all parties, appointed “Chief of the Executive Power,” and soon afterwards set out for Paris to confer personally with Bismarck on the terms of peace. His patriotic sorrow on the occasion is said to have been so deep as to move even “the man of blood and iron,” between whom and the French statesman an acquaintance of long standing existed, to a betrayal of sympathetic emotion.

When the government assumed a somewhat more permanent and more regular, though still provisional shape, under the Rivet Constitution, M. Thiers became first President of the third French Republic. The financial and military measures of his administration, his suppression of the Commu-

nist revolt, his negotiations with Germany, his quarrels and reconciliations with the Assembly, his final resignation and his conduct under the Septennate, are all events of recent history, with the details and discussion of which the current journals of the past few years have been filled. We have not space to enter upon them here. Scarcely even can we pause to note the skill and energy which he displayed in reorganizing the army, or his late abandonment, in name at least, of those mediæval theories of protection, those "shackles upon trade," as Mr. Jefferson was accustomed to call them, to which he had clung so long and obstinately.

Neither could we with propriety, at the close of an article already, perhaps, too long, undertake to discuss M. Thiers' merits as an historian. As to the clearness, the brilliancy, the vivid and picturesque interest of his great work, there can scarcely be two opinions. Nevertheless, it must be said that he writes like a statesman and man of the world, like one profoundly versed in men and affairs, like one who loved the management of cliques and parties more than the common weal. In writing history, indeed, he had the great advantage of "having spoken history, acted history, lived history," and he knew how to use it. As regards his impartiality, in spite of the declaration in one of his prefaces that he experiences "a sort of shame at the bare idea of alleging what is inexact," there is more room for difference of opinion. Eminently a man of action, it would have been strange indeed if those national and political sentiments that swayed him so strongly in active life had left no trace on the pages of his history. And after all, this same impartiality is apt to be a little colorless, a trifle wanting in interest; the gain in accuracy is but too often accompanied by a corresponding loss in vividness. The summing up of the most eminent judge is generally rather heavy reading, and we turn with impatience from his careful balancing of arguments, his admirable sifting of evidence to the fervid eloquence of the skilful and impassioned advocate.

In striking contrast also to many illustrious statesmen, ancient and modern, who have died in poverty after passing their lives in the public service, he accumulated during the

course of his long career an immense fortune, notwithstanding the free indulgence of at least two very expensive tastes in the collection of fine specimens of art and in horse flesh, for both of which he had an intense passion.

Sainte-Beuve, in his *Notes et Pensées*, thus sums up the defects and merits of his distinguished contemporary: "M. Thiers," says he, "knows everything, talks of everything, decides everything, and will in the same breath tell you on which side of the Rhine the next great man will be born, and how many nails there are in a gun-carriage. These are his defects. Here are his good points. Thiers' is the clearest, liveliest, most inquisitive, most supple intellect we have; no other brain is so perpetually in freshness and, as it were, in good humor to learn and to talk. When he explains he is not only clear, he is transparent."

Without attempting at this early day, and with the materials now before us, to anticipate the verdict of posterity, this much, at least, we may venture to predict, that history, viewing with scrutinizing but comprehensive eye the checkered existence so lately closed, whatever defects and errors impartial justice may require her to point out in the career of the dead statesman, will unhesitatingly affirm the judgment inscribed by the hand of sorrowing friendship upon his tomb: "*Patriam dilexit.*"

ART. VI.—DIVINE AND HUMAN AGENCY.*

1. *The Old Faith and the New*. 2 Vols. By DAVID FREDERICK STRAUSS. London: 1873.
2. *Essai de Théodicée sur la Bonté de Dieu, la Liberté de l'Homme et Origine du Mal*. Par GOTTFRIED WILHELM LEIBNITZ. Paris: 1710.

"Les corps vivants sont machines à l'infini."—*Leibnitz*.

"The culminating point of man's intellectual interpretation of nature may be said to be his recognition of the unity of the power of which her phenomena are the diversified manifestations. Toward this point all scientific inquiry tends. For the convertibility of the physical forces, the correlation of these with the vital, and the intimacy of that *nexus* between mental and bodily activity, which, explain it as we may, cannot be denied, all lead upward toward one and the same conclusion,—the source of all power in mind."—*Carpenter's Mental Physiology*, p. 696.

"Les sensations physiques de plaisir et de douleur qui accompagnent les impressions de l'âme pendant les manifestations des sentiments et des passions, devraient donc avoir pour siège primitif un organe nerveux outre que le cerveau: c'est principalement aux nerfs du grand sympathique qu'appartient cette fonction; et, comme tous les phénomènes auxquels préside ce système sont indépendants de la volonté, les phénomènes de l'émotion le sont aussi."—*Despine's Psychologie Naturelle*, Tome I, p. 339.

ONE of the most pleasing and satisfactory beliefs which mankind have indulged, from time immemorial, is that of divine inspiration, or of the infusion of ideas into a finite mind by the Infinite Mind. And even now, the belief in the possibility of inspiration, from some source outside of ourselves, either finite or Infinite, Divine or devilish, is held in some form or other, by people of every grade of intellectuality. The advance of the scientific spirit and method of research has turned the pure scientist away from such a conception of the origin of thought and feeling, but the rest of mankind with rare unanimity, hold on to the mental philosophy of the monks and schoolmen, and decline to receive a philosophy of mental processes which traces their good thoughts and bad to sources within their own brains and bodies.

Perhaps both are right—the schoolmen and the scientists.

* This article was announced in the previous number of the *Review* under the title, *The Physiology of Inspiration*.—ED.

While the views of the latter on this subject are susceptible of demonstration, it would be gratuitous to deny the possibility of the views of the former having some foundation in fact. Indeed, science admonishes us by its profound explorations and discoveries, to affirm rather than to deny the possibility of anything. In matters relating to the intuitive, there is good reason in following the lead of intuitive minds. They are entitled to speak with authority, in some degree, of things which are beyond the capacity of the common run of mortals, and which lie outside the domain of pure science. If the propriety of such a concession be admitted, the theologians and schoolmen have some justification in holding on to their views of the intimacy of gods and men, and the controlling, inspiring influence of powers superior to, and outside of, themselves.

The best minds of the cultivated Greeks, it may be observed, did not doubt the familiar interposition of the gods in their affairs, inspiring their thoughts and directing their fates. No less a character than Socrates believed in spiritual intercourse between the living and the dead, and ridiculed the idea of absolute death. Moreover, he claimed, and his friends for him, to have been attended from infancy by a *Dæmon*, or guardian spirit, which guided and instructed his judgment and protected his person from danger. Plutarch says that this *Dæmon* usually went before him, as it were, shedding "a light upon hidden and obscure matters, and such as could not be discovered by unassisted human understanding; of such things the *Dæmon* often discoursed with him, presiding over and by divine instinct, directing his intentions."* Plutarch himself was no doubter on this subject, at least so far as communication with deceased friends is concerned. He wrote: "Should not we then—when reason shows us that a real converse with persons departed this life may be had, and that he who loves may both feel and be with the party that affects and loves him—relinquish these men that cannot as much as cast off all their airy shades and outside barks for which they are all their time in lamentation and fresh affliction."† And again, this felicitous author declares, that "very amiable things must

* Plutarch's *Morals*, Vol. II, p. 338.

† *Id.*, p. 200.

those be that come to us from the gods.”* Some of these grand men of the long past appear to have lived in close communion with the subjective, or spiritual world. “For those gods,” says Hermogenes, “who know all things, and can do all things, are so friendly and loving to me, that because they take care of me I never escape them, either by night or by day, wherever I go, or whatever I am about. And because they know beforehand what issue anything will have, they signify it by sending angels, voices, dreams and presages.”† This passage was quoted by Plutarch, as an offset to the philosophy of Epicurus, which had so many adherents among the Greeks of his day; and it is quite in conformity with the conceits of many people of modern times, who fancy themselves watched over and cared for by spiritual existences if not by God himself.

While the belief in direct intercourse between objective and subjective existences—the material and the so called spiritual world—has been strongly entertained by many advanced minds from the earliest recorded time, it has been most conspicuous among poets and mystics—minds untrained in the methods of science, or the habit of critical investigations. The belief was also conspicuous among the Jews, and has likewise been held, though in a less degree, by the primitive tribes of all people, and for the reason, as we believe, that thought and feeling were mysteries to them, and involved problems in psychology and physiology beyond their understanding and with which the untutored mind, generally, is incompetent to deal. The belief in inspiration and supernatural agencies was naturally enough a prominent dogma in the shadowy times of human development, when man referred every emotion which he felt, or idea which he thought, or desire which he willed, to an agency from some mystical source outside of himself. “There is a spirit in man,” wrote Job, “and the spirit of the Almighty giveth them understanding.”‡ Thus it was that a man could not feel an impulse, or have a desire, but some one suggested it to him; that some one being supposed to be Jehovah himself, or some evil genii without

* Plutarch's *Morals*, p. 194.

† *Id.*, Vol. II, p. 194.

‡ *Job*, xxxii, 8.

form or substance which inhabited the solar spaces, or moved unseen among the abodes of men. And when the belief in the divine source of ideas and emotions began to wane, and the individual was accredited with an inherent power to think and feel and will, it was only necessary that he should go to sleep and dream, as did the good Peter and the bad Balaam of old, to know what God had to say to, or desired of, him. Thus the dream became at one time of greater significance and authority in human affairs than the clear, sober judgment and waking thought. It was not strange, then, that those extraordinary manifestations of mentality, the phenomena of clairvoyance, trance, mind-reading and other psychological phenomena which modern physiologists have so absurdly associated with "unconscious cerebration," "mascular sense," etc., should have been imputed to divine inspiration; nor that those of improvisation and ecstasy, and the sudden and often surprising exhibition of the imaginative and intellectual powers, by those known to be unlettered, should have been referred to supernatural causes. How else could they arise? Were they not produced without will on their part? Were they not unprovoked and spontaneous? The reflective are as replete with answers as with interrogatories. They are bound to find answers of some sort to every query that arises within themselves. And in the absence of a correct knowledge of vital processes—of the functions of brain and nerve, the influence of mind over matter and matter over mind—they were left to the expediency of accepting that explanation of mental phenomena afforded by consciousness, which was far more likely to lead them wrong than right. Consciousness, unaided, can give no clue to the mysteries of its own processes. That knowledge must be sought in a study of the processes of organic life, and especially of those of the nervous function. The study of biology, physiology and pathology is alone equal to the solution of the mystery in which our existence is enshrouded. The facts derived from such sources support the conclusion and give color of plausibility to the hypothesis that thinking is the exercise of the nervous functions, and that all these extraordinary perverted exhibitions of mentality of which

the world has been so full, arise in the exercise of the same functions in an abnormal, excited or perverted condition, and are not necessarily due to an influx from the Most High, as many devout people suppose. They are, therefore, for the most part, regarded and treated by the physiologist as evidence of nervous disorder, if not of actual, mental disease. So strong has this conviction become in the mind of most intelligent people that he who should now come forward with the claim of being divinely inspired would be regarded as a fraud,—pious perhaps, but still a fraud,—to be carefully watched or turned over to the police magistrate or commission in lunacy. And, accordingly, the people who formerly supposed themselves to be on terms of intimate personal relation and intercourse with the Deity have grown less pretentious than formerly, and are now content to confine their belief to the holding of personal communication with the spirits of departed men and women. The doctrine of divine inspiration, as a common every-day experience in the lives of men and women is, therefore, mostly abandoned by the very class with which it originated and which for ages strenuously maintained it. To charge a sermon now-a-days to inspiration is rightly held by its author to be a poor compliment to his genius, if not a downright insult to his manhood. Perhaps it is from the pride or egotism he has of the sufficiency of his own mental powers, or that he is more sensible of the labor it has cost him to write it, that he arrogates to himself whatever credit the quality of his discourse possesses. But let the motive be what it may, he is generally unwilling that another shall have the *éclat* which is rightly due to his own mental exertion and cerebral processes and to those of no one else.

This change of religious conviction, on the part of religious devotees, concerning a most vital tenet in the religions of all people, is a most interesting phenomenon in the progress of belief. Formerly, the religious speaker was *moved* to speak. His first act upon entering the sanctuary was to kneel in prayer for divine guidance. He *waited* for the divine inunction or suggestion—for the quickening of the Holy Spirit—and when he had finished, returned thanks for the truths which

had been spoken through him. So, too, the young Levite had a divine *call* to the sacred ministry, and dared not to disobey it. He went into the pulpit without other authority, and sometimes without even ordination; having often no previous preparation; knowing not what he should say—or rather, what God should say *through* him. He was a passive *exponent* of God's truth; the Holy Word being expounded *through* him and not *by* him. Under these circumstances his words were laden with supernatural grace—were pregnant with supernatural meaning. They may have been crude and illogical. Examined in the light of science and philosophy, they may have been found simple and childish; nay, they may have failed under the plain criticism of common sense. But if the wisdom in them was not apparent by such gross tests as these, it was because it was not on the surface, but lay concealed below the surface. Wisdom must have been in them, though clothed in simple garb and homely phrase, for God himself had spoken, and the believing heart, assisted by divine grace, should be able to find it in them, and know and feel all its force and significance. The humble listener sat, therefore, before the “inspired” teacher, with bated breath and enwrapped attention, that he might lose no word or hidden meaning of the sacred expostulation. God himself was speaking through his humble servant, revealing divine truth to the contrite heart, and delivering His awful judgments to the unrepentant and incredulous sinner. To question the correctness of a proposition propounded at the sacred desk from the lips of God's ministering servant, was sacrilege; to raise a doubt, impiety; to dispute a conclusion, heresy; to deny a premise, infidelity—a degree of impiety so rank, carrying with it such heavy pains and penalties, both temporal and spiritual, that few were likely to risk their imposition by a frank avowal of incredulity, whatever may have been their private conviction, or want of conviction. It is much easier to glide along with a hypocritical assent to a doctrine, absurd and pretentious though it be, than stem the current of public opinion, and bring down upon one's self, singly, the terrors of social ostracism, if not of actual bodily pains, which, in the

name of God, the pious believer was in the habit of inflicting upon the pious or impious unbeliever.*

Such was the state, and some of its consequences, of religious opinion, respecting divine inspiration, within living memory. If it nurtured hypocrisy, it also hatched schisms; and through the intellectual warfare of the schismatics, fallacies are exploded, errors refuted, and the truth is vindicated or made known.

But is there no such fact in human experience as divine inspiration? Is not the soul ever illuminated by reflections from eternal Light? Does not man, poor plodding man, ever communicate with his Maker, or his Maker with him? Only through Christ and the Virgin, say Christians; only through the prophet Mohammed, say Islamites; through none of these sacred personages, in a special sense, say scientists. These channels of intercommunication between man and his Maker are altogether too narrow for human needs. The real communion between the creature and the Creator is, in our view, far more intimate and immediate than is indicated in the terms of those sects. Man lives and moves in his Creator and his Creator in him, in very deed. This expression embodies no mythical idea. It is no beautiful speech-figure—no metaphor—no untranslatable poem, devoid of fact and reality, but a real, practical truth, to be taken in its broadest and most literal signification. Man is truly a part of the Creator. His life is a finite expression of the Infinite Life. He and his Father are one. The creed of the creature may be never so narrow and orthodox, or broad and heterodox; he may never have felt the

* "La conception fort ancienne d'hommes," says M. Despine, "suscités par la divinité pour diriger sous sa propre inspiration les autres hommes provient, chez ceux qui l'ont appliquée à eux-mêmes, du sentiment du merveilleux, de l'orgueil, d'une ambition généreuse ou égoïste. Chez certains d'entre eux, l'idée de s'attribuer une mission divine s'est fortifiée par des hallucinations en rapport avec cette idée. La croyance en des hommes providentiels a été inspirée à ceux qui l'ont appliquée aux autres, par le sentiment du merveilleux, par l'admiration, par la crainte, et par l'espérance. Cette croyance n'est rien moins que flatteuse pour les hommes illustres qui en sont l'objet, car elle leur fait jouer le rôle d'automates."—*Psychologie Naturelle*, Tome I, pp. 419, 420.

formal "warning of the Spirit;" the existence of Christ and the Apostles, the Gospels, or the catechisms, he may have never heard of; and yet, he is the conscious recipient of countless blessings from the Father every moment. He lives immersed in an ocean of influences, not less divine because physical and human, which he inspires with every breath and inhales through every pore. He feels the pulse of the infinite Heart in every beat of his own, and is warmed, cheered, enlivened and sustained by all those mysterious influences of mind and matter which constitute the infinity of being around him. In his healthy, normal condition, man rests confidently on the divine Providences. His trust in the divine paternity is instinctive and spontaneous. He does not stop to reason on the relations of the divine and human. There is a feeling within assuring him that He who creates can sustain; He who provides for the beginning can provide for the end. And this feeling is, we repeat, instinctive with every creature, in a normal condition, be his religious faith what it may. In an abnormal condition of body and mind it may be perverted or destroyed altogether, and in place of rest and trust in the eternal laws, the creature feels as if he were cut off from the Creator and the universe; the heavens become as brass, and darkness is substituted for light; despair for hope; melancholy takes the place of the exuberant life and light of the normal, healthy state, though his creed be of the most orthodox and his moral conduct the most unexceptionable. The fact, in either case, is governed by physiological conditions, states of the brain and nervous system—especially of the grand sympathetic system—which admit of being defined as normal, or abnormal, healthy or diseased, and not at all by belief, or unbelief, in any creed or form of religious faith whatsoever. And when theologians talk of a soul cut off from God, or living without hope in the world because, forsooth, he disputes the terms of the catechism, or denies the authenticity of the Gospels, they commit an offence against poor, suffering, credulous human nature, of greater gravity than any form of unbelief. The healthy "sinner," however, if conscious of rectitude, can afford to forgive them,

and be amused at their folly and want of faith in the divine goodness and mercy.

The objection which we urge, therefore, against the doctrine of divine inspiration, is the special and limited sense in which it is received and held by the schools. Every new discovery, or application of an old one, adds new evidence against the scholastic doctrine of inspiration; and without intending to deny, absolutely, the possibility of a super-mundane source of spiritual aid and comfort, it is our firm conviction that the chief and most frequent source of so-called inspiration is from within, *subjective*; arising in a physical state of peculiar sensibility, perceptivity, rather than receptivity; a state in which the higher faculties are enlivened, and the mind illuminated, that is, peculiarly appreciative of its surroundings and alive to the finer relation of things — to the occult causes of sensible phenomena.

The nervous system, in a condition of healthy activity and normal, plenary development, is always inspired. Inspiration is its natural function.* The brain and nerves are so generally incapable of exercising their full normal powers; their function is so generally sluggish or ill-performed; the full power of thinking and feeling and willing, in any superior sense, is so often wanting among human beings, that when an instance the converse of this occurs, every obtusely minded member of the human family cries out, Supernatural! Inspired! Divinely Inspired! The imputation may have no basis of fact except in the extraordinary, or unusual character of the mental manifestation. It is made, too, as a cover or excuse for the short sight or stupidity of less gifted souls. Nothing can be farther from the truth than such a claim. In fact, the nervous system of man, especially the sympathetic system, is not only

* Since writing the above we find a similar idea expressed in an interesting paper on *Mind and Instinct*, by the Duke of Argyll: "That the human mind is always in some degree, and that certain individual minds have been in a special degree, reflecting surfaces, as it were, for the verities of the unseen world, is a conception having all the characters of coherence which assure us of its harmony with the general constitution and course of things."—*Contemporary Review*, July, 1875.

the centre whence emanates mental manifestations, extraordinary or otherwise—the centre of the emotional life—the divine afflatus*—but the normal and plenary exercise of its function produces the divine afflatus itself, or the mental phenomena, which, from their unusual and often amazing character, pass current as such. When in this harmonious mood, and fine working condition, the nervous system, in the exercise of its own natural, rightful powers, sees and feels, appreciates and apprehends its higher relations—the divinest truth. And *per contra*, when from any cause, the nervous system is disordered, its function is disordered also, and it can no longer see and feel, appreciate and apprehend, with normal clearness. The judgments of the individual become unsound or defective; the truth is dimly perceived or completely obscured, and, if inspired at all, it is with error—by the devil. Inane raving takes the place of the bright and beautiful conceptions of normal thought and feeling.

In our view, therefore, true inspiration is *subjective*—from within; and no mind of unsound condition, or which is nourished with unsound or defective blood, derived from an ill-conditioned body, can ever be normally inspired and capa-

* It is proper to state that physiologists are not agreed in investing the Grand Sympathetic nerve with a function so comprehensive as that claimed for it by the writer—the *sensorium commune*, or centre of feeling, being more generally associated with the medulla oblongata, or the *thalami optici* and *corpora striata* which form parts of that organ. But there is a strong tendency among physiologists of the advanced school to extend the boundaries of mind in the organism, and especially to limit the function of the two brains and enlarge that of the sympathetic, or ganglionic system. "No one now," says George Henry Lewes, "refuses to acknowledge that cerebrum and cerebellum, although centres of incitation and association, are not the centres of direct innervation; the organic mechanism, in all its physiological processes, will act independently of them."—*The Physical Basis of Mind*, p. 168. The later researches of pathologists support this view: "Les sensations physiques de plaisir et de douleur," says M. Despine, "qui accompagnent les impressions de l'âme pendant les manifestations des sentiments et des passions devaient donc avoir pour siège primitif un organe nerveux outre que le cerveau; c'est principalement aux nerfs du grand sympathique qu'appartient cette fonction."—*Psychologie Naturelle*, Tome I, p. 339.

ble of dictating divine truth with such certainty as to entitle it to anybody's confidence and respect. The "revelations" of such minds reveal their source, for they come tinged with abnormal qualities, and partake of the disordered conditions which give rise to them or through which they pass. Compare the dismal theology of Calvin, who was supposed to be inspired, but whose liver was evidently atrophied, with the lighter theology of Erasmus or Luther, who was of sound constitution. Or, for a contrast with either of the above, compare that of the merciful Channing, who, although of sound constitution, had less stomach and lungs and a finer cerebral development than either of the latter two. We shall find the inspiration of each of these remarkable men to have a legitimate basis in the constitution of his brain and ganglionic system, and not necessarily anywhere else.

Whatever else may be true respecting inspiration—and who can claim to have fathomed the depths of this subject?—this is true and susceptible of demonstration, viz.: *that thought and feeling are due to the nervous function; and that the ideas and feelings are colored by the condition of the medium which gives rise to them.*

The man whose moral philosophy fairly smells of sulphur, has disordered liver, and indicates it in the sallow complexion and stunted form; and he whose moral philosophy partakes of the tints of the sunbeam, is full of beautiful prophecy, is loving and merciful and sympathetic, has good lungs and digestion, to say the least, though his brain be not above mediocrity. This is the successful preacher, though his inspiration may come from below his diaphragm. He is the man that draws the crowd and pays off the church debt, though he may be devoid of a moral philosophy of logical consistency, and can neither read Calvin nor Chrysostom in the original.

The more we observe the phenomena of human life, the more we incline to respect the inspiration which comes from large stomachs and good digestion. There is a wholesomeness about it which commends it to our judgment. Perfect digestive organs give an assurance of healthy blood and properly nourished nerve centres, without which the highest order of thinking is

impossible. For this reason, one with a large brain and a small physique is oftener stupid than intellectual.* On the other hand, the brain may be mediocre, like Luther's or Edwards', and possess extraordinary powers of thought and feeling, when united with strong physiques, like either of those men. The highest exhibitions of mentality, however, are confined to individuals who possess large brains supported by strong organic powers, as may be observed in the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Such natures more truly exhibit the phenomena of divine inspiration than any other. In their veins courses a higher vitalized circulation, affording their nervous systems an adequate supply of working force. The highly oxidized fluid, as it courses on its tortuous way through the minute ramifications of the cerebral arteries, may be conceived as setting the cerebral cells all aglow with divine energy, causing ideas and emotions to scintillate and coruscate, so to speak, to the admiration and astonishment of the beholder. The subject has a magnetic presence, and his eloquence enchains the attention of his auditors. Is he an artist? his creations are ideal. Is he an actor? his personations are life-like. Is he an advocate? he is persuasive and carries his hearers along with him, swaying their judgments as the winds do the forest or the growing grain. Or, perhaps, he is a pulpit orator? observe his easy rhetoric and impassioned manner. The spirit of his exordium plays on his face; the nervous aureola may almost be seen enveloping his head. As he warms with his subject, on important occasions, the action of his heart increases; the respiration accelerates; the veins of the neck swell to thrice their natural size; the face is flushed, and the whole frame is convulsed with strong emotion. His auditors share in the spirit which moves him, and feel the

* The views of Dr. Alexander Bain, on the special correlation of the nervous, or mental functions, are evidently well founded. "Great intellect, as a whole," he says, "is not readily united with a large emotional nature. The incompatibility is best seen by inquiring whether men with overflowing sociability are deep and original thinkers, great discoverers, accurate inquirers, great organizers in affairs; or whether their greatness is not limited to the spheres where feeling performs a part—poetry, eloquence and social ascendancy." Examples illustrating the truth of this view must have been observed by every one.

power of the "Holy Ghost" strangely influencing their minds, inducing in them trance, ecstasy, exaltation, or hysterics, according to their several temperaments. This magnetic influence of the orator over his auditors is very generally regarded as due to an infusion of the Holy Spirit. And it may very properly be referred to such a source;—it does afford evidence of divine inspiration welling up from the Infinite—within.

It is in *states* of the physique, therefore, that the true rationale of divine inspiration must be sought. The phenomena are due to an exosmose rather than an endosmose of the spirit, and the gift is the property of all well-balanced minds and bodies, and is by no means confined to the clerical class or extreme *religieuse*. Cicero, Hortensius and Demosthenes were undoubtedly divinely inspired when they delivered their incomparable orations. So were Homer and the *Iliad*; the divine Plato and his philosophy; Shakespeare and his immortal plays; Galileo and his solar discoveries. So likewise were Spencer and Evolution; Darwin and Natural Selection; "George Eliot" and *Daniel Deronda*, and other thinkers and discoveries in the departments of letters, science and philosophy. And yet, the highest powers ever conceded to any of them, or claimed by any of them, were those which are the possession and common inheritance of ordinary men and women. It would be gratuitous to assume that the genius with which they were and are endowed and to which the inspiration of their works is due, was moved by a supernatural agency. Such an assumption, it is needless to repeat, would also be in conflict with the conclusions of science. But if the great minds in the secular departments of the world's thought and work are not supernaturally inspired, were Moses and Elias? The authors of the Book of Job and the Psalms? Paul and the authors of the Gospels? Mohammed, Gôtama and Swedenborg, and other great and divine leaders of religious thought and opinion? Is supernatural aid more necessary to the theologian than to the philosopher? To the religious devotee than to the scientist? Does not each bring to his calling—if not the same faculties—the same devout purpose? And are they not both actuated by the same love for truth and fidelity to the Supreme? How-

ever disconcerting the answer to these questions may be to the adherents of old traditions and obsolete forms of thought and belief, there is certainly no good reason to suppose that the favor of Heaven is specially reserved for the exclusive benefit of any class or caste in the ranks of science or philosophy. "Who so speaks truly," says Novalis, "is full of eternal life."

But, it may be asked, if man has no dependence outside of himself; if he is relegated to the dominion of a pure naturalism, why should he feel dependent on, or recognize his subordination to, a Superior? To which we answer: that which the individual feels respecting his dependence upon powers unseen and superior to himself, is by no means ill-founded or illusory. He is a part of the universe of being and a sharer of fortunes to which he does indeed contribute, but which come independent of him. His feeling of dependence is, we repeat, quite legitimate; and were there no resources of succor outside of himself, nor refuge in trouble, darkness and disaster, the individual would be one of the most miserable of creatures. The confidence which he reposes in powers superior to himself indicates the existence in the heart of a moral polarity which involuntarily determines his relative position to the great centre about which he revolves, and to which he maintains no uncertain, unfixed or indefinite relation. Just as the planet obeys a definite law of polarity in revolving around the sun, and the atom, likewise, in its relation to the molecule, and the molecule to the planet of which it is a part, so the individual obeys a similar impulse in asserting his moral relations to the centre of the moral universe. The fact of recognizing his subjection to an imperious necessity does not necessarily imply the existence of a personal agency in control of the individual's destiny. The individual feels in that regard as one might reasonably suppose the planet would feel, had it the power or capacity to feel, toward that power, the sun, which so imperiously controls its destiny. The sun and the earth sustain the relation of parent and child. While possessing natures by no means dissimilar, except in degree, the sun is the source of all those forces which

we ascribe to nature. It maintains the earth's movements, causes the procession of the seasons, the reproduction of vegetation—seed-time and harvest—growth and decay; the fertilizing showers of spring and the withering frosts of Winter, and all in their proper order and time. The very life-blood of nature is perennially renewed by it, causing myriads of conscious creations to express, in every possible way, their gladness and delight. In all these involuntary manifestations on the part of the earth, the Parent is unmistakably recognized, and his authority acknowledged. And we can easily imagine, if the earth were conscious and could give audible utterance to its own sense of dependence, with what personal attributes it would invest the sun, its visible parent and protector, and with what adulatory prayer and praise it would clothe the expression of its sense of obligation and gratitude! But it would be delusive, as an intelligent conception, though resting on a basis of reality and fact, easily verified, not only by the evidence of the senses but by scientific observation;—a truth respecting the power and supremacy of the solar orb—a fallacy respecting its nature and mode of asserting its supremacy.

We repeat, then, that this inborn feeling of dependence upon a power, or powers of infinite supremacy, is quite legitimate. It is one of those "bottom facts" in psychology to be accepted, investigated, and explained, in the light of such knowledge as we possess of ourselves within and the universe without; and not to be dogmatically settled by the delusive dictates of the imagination, or of the still more delusive authority of consciousness, whose promptings declare only the ultimate of *feeling*, and can lay no just claim to a knowledge of the why or the wherefore.

Again: the individual is dependent upon his race for blessings of even greater significance than those he derives from lower material nature. The higher faculties and relations of the individual are developed by countless influences showered upon him from Society—the social state. As a member of the human family, he is not unlike a drop of water in the broad ocean—moved by influences which move the whole. Though he may have some little individuality of his own,

as a drop of water possesses gravity and cohesion, he is largely controlled by influences which control the whole and which the whole embodies. He is to the race what the atom is to the molecule of which it is part; and although he is a microscopic deity, so to speak, and contributes to swell the sum total of the divine force in humanity, the little he gives is as nothing compared to what he receives in return. The resources of the individual are treasured in the social organization. In it the divine energy may be said to be potential. A well organized society is, therefore, a vast reservoir of forces, most beneficent, from which the individual draws without stint or measure, and without fear of exhausting the supply. It gives to him, freely, vast benefits, and is replenished by the giving. From the social state flow the arts and sciences; government, invention, and discovery; ethics, religion, literature, and philosophy; in brief, civilization, with its countless providences, all for the benefit of the individual, and the answering of individual supplication. The law of the conservation and correlation of energy operates with beautiful consistency in the relations of the individual and society, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has so ably pointed out; the result of which is the means to supply the objective needs of every human soul.* It is itself a grand providence, and reflects the perfection of divine wisdom to a degree incomparably greater than any supernatural plan of salvation that was ever revealed to the human understanding. If the assertion seems to the reader, at first thought, extravagant, its truth will be made clear to him by recalling

* "Now that the transformation and equivalence of forces," says Mr. Spencer, "are seen by men of science to hold, not only throughout all inorganic actions, but throughout all organic actions; now that even mental changes are recognized as the correlations of central changes, which, also conform to this; and now that there must be admitted the corollary that all actions going on in a society are measured by certain antecedent energies which disappear in effecting them, while they, themselves, become actual or potential energies from which subsequent energies arise; it is strange that there should not have arisen the consciousness that these highest phenomena are to be studied, not, of course, after the same physical methods, but in pursuance of the same principles. And yet," continues the author regretfully, "scientific men rarely display such a consciousness."—*Sociology*.

the fact that this natural plan of salvation, to which we refer, includes all the supernatural agencies which have ever been recognized by society. It is incomparably greater than any, because it embraces all of them. How blind are we to the just importance of this great truth! The heavens may supply us with heat and light, kindle new life in old forms, and clothe the earth with perennial verdure; it may renew nature's life-blood and keep it coursing on its tortuous round; but all this, important as it is, does not equal that beneficence which society, properly organized, is capable of dispensing to every creature within the circle of its influence.*

It is on society, then, that the individual is chiefly dependent for the highest good. In other words, it is in the systematic organization of human science and skill, the potentialized and accumulated forces of innumerable individuals, that the individual is to find redemption from the endless forms of disease and wretchedness, moral and physical, under which he now suffers to such an appalling degree, and for relief from which he has been mistakenly taught to rely upon supernatural aid. With the aid of the light which science reflects on his pathway, man will ultimately supply himself with those conditions of life which he has so long been idly praying for, and which are indispensable to his moral and physical well-being, and be able measurably to remove the causes of the miseries which he has suffered for ages and which he still endures. What his hand, under such guidance, has al-

* "In modern days," says Mr. Greg, "'Society'—'the State'—has become strangely, almost fearfully complex, influenced by a hundred causes, encompassed by a hundred perils, wrought upon by a hundred agencies—often slow in their operations, often hidden in their sources, often difficult of discovery even by the trained eye, often difficult of estimation even by the instructed mind. The welfare, even the safety, of a community like ours, depends upon the thorough comprehension of a multitude of concurrent or conflicting influences, some economical, some moral, some legal, which would task any ability and any experience; years of discipline and study are barely sufficient for the work, as those feel most who have watched it closest; it demands, as we habitually recognize (in words at least), *the best wisdom and the best virtue of the nation.*"—*Contemporary Review*, Vol. XXIII, p. 862, 1874.

ready done for the floral and agricultural kingdoms—in growing new species and improving old ones ; what his knowledge has already accomplished in modifying and perfecting the breeds of domestic animals—in developing in them those traits which serve him best and please him most ; what his skill has already achieved in perfecting agriculture, manufactures, commerce, finance, engineering, and other departments of mechanical and industrial art, it will ultimately do for society, mastering the laws of sociology and perfecting a government which shall secure to every individual the blessings of justice and equality.

Let us not deceive ourselves, nor permit pious impulses which, however grand and noble in themselves, are blind and in need of intelligent direction and interpretation, to overshadow or eclipse the light of reason, that “light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” “The earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof,” no doubt. The atom is not its own independent of the molecule, nor the molecule independent of the planet. Neither does the individual belong to himself, but to the species of which he is an insignificant part. This is the intelligent verdict of the devout heart and the informed mind upon the evidence presented, as we have seen, by reason and the universal experience of mankind. The desire, so prominent in religious experience, to submit one’s will to the divine Will ; the longing for goodness, purity and truthfulness ; the striving after peace and harmony—after at-one-ment with the universal good and separation from the universal bad—means, when transcribed in intelligible expression, that there is in the human soul a conscious tendency—struggle—to attain unto the moral proportions of the ideal man, to become what he ought to be, what he was designed to be, and what he ultimately will be. The adoring, worshipping mood ; the recognition of a superiority which has no superior ; the spirit of obedience and self-abnegation ; the disgust of lying and hypocrisy ; the love of truth and truthfulness, etc., mean this, when they mean anything at all—when they are not “put on” through fear of eternal torture, or for business ends—whether the symbol of supremacy in the mind be a

brazen image, a flame of fire, a crucifix, or the unknown God.*

The narrower view of special dispensations, special interpositions, and intimate personal relations and intercourse with a personal Deity, in the usual and shadowy sense in which it is taught, seems to us inconsistent with the course and development of human history, as well as with the maturer conceptions of the philosophic mind. The position of the race in the universe is unlike that of the individual. While the latter must look to the former for hope and succor against the ills of life, the former must look to themselves, to their own aggregated resources, for the good they would have, and the ills they would avoid and overcome. This conclusion becomes more and more obvious with every new experience of nations and peoples. It is exemplified in every organization of human endeavor for the public good. The public sense is widening

* It has been urged that the instinct of prayer, which is universal in the human heart, presupposes an ear to hear and a beneficence to answer it. The force of that argument is weakened, however, by the fact that the purpose of prayer is fulfilled by praying. The supplicating mood puts the suppliant in a condition to receive the benefits he feels the need of. We cannot, therefore, agree with Kant in respect of the inutility of prayer. He says: "To ascribe to prayer other effects than natural (subjective psychology) ones is foolish and requires no refutation; we can only inquire, should the prayer be retained on account of its natural results? To which the answer is, that in any case it can be recommended only according to circumstances; for he who can obtain the vaunted advantages of prayer by other means, will stand in no need of it." *Cited from the Old Faith and the New*, pp. 129-130. Very true. But can the "vaunted advantages of prayer" be obtained by other means? So far as objective benefits, yes; so far as subjective benefits, no; at least not until one mental function can supplement another.

Strauss' views on the subject have at least the merit of being logical. If one go on praying for objective benefits, he observes, which, surely, no sensible man will ever do, knowing all the time the futility of the exercise, he plays a game with himself, "excusable indeed, in view of its momentary effect, but neither consistent with dignity nor devoid of danger." *Ibid*, p. 128. Nevertheless, man will go on exercising the function of prayer, though he remain as ignorant of its rationale as he is of that of any other function of mind or body. It is manifestly unwise to ignore and try to circumvent a function because we know not how or why it should exist.

daily in the direction of public responsibility. There is a growing self-reliance, on the part of society, in dealing with those dangers and exigencies which menace and complicate human affairs, and a decline in the practice of submitting such affairs to the guidance of a Will outside and independent of the body politic. Instead of piously submitting them to the control of a mythical Providence, which probably knows nothing about them and cares less, society is awakening to the importance of dealing with them herself. If we limit our observations, for the purpose of getting a clearer or more precise view of the subject, to the conduct of nations, and especially to that of those the more advanced in the intellectual life, we shall find indubitable evidence of a growing sense of national responsibility for the woes it would avoid and the good it would secure. The instances of servile bowing and absurd attitudinizing; of abject praying and frenzied lamentation; of incense burning and prolonged fasting, in order to appease, or propitiate an angry Deity, and avert, thereby, a national, or an individual calamity—practices which have been so widely prevalent in the past—are now happily passing away, or their indulgence confined mostly to the barbarians and a few semi-civilized nations of the East. The spectacle of a people falling on their faces, or going mad, during a solar eclipse; or of rushing to their temples because of an earthquake; or of getting down on their knees, or going without their meals, to stay a drought, the sufferings of a famine, the ravages of the locust or grasshopper;* or to prevent a foreign invasion, or the approach of a devouring pestilence,—is only equalled in absurdity by that of attempting to cure epilepsy with the crucifix, congenital depravity with moral suasion, rheumatism

* In 1876, when the West was visited by the grasshopper plague, which severely devastated some sections and produced great suffering, the devout Governor of Missouri appointed a day of fasting and prayer, with the view of arresting the plague. And quite recently, in Brooklyn, the wealthy pastor of a fashionable church appointed a day of prayer in aid of a committee whom he had appointed to collect money to pay off the debt of the church. These are curious relics of an old custom which would excite one's sense of the ludicrous were they not identified with the worthy and venerable.

with prayers, or morbid impulse with the gallows! These absurdities, and many others of analogous character, are, it must be confessed, not altogether extinct anywhere; but there is, at the same time, a growing tendency everywhere manifest among the better classes, to look upon them as lingering relics of ignorance and superstition, and to substitute in their stead an improved philosophy and a more dignified, self-respecting worship.

This freedom from the restraints of old-time beliefs and ecclesiastical customs, are of little significance in themselves; they are simply straws which indicate the course of the theological wind. They are the more pregnant with meaning that they are respectfully tolerated, if indeed, they are not actually encouraged, by the better sense of Christendom, and find their cleverest abettors and apologists among nations and peoples the most advanced. And what is of equal significance, the examples multiply with the increase of civilization, than which no evidence could be stronger or more satisfactory of a waning confidence in the old faiths and a growing confidence in the new.

The old faiths, having been tried and found wanting, one voluntarily turns to the new; and yet, it is not the new; for, although possibly new to the later generations, it is in fact older than the Christian faith itself. It is the faith of freedom and self-reliance, as opposed to that of slavery and ecclesiastical restraint;—of self-helpfulness, in contradistinction to dependence upon another. It is a faith founded upon a knowledge of the divine order and supreme purpose, as indicated or revealed in the intelligent experience of the race, and embodied in the pertinent command "Work out your own salvation;"—a faith which demands of the individual the taking of those temporal risks to his personal fortunes which are necessarily incident to freedom and self-reliance. It is a faith of endeavor rather than of belief;—a faith that grows out of the conviction of human responsibility for error—for its cure if not for its existence,—and of trust in the great Unseen for justice rather than mercy—here, as well as, in the hereafter.

We see that faith crudely exhibited in the Greek mother execrating her son because he returned alive after defeat in

battle. The ancient Greek relied on himself, not on Providence; he worked out his own salvation, with neither fear nor trembling, but with a resolution and self-denial that were truly sublime. In battle he was expected to win or die in the attempt, and he very generally won. In the old Roman maxim and political war-cry "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," the idea is also dimly foreshadowed. It is likewise reiterated in Cromwell's memorable words to his undisciplined troops: "Trust in God but keep your powder dry!" And again, in like manner, by the great military captain, Frederick the Second: "Providence is on the side of the heaviest battalions!" These expressions may be regarded as slightly skeptical of the existence of special Providence; but nevertheless, that general, or that statesman, thinker, or teacher, who acts upon any lower or narrower conception of human responsibility and of divine Providence, neither rises to the height expected of him, nor fulfils the trust reposed in him by his fellow men. Only he fulfils the ideal part who recognizes the sublime truth that while the course of civilization is shaped by powers superior and divine, they are incarnated in humanity and embodied in the human form. "The highest God" says Carlyle, "dwells invisible in that mystic, unfathomable visibility which calls itself 'I' on the earth."

ART. VII.—OLD IRISH BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS.

- 1.—*Grammatica Celtica*. By J. C. ZEUSS. Leipsic: 1853.
- 2.—*Three Irish Glossaries*. By DR. WHITLEY STOKES. London: 1862.
- 3.—*The Senchus Mor*. Edited by O'DONOVAN & CURRY. London: 1864–1869.
- 4.—*Cogadh Gaidil re Gallaibh*. By DR. J. H. TODD, Ed. 1867.
- 5.—*Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*. By E. O'CURRY. Ed. by W. K. SULLIVAN, PH. D. London: 1873.

"Quas in ore et amore mirifice habent."
Giraldus Cambrensis.

EUGENE O'CURRY tells us that Thomas Moore, the poet, being in Dublin, in 1830, after the publication of his *History of Ireland*, went one day, accompanied by Dr. George Petrie, to the rooms of the Royal Irish Academy, and there saw a number of ancient manuscripts—the *Annals of the Four Masters*, the *Book of Ballymote*, the *Leabhar Breac*, etc., which, he surveyed with evident surprise. Having asked a great many questions about them, he turned to Petrie and said: "those huge tomes could not have been written by foolish people nor for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them till now, and I had no right to undertake a history of Ireland." *

Moore had but shared the general feeling of English contempt for everything Keltic and Irish. The writers of the larger island always disregarded Irish history and the Irish language, not being aware that this last was, and is, the basis and "hard-pan" of English speech, and that it has colored all

* O'Curry's *Lecture on the MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History*, p. 154.

the courses of English literature. In something of a like spirit the Romans, ashamed of their Italiot origin, and wishing to be derived from something Trojan or Pelasgian, refused to acknowledge that their language was simply a *riffacimento* of the old peninsular dialects—the Etruscan, the Oscan, the Sabine, the Opican, the Samnite, etc. Having beaten and put down these little peoples, they scorned to be indebted to them for anything. Yet the civilization of “fortis Etruria” was something to be proud of; and, in the case of the British islands, it is on record that the Irish were an intellectual and a literary race, with an expressive language, when the Anglo-Saxons were wandering pirates with a jargon as barbarous as themselves.

But “time, the corrector where our judgments err,” has been doing its work, however slowly; and the mother-speech of the Keltic West is allowed to plead its own cause in the high court of European literature. When the philologists of the Teutonic school, about sixty years since, formalized language on a Sanskrit basis, they left out Ireland, and called their theory the “Indo-Germanic.” But they were soon forced to change the nomenclature. It is now the Indo-European system, and the Gaelic makes part of it; while some of the best German scholars—Zeuss, Leo, Diefenbach and others—have cheerfully recognized the light it is capable of throwing on the interesting theme and science of language.

In the beginning of last century, the literature of Ireland was very little thought of, though Archbishop Ussher and Sir James Ware had been calling attention to its singular merit. But this last was recognized by slow degrees; and, curiously enough, some of the Protestant bishops of Ireland were the most anxious to revive it, viz.: Dr. Nicholson, Archbishop of Cashel, author of the *Irish Historical Library* (1724), and the Bishop of Clogher. Llwydd, also, the learned Welsh antiquarian, librarian of the Ashmole Collection at Oxford, did justice to Ireland in this respect. He was followed by Charles O’Conor, of Belnagare, who procured from his relative, Colonel O’Gara, then in the French service, the manuscript of the *Four Masters* (the earlier part of the *Annals*), and placed it in the

library of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe, whence it passed, about thirty years ago, into the possession of Lord Ashburnham. Later in the century appeared the *Collectanea* of Charles Vallancey, an Italian, who served in the English army and reached the ranks of colonel and general. His work, in which he was assisted by Ledwich, Beauford, Governor Pownall (sometime of Virginia), and others, threw a great light on the civilization and language of ancient Ireland, showing the connection of this last with the Chaldean, Hebrew, Persian and Punic forms of human speech. He published, in the *Collectanea*, an *Essay on the Literature of Ireland in Pagan Times*, and also in those following the introduction of Christianity, setting forth that the letters of the Irish were derived from Phœnicia. In another, on the *Laws and Manners of Ancient Ireland*, he described the modes of Irish industry and social customs; showing, among other things, that "gavel-kind" was of Irish origin, and that the "pleas" of the English courts were derived from the Keltic *blais*. In his *Essay on the Irish Language*, he gave extracts from the *Senchus Mor*, and a *Basque Glossary*, which showed that the Irish and the Basque were kindred forms of language. He brought the language of Japan and China into his broad argument, which tended to refer all the dialects of men to a common origin. His *Collectanea* was an era in modern Keltic literature, and his learning made a great impression in his day. He published a *Vindication of the History of Ireland* at a time when that theme was a good deal scoffed at, and he had the boldness to dedicate it to the king himself—George III. Vallancey was an excellent antiquarian, but some of his theories overpowered him. He always maintained the "fire-worship" of ancient Ireland—a thing that never was in the island, or, indeed, anywhere else in the world. Fire-worship was a false and punning gloss on the natural and simple beliefs of men in the early ages concerning their origin. Their ideas were so coarse and so true, that the priestly class put them into *paronomasia* as into a garment; that is, played on the too familiar phraseology of men, giving it quite another turn. No race of human beings, we assert, ever did homage to the sun or fire. The same sort

of error is at present leading the Sanskritists astray in the oriental jungles, where they find *Ushas*, Dawns, Suns, Storms, Stars, and all the rest of their flimsy hallucinations. Vallancey's notions of "fire-worship" have been set aside; those Aryan errors will have the same fate.

After Vallancey came Sir William Betham, the Irish Herald, who, in his *Etruria Celtica*, went also astray in trying to prove that the writing on the slabs that had been dug up at Gubbio, in 1444, was ancient Irish, and also that a passage in the *Pænulus* of Plautus, which is spoken by Hanno, the Carthaginian wanderer, belonged to the same language. Subsequently came Dr. George Petrie, Secretary of the Royal Irish Academy, who, in 1845, published his book on the *Round Towers of Ireland*, to prove that they were built by Christian priests; though he might have remembered that they have been and are found in countries that were never Christian—India, for instance. In truth, those round towers had the origin of all the obelisks of Egypt and Greece, all the pillar-stones of Palestine, Britain, France, and most other countries of the world.

All these and a variety of other discussions concerning the ancestry of the Kelts had the natural result of exciting curiosity and inquiry; and it has at last been recognized that the antiquities of Ireland had an important influence on the growth of civilization, such as it may be found within the circuit of the British Isles; and that it would not be wise to regard it with the ignorant old contempt which had been born of religious and political antipathy. Within the last half century, near sixty volumes—quartos and octavos—have been published, containing a variety of Irish literature previously existing in manuscript obscurity on the shelves of colleges and libraries. In 1826, the Rev. Charles O'Connor, grandson of Charles O'Connor of Belmagare, published his *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*, the third volume of which contained a Latin translation of the first part of the *Annals of the Four Masters*, deposited in the library of the Duke of Buckingham a century before. It is a quarto of eight hundred and forty pages, presenting the records of Ireland from the year of the world

2242 to the year of Grace 1171—the period of the Norman invasion. In 1848, Dr. John O'Donovan published the entire work to its conclusion with the year A. D. 1616, in seven quartos, printed by Smith & Hodges of Dublin.

The English government has been paying some little attention to Irish literature. The Lord's Commissioners of the Treasury, in ordering the publication of a number of *Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages*, under the direction of Lord Romilly, Master of the Rolls, have seen fit to include among them the *Senchus Mor*, edited by E. O'Curry and Dr. John O'Donovan, and published, between 1864 and 1869, *The Wars of the Gaedil and the Gaill*, edited by Dr. J. H. Todd (1867), and the *Annals of Lough Cé*, published with the editorship of W. M. Henessy, in 1871. The same translator published the *Chronicon Scotorum* in 1866. In 1871, a second edition of the *Grammatica Celtica* of Zeuss, edited by Prof. H. Ebel, was published at Leipsic. It contains a number of glosses in the Irish language, written on some old Latin works of the middle ages, viz.: a Priscean, kept at St. Gall in Switzerland; a Codex of St. Paul, preserved at Wurtzburg; a Latin Commentary on the Psalms in the Ambrosian Library of Milan (a fragment of Keltic speech which Muratori, Peyron, Zeuss and others, have ascribed to Columbanus); a Codex of some of Bede's works at Carlsruhe; together with other codices preserved at St. Gall, Carlsruhe and Cambray. All these relics belong to the seventh and eighth century of our era. Furthermore, there were the glosses Malperga discovered in Belgium, and published by the German Leo; while Mone has stated that there is a whole Irish manuscript of St. Moling in the Corinthian convent of St. Paul. The *Book of Howth and Conquest of Ireland* has been published by Longman & Treubner, London.

In addition to the foregoing, a number of other Irish manuscripts has been published in the *Celtic Miscellany*, under the editorship of Dr. John O'Donovan, and several Irish glosses have been discovered in many places by Ascoli, Nigra and Whitley Stokes. In the *Miscellany* of the Irish Archaeological Society several interesting papers have appeared:—Topo-

graphical Poems of Sean O'Dubhegan (O'Donovan); the Book of Fenagh (Kelly), and the Amra Choluim by Whitley Stokes, etc. At the same time the literature and antiquities of the Irish and other Kelts continued to be illustrated by the researches of Schleicher, Ebel, Cuno, Becker, Aufrecht, Lottner, Diefenbach, Pietet, and a crowd of lesser writers—German, French and Italian. *Tempora mutantur*, etc.

This imperfect enumeration—which does not present half the facts that might be set down—may give an idea of the scholarly “revival” which has overtaken the slow progress of Irish literature. As it now presents itself, we find in it a great variety of matter on the themes of grammar, annals, genealogies, pedigrees, history, legends, romances, lyric songs, satires, lives of saints, law treatises, and the sciences—these last including medicine, or leech-craft;* nearly all written or transcribed in the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries. Not one-fourth of those Irish remnants has seen the light. It has been estimated that there are about six hundred manuscripts yet unprinted in the Dublin collections; while in the British Museum, at Oxford, and in the libraries or museums of Belgium, Rome, France and Germany, may be found a great number of others. Eugene O'Curry was of opinion that the Irish matter in Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy would fill thirty thousand pages like those of Dr. O'Donovan's large quarto volumes of the *Four Masters*.

The story of those four “Masters” or compilers of Donegal is an interesting one, and somewhat pathetic in its character; giving evidence of the love of literature which has been traditionally ascribed to the Irish race. When the last of the Irish chieftains—the O'Neills and O'Donnells of the North—had been forced to quit Ireland for ever, in the beginning of the reign of James I, the bards of the island became silent at once and their manuscripts were seen no longer—being thrust

* It is rather a general notion that the term “leech-craft” had reference to those curious little phlebotomists which usually come from the horse-ponds and found their way to the sick-chamber. It is derived from the Irish word *leig*, a doctor, in which the guttural of the Kelts has been changed to a sibilant, in accordance with a very general English fashion of speech.

into hiding-places or carried away to the Continent. Many of those who loved their country, feared the memory of its literature might perish along with its liberties; and among these was a Franciscan friar of Louvain, in Spanish Flanders, who had left Ireland and taken the habit of that Order. He was sent over to Ireland by the guardians of his friary, Ward and Colgan, both Irishmen, and spent ten years in wandering over Ireland and transcribing every manuscript that he could find in his pilgrimage among the dilapidated monasteries and dwellings of the cleries and the gentry. This Irish "Old Mortality" was Michel O'Clerigh, or Clery—a man who carried his diploma of scholarship and culture in his name. Having gathered his materials, he retired to a lonely little monastery of Donegal, and there, assisted by his kinsmen, Cucogry and Conaire O'Clery, and another scholar named Mael Chonary, he spent four years in completing his work of compilation (1636). The manuscript authorities used by the O'Clerys were probably written or composed about the fifth century of our era, at which time the first Christian recorders, using the Latin alphabet, could write them down from those who had preserved them orally from preceding times. Geoffry Keating, a poor parish priest of Tubrid, in Tipperary, was performing a like labor of love at the same time; writing like the O'Clerys, a history of Ireland in the Irish language. This history was read in Ireland a hundred years ago, both in Irish and in English translation, and was always very popular.

Irish history has been a good deal disparaged. It has had the ill-fortune to encounter a criticism which has not been applied with equal damaging effect against the ancient histories of other nations. The Irish records are, no doubt, full of legends and romances. The same may be said of others—Assyrian, Egyptian, Persian, Hindoo, Greek and Roman. Till within the last thousand years, none of the national narratives can be accepted as trustworthy. They are covered over with a swarm of fables and forgeries which the historical critics, with the help of philological science, have been for some time, and are still, detecting or correcting. The histories of Ireland are as trustworthy as any histories in the world, and much more

interesting than a great many of them. The great value of this old literature is, after all, in the language that preserves it and transmits to us such a multitude of details concerning the beliefs, fancies, laws, and social customs of the western races, existing two or three thousand years ago. These things compensate the historical student for the bewildering chronology and the misty annals of the little island; and the language, especially, leads the inquirer into the broad community of the human race, both in Asia and Europe. This last is a very wide and most interesting field of exploration which we need not enter just now; but we may consider the relations of Irish thought, folk-lore, romance and poetry, to those of England and other portions of the Keltic west.

Poetry was the great distinction of the Irish intellect, running through and coloring all the themes of its literature. Indeed, it is hard to separate poetry from the old literature of any nation. Poetry meant "speech," since its root is *bedh*, or *bid*, a term for utterance in all old languages; the derivation from the Greek *poietes* being one of the grand mistake of scholastic literature. Poetry was the science of the most distinguished races—Hebrew, Greek, Roman, etc. Farther to the west, the people of Ireland, who undoubtedly received the greater part of their vocabulary from western Asia, showed themselves to be the most poetical and literary race of all Keltica—a proof of civilization which cannot be gainsayed. Ireland had a great many colleges before Queen Elizabeth built one on the south bank of the Liffey, and these colleges (pagan at first) were schools of poetry or polite learning, or *belles-lettres*—the term "belles" being the old Keltic word which signified "language;"—*blas*, a word pronounced "flash," in the gypsy dialects. The word is also in the Breton and Basque vocabularies, with the same meaning. The pagan Irish called their colleges *muinstreach*, the ancient form of our term "monastery," signifying "place of teaching;" while *munice* (monk) meant, simply, a learner or teacher. The old explanation which derived "monk" from a *solitary* life, carries its own refutation along with it. In those old days bardism and learning meant the same thing. The bards were held in the

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highest social honor, ranking with the nobles of the land, and sitting honorably at the table of kings. They performed the duties of the modern press and the newspapers, and were abstracts and brief chronicles of the times in the best sense of those terms. The legendary Irish king, Ollam Fodhla, whose name expresses his literary dignity, was proud to be their president, and make laws and regulations for his Fileas, Fochlucan, Doss, Canaith, Cli, Anstruth, and all the rest of that intellectual crowd named in Cooper Walker's quarto on the *Bards of Ireland*. But the good old king did not find it easy to regulate his poetical and literary subjects. They sometimes broke out into actual rebellion on the theme of college rights and claims of precedence, obliging him to call out his guards. Such things took place generations before the Christian times. In the fourth century of our era, another kingly figure stands out prominently as a literary master and patron of the bards. This was Cormac Mac Art, who founded a college at Temair, in Meath. He makes a noble figure in the *Irish Annals*. The *Book of Ballymote*, quoting a far older *Book of Uconghail*, describes with fervency his royal person, statesmanship, and, above all, his love of the poets. It tells how he assembled at Temair, or Tara, all the kings, knights and bards of Ireland, to make laws for the country. It is evident that in this renowned *Féis*, or Parliament, he had great difficulty in reconciling the different classes of men composing it. The poets, historians, lawyers and physicians (the *leigeas* or "leeches") had a great deal to say on the theme of their respective professions, each curiously impinging on the other. The purely poetical or "ollam" class claimed superiority over the rest and were "Tories" in their principles. But Cormac succeeded in carrying a plan of "reform" under which the inferior professions had the benefit of an Emancipation Act which made each of them independent and self-governing in its own "college." All this shows the powerful sway once held in Ireland by the intellectual classes, which, in reality, formed the aristocracy of the country; and which, with all their intolerance and turbulence, composed the finest sort of aristocracy mentioned anywhere in history. It was not a

brute aristocracy of force, but a haughty assertion of what was then considered of most dignity in man's nature—his intellect. Having thus regulated his Parliament, Cormac persuaded the "ollams" to give up a good deal of the archaic fashion of speech which they had carefully preserved from the vocabularies of their forefathers, and condescend somewhat to the level of those who used the more modern forms of the language; after which he brought them socially together and received their help in his great task—the writing of his renowned *Psalter of Tara*; a work lost since his day, but quoted in a great many old manuscripts subsequently written and preserved.

That affectation of the *ollams* in the matter of old language—the peculiar style of their high craft or mystery—showed that they took pride in remembering the ancient records, and were resolved to transmit them, just as they got them, conscientiously; a fact that vouches for the truth of a great many of their recitals. One of these high-hearted men—named also Druids, or teachers of the laws (*droicht* or *droit*)—was Dallan, styled "poet-laureate" of Ireland, Alba and Gaul, which need not be considered an exaggeration of the historians, since, according to the venerable Bede, the races of north-western Europe could understand one another's language in the seventh and eighth centuries; and the Irish poets and scholars, especially in Christian times, were in the habit of visiting their neighbors across "the narrow seas," for the purpose of teaching kings and chieftains and founding monasteries. The term "laureate" is, in fact, derived from the Irish term *clere*, or *lere*, *i. e.*, lore or learning, and carrying, in all old language, the radical meaning of "speech," science, etc.—a matter which has not yet come to the knowledge of Alfred Tennyson, very probably. Neither does that charming *filea*, or any of the learned men of the present day recognize the truth that the well-known English word "Fellow" (of a college), is but another shape of that same renowned Irish word, *filea*, signifying a learned professor and poet, three thousand years ago.

A great number of undoubted evidence tend to proves

that the old literature of Ireland was "a great fact," and no mere fancy of the recorders. Giraldus Cambrensis, who went over to Ireland in the eleventh century, and did not love the Irish—a people who had a habit of scowling upon him and his countrymen—is obliged to confess their intellectual love of poetry. He alludes to their old manuscripts of history and poetry which, he says, "they preserve very wonderfully on their lips and in their affections"—a statement set down as the epigraph of this paper. He witnessed the delight with which they listened to their ancient *oithas*, or poems; and he must have been aware that the Danes and other Norsemen employed the same word for their own poetry which they called *Eldas*, and which Professor Max Müller and all the other philologists of our time derive from a Scandinavian word for "grandmother," to the great edification of the language-students all over the world! Girald also speaks with great admiration of the Irish music, which was naturally an accompaniment of Irish bardism; since melody and poetry are found in combination among all races of the earth. "The attention of this people to musical instruments," he says, "I find worthy of all commendation; and in this their skill is, beyond all comparison, above that of any nation I have known. For with them the modulation is not slow and grave, as among the Britons to which we are accustomed; but the sounds are rapid and precipitate, and at the same time very sweet and delightful. It is wonderful how, in such rapidity of the fingers the musical proportions are preserved; artfully and faultlessly in the midst of so many modulations and intricate mingling of notes, in a style of rapidity so melodious, a regularity so irregular, a concord so discordant; the harmony all the time being prolonged powerfully and happily, whether the chords of the diatesseron or diapenthe are struck together or begin in a soft style that all may be perfected in the sweetness of an enchanting melody." The style of this criticism, so much in the wild, irregular and long-drawn manner of the thing he tries to describe, shows what effect the old Irish harp must have had on Giraldus, who brings out his "diatesseron" and "diapenthe" and the most cunning words at his command to express his feelings. No

doubt the Irish were as poetical and musical as the Hebrews, whose ancient genius, in this respect, has not yet died out in the world. It is also on record that in the reign of Stephen, of England, Griffith Ap Cynan, king of North Wales, a poet and lover of music, imported from Ireland a crowd of harpers, and induced them to settle at his court. These produced a melodious "revival," the effects of which were long felt in that ancient principality.

Stanilhurst, the Englishman, who visited Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, gives evidence of the fact that "the drums and trappings of so many conquests" had not been able to extinguish the love of poetry and music which had graced the Irish people for ages. He says: "their speech is sharp and sententious, and offereth great occasion to quick apophthegms and proper allusions. Wherefore, their common rhimers and jesters (reciters), whom they term 'bards,' are said to delight surpassingly those that understand the grace and properties of their tongue." The romantic Sir Philip Sidney and the gentle Edmund Spenser have written admiringly on the theme of Irish poetry. Mr. Charles O'Connor, in his *Dissertation on the History of Ireland*, speaks of the Irish poets who, in the age of the Tudors, retained the happy genius of better days. "In better times," he says, "Teige MacBrudhin of Thomond, Teige Dall O'Higgin of Leney, O'Gnive of Clanaboy, Teige MacDary of Thomond, Lugad O'Clery of Tyreconnell, and O'Heosy of Origall, had great talents." Along with these should be mentioned Mac Curtin, hereditary *ollam* of North Munster, and *filea* of the Earl of Thomond, Lord President of Munster. John Good, a schoolmaster of Limerick, writing in 1566, says of the Irish: "They love music mightily, and, of all instruments, are particularly addicted to the harp, which being strung with brass wire, and struck with crooked nails (of the fingers) is very melodious." The Irish musicians also affected the bagpipe, so loved by modern Italians, who call it *zampogna*. Bishop Warburton tells a story of an Irish bagpiper, and we may repeat it to give our dissertation an air of greater cheerfulness. This piper was once waylaid by a wolf. To mollify the unpleasant stranger, the poor fellow threw down

some scraps of bread he had in his pocket, as a travelling commissariat. The animal ate these and looked for more. In this dilemma, the man, in order to draw the attention of any one that might be in the vicinity, began to play loudly on the bagpipe, whereupon, the wolf made off as fast as possible. "Well now," moralized the musician, "if I thought you were that sort of a brute, I'd have given you the music before supper!"

The Scotch have also loved "the pipes" for ages. It was their solace in peace, and gave the sign of onset in war. It was forbidden the Scotch regiments raised for the Crown, after the defeat of Prince Charles Edward in 1746. At Quebec, in 1760, when General Wolf was shot down, the Frazer Highlanders fell back in confusion and refused to rally. Their colonel ran to Lord Townsend and begged a favor—that the bagpipes (the men had got an old set in one of the tents) may be played at once. "Play what you please, sir," retorted the agitated general, "but, for God's sake, drive back those French!" In five minutes the pipes were screaming in front of the advancing Frazers, and the Frenchmen, like the Irishman's wolf, were in full retreat.

The influence of old Irish literature was not confined to Ireland. It passed into Scotland, where, in the last century, it produced that very bewildering, and yet very charming *florilegium* of Macpherson's *Ossian*. It passed into Wales and England and through all the western parts of Europe, where it has left a thousand traces, as most people are now aware. More curiously still, it passed up to the Scandinavian lands and waters, where Irish words may be found swarming in the glossaries of Denmark, Sweden and Norway. The ancient Latin version of the Death-Song of Regnar Lodbrok (which may be found in the excellent Astor Library of New York) exhibits, as a heading, the strange word *Flokkr*, which has very probably puzzled all those who have had the curiosity to look after such a relic, and would probably puzzle the Norsemen themselves. That word is Irish, with the meaning of "poem" or "eulogy," though it is not to be found in any of the Irish dictionaries—books, it may be added, which do not contain half the terms occurring in the ancient Irish manuscripts. Dr. W. K. Sulli-

van, editor of Curry's posthumous book on the *Manners and Customs of the Irish* says, that there may be found thirty thousand such unglossaried words; a fact tending to indicate the imperfect condition in which the literature of Ireland has survived to our time. The Irish influence we speak of went everywhere, and was recognized everywhere; giving Ireland, in this respect, a complete superiority over the stronger and ruder island. This was curiously evidenced at the papal Council of Constance, held in the year 1414. The voting of the bishops was carried on by "nations," each nation having its representatives. On this occasion the suffrage was refused to the English bishops, their country not being held entitled to it, till they pleaded that Ireland was also included in the ecclesiastical unity of the larger island. A bishop of Cork was one of those present, and he, very probably, helped to procure the recognition of England as a nation entitled to a vote. Matters are changed somewhat since then, yet the more powerful island has ever since been, and is still, indebted for her status among the nations to the sisterhood of Ireland; always treated, nevertheless, in a savage and most unsisterly fashion.

We cannot conclude without referring to the heroic romances of ancient Ireland, especially those illustrating the knighthood and championship of the Keltic race. Knighthood is the historical growth of the Irish soil and of Irish literature. It is not generally recognized that the word "knight," which always carries with it the idea of something Norman or Teutonic, or Spanish, is the Irish "Cniocht," a champion, formed on the term *con*, which, in the Keltic, and, indeed, in most other old forms of human speech, signifies "battle." Another unsuspected Irish word, having the same meaning, is "Soldier," anciently written *sluaghter*. The Roman historians tell us that Sertorius, the Spanish leader, who fought the Roman Consuls, had his faithful guard of *soldurii* sworn to live and die with him. The term was Irish as well as Kelt-Iberian. It also belonged to those Albanians of Epirus who, as Lord Byron records, looked like the Highlanders of Scotland. They pronounced the word "selictar," as his lordship has told us in *Childe Harold*. The Franks wrote the word "sold-at," and

our shape of the word came to us from Ireland, like the other word "knight," which made itself at home very early among the Jutes and Saxons.

That theme of championship was always dear to the human imagination, showing that men are, by nature, barbarians and combatants. Some races—the Scandinavian for one instance—have fancied that fighting was one of the joys of paradise. The Hebrews—at least, some of them living at the beginning of our era—said "there was a war in heaven." The great glory of Greek literature is a story of conflict; *Arma virumque* was the motto of the Roman banners from Gades to the Tigris. In the early twilight of all nations, we see men killing one another, and thinking that sort of work rather creditable than otherwise. The people of Ireland followed the same "good old rule and simple plan;" and the most attractive chapters of their history are those of knighthood and soldiership. They had two grand cycles of champion romance: one of them included the days of Conchobar or Conor MacNessa, king of Ulster, surnamed *Conchobar na Curadh*, i. e., "Conor of the Knights," who has been made to flourish in the first years of our era. He had his military order of Companions, his knightly Guard, chief of whom was Cuthullin, a fair and surpassing warrior, long remembered in the poetry of Ireland, and subsequently written Cuthullin in the minstrelsy of Macpherson's *Ossian*—both names having precisely the same meaning, i. e., "battle-champion." In his story occurs the name of Maev, queen of Connaught; and this name, wandering down through the mazes of poetic fancy, came at last to mean the queen of fairyland, subsequently recognized in the folk-lore of England—queen Mab. Richard Plantagenet of England bore an Irish surname—*Curada-luan*—the last part of the name being the last syllable of Cuthullin, and meaning "champion." *Curada-luan* meant "noble champion;" but the monkish historians have told us it meant "Lion's heart"—*Cœur-de-lion*. The old dialect of Normandy was strongly Keltic—like the Armorican; and the title of that battle-axe king would naturally come from the common people, always tenacious of the ancient forms of speech.

Another cycle of knighthood belongs to the age of Finn Mac Comhal, father of the poet Oisín, or Ossian, as Macpherson spelled it. His hero flourished in the third century of our era. He was Grand Master of the Fionn Erinn, or National Guard of Ireland—a body of knightly men-at-arms who fought a thousand battles under his auspices. His achievements, and those of his prætorians, resemble somewhat those of the British Arthur, the Frank Charlemagne, Roland, Siegfried of the Nibelungen Not (which is the Gaelic *nochd*, a “recital”), Deitrich of Berne, and other paladins and *ruatars*. The latter term is Irish, meaning “knight,” and the Germans, in adopting it, spelled it *ritter*. *Curadh-ar* was the Irish original of the term “warriors and champions;” and coming into Anglo-Saxon and English use, it was for ages pronounced *Garter*, *i. e.*, a “body of knights.”

The historic reader, who knows the old story of the Countess of Salisbury’s garter, in the days when Edward III. founded the noble English order of chivalry, may feel disconcerted by the statement here made, and perhaps reject it. But he would do well to consider it; for a great many new things of that sort are likely to offer themselves to the notice of the philologists. One of these last, it may be added, occurs in connection with the well-known, but not perfectly understood word “chivalry,” which is really an Irish word as old as Tara, or the Circle of Stonehenge. In Appleton’s Cyclopædia, which, by the by, we do not regard as an authority in such matters—and perhaps in every other cyclopædia extant—that knightly term is derived from the horse. But it had a simpler and truer origin in *goil*, a very ancient and almost universal word for “battle.” *Goilleoir* meant and means “knight” and “warrior;” and is in fact the genuine Irish word we are in the habit of pronouncing “cavalier.” It is the word which the English wrote down *hobiller*, in the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and the word which, in those of Ancus Martius and Tullus Hostilius, was written (in the plural) *Celeres*. The *Celeres* (pronounced *Keleres*) composed the knightly “body-guard” or “battle-troop” of Romulus. They were the “cavaliers” of

that eponymous original, and his "garter-knights."* It is to be noted that the term "body" (in "body-guard") is a new way of writing the old Keltic word, *bedh*—battle. In the Saxo-Danish poem, *Beowulf*, we find the terms, *beod-geneatus*, interpreted "servants" of the Chief, Hygelac. They mean "battle-knights;" the Saxon *geneates* being the Irish or English *eniochts*. The poems of *Beowulf* exhibits a number of Irish words in disguise and beyond the recognition of the philologists, German or Keltic.

It may be perceived from the foregoing that the theme of Irish literature need not be "the same old story" which Irish writers are in the habit of repeating and English readers in the habit of slurring over. It is rather a novel theme than otherwise, since it carries wrapt in it a number of the most interesting facts or curiosities of modern literature; all linking themselves with the poetry and romantic histories of other nations; as in the case, for instance, of the Queen Gormlaith of Connaught, whose name, at the distance of a thousand years, is so plainly visible in that of Creimhildt the beautiful heroine of the Nibelungen Lay. And in the Fiona or Fenian cycle of romance may be found the originals of a great many facts and fancies subsequently reproduced in the poetry of the English, French and German romancists.

The ancient Fenian chieftains, Finn MacCumhal, Ossian, Fergus and Caoilte, were, we are told, poets as well as warriors. They are mentioned in that grand heir-loom of Irish history, the *Book of Leinster*, compiled in 1150 by Finn MacGorman, bishop of Kildare. The feats of those Fenians, or "champions," was for ages a popular theme of romance and story in Ireland, Scotland and the Hebrides. It was to them what the war of Troy was to the Hellenic races of the Mediterranean. The imaginations of the old Irish poets took life and shape

* The word "chivalry" has a false and misleading pronounciation in French (shevalry) presenting a sibilant instead of the genuine guttural, such as it has been retained in "cavalier." *Gail* (war) is the root of it, as has been stated; and this root is also visible, or invisible, in the term "column," a body of soldiers. This last word never had anything to do with a tall pile of masonry. The same may be predicated of their leader, the "colonel."

round the names of those warriors belonging to the military family of Finn Mac Cumhal—Oisín, Osgar, Dearmaid, Caoilte, (surnamed “the swift-footed,” like *podos oehus* Achilleus) Gaul and many other *preux chevaliers*, described in the *Book of Ballymote*, the *Book of Lecuin* and other old manuscripts—especially the *Book of Leinster*, as has been stated. Oisín is said to have written some of the tales preserved in these. The earliest and most popular of the number was named the *Torui-geacht* or “Running-away” of Dearmaid and Lady Grainá, daughter of Cormac Mac Art, king of Ireland, and affianced bride of the heroic and elderly widower, Finn. The latter accompanied by all his *Curadh* or “Garter” went to attend a preliminary feast given by Cormac in the lordly fortress of Tara on the Boyne. But at that feast the young princess saw Dearmaid, a stalwart and lovely knight, somewhat resembling the British Lancelot, who also won the affection of a princess—Guinivere, wife of king Arthur. Grainá, comparing the young hero with the grim High Constable, her intended, fell in love with Dearmaid, and put her *geasas* or spells on him in such a way that he could not resist; and so the infatuated pair passed out into the night, as O’Connor’s child fled with Conacht Moran, in Campbell’s fine lyric. They ran for life and love through all Ireland, and the happy story-tellers kept them so running for a thousand years, as beautiful and breathless as when flitting from the loud festivity of Cormac’s hall,

Those lovers fled away into the storm,

with Finn and his battle peers hurrying after them in full cry. Wherever those runaways rested they left behind them the green ring of a legend, and their places of repose were known for ages as the “Beds of Dearmaid and Grainá”—curious constructions like Cromlechs, of which there were three hundred and sixty-five—one for every day in the year.*

* It may be noted as one of the curiosities of Irish literature that the children of the Princess Marchioness of Lorne—grand-children of Queen Victoria—are descendants of this romantic Dearmaid or Duibhn. The Campbells of Argyll derive themselves, or their heralds have derived them, from that young Knight of the ancient Irish Garter; giving up the

Another of those old Irish romances refers to the renowned and popular battle of Ventry Harbor, which tells how Daire Dormor, "king of the world," invaded Ireland with an army wafted in a thousand ships, and how Finn, at the head of all his knights and their Tuatha de Danan allies, rushed from Tara, downward like a storm through Munster to meet them on the shore. There is a great blazonry of names, a "homeric" recital such as all ancient poetry delighted in—the names of kings and chieftains and their dwellings, their mountains and their rivers, till the very hills and ocean creeks of Ireland seem to be gathering together in tumult, at that cry of "the country in danger." It is a grand *mêlée* when the Constable of Almhain and his peers reach that level Troad: (everywhere in Keltica this word meant sea harbor) and the battle of heroes is carried on for a twelve month and a day beside the rising and falling edge of the Atlantic billows: till at last the "king of the world" finds himself a baffled man and vanishes in the stormy direction of the Bay of Biscay. Some of the historians think this legendary contest grew out of some attempt of a Roman armament from Armorica to get possession of the western island. Such an attempt might have been made; but the Romans themselves have not recorded it.

At last the long drawn story of those old Knights-errant and their "derring-do" comes to an end—and, all things considered, a fitting one; for they perish in a storm of battle—the great fight of Gaura, which resembles in some of its "currents" that other disastrous battle once delivered in the Pyrenees—

Where Charlemagne with all his Peerage fell
By Fontarrabia.

rather ridiculous claim of descent from a certain *Campo-bello* of Normandy, who "came in with William the Conqueror." Those English Guelphs have not mingled their blood with anything Keltic for a long time. And yet they have Keltic blood in their veins, being descended from the O'Connors, old kings of Ireland, through the de Burghos, Bruces and Stuarts. The Queen loves to remember her ancestors of Scotland; and she had one of her sons christened Patrick and created Duke of Connaught. If she would only build a palace in Ireland and visit it as often as she visits Balmoral, she would do a very sensible and politic thing.

The Fiona Erinn, as they advance to the onset, pause for a moment, stoop down and kiss the ground; then rise and charge. This is one of the most curious military acts on record. The men do not address any deity, such as would take delight in such a violent business—according to some of those notions in which we have been nurtured. They simply pay their last respects to their mother earth which has always given them subsistence and may give them a bed before morning; showing that the ceremony was one derived from the pagan ages. Christians would have signed the cross and said a short prayer. But the natural piety and prowess of those knightly Prætorians were unavailing. All their best men perished, save Oisín and Caoilte who retired from the field and subsequently tried in vain to restore that Military Order. Then the poet, in his latter days, went away to one of the natural refuges of all unfortunate bards—the *Muinstrach* or monastery, where he spent the remainder of his life in brooding over the memory of old times; wrangling with St. Patrick who wanted to make him a Christian and writing the *In Memoriam* of his father Finn and the Fenian “Garter” of Almhain. It may be observed in passing that the term *oisín* meant reciter and poet (like Saadi, David, Hesiod, &c.) and that it forms part of the name given to the old Welsh bard, *Taliessin*. As for the name of *Caoilte*, it meant “champion” in Irish speech; and the Hebrew scholar may discover it in Goliath, the name of the well-remembered Philistine warrior; one more fact, in a hundred that might be here quoted, to show that the Phœnician dispersion of language is no fable, and to suggest the still more important conclusion that all the diversities of human speech have, in the lapse of ages and the migrations of men, been derived from a common Asiatic original.

The foregoing may give some slight idea of that long buried literature of Ireland, and of its bearings on those questions that have been engaging the attention of so many archaeologists, historical inquirers and critics of language, lately and still occupied in investigating such conditions or traces of early civilization as may be found in old records,

inscriptions, ruins of cities and temples; and in the mythologies, creeds, legends, romances and folk-lore of by-gone generations. Some of the old Irish manuscripts could throw as much archaic light on those antiquities as the "finds" of Nimrod or Hissarlik, Olympia, or Cyprus. The Coptic vocabulary of a few hundred words is of more antiquarian value than all the architecture of Egypt, the pyramids included. The *words* of all old languages are the best preservers of those secrets defaced, or buried in the lapse of ages. Of the original vocabulary of the human race, which must have been a simple one with a mere handful of radicles or germs, not one has perished, any more than the human organ that once gave them being; for all may be traced in the various glossaries of human speech, whether living or dead. The Irish tongue, partly living and partly obsolete, is one of the best helps in the task of illustrating the science of language. It is beyond the Greek in this respect, since the Pelasgian originality of the latter language has been polished and refined away by its crowd of grammarians and rhetors. And Cicero was not far wrong therefore when he called it *inops verborum*. As a factor in the calculations of the philologists, the Irish is as valuable as the Sanskrit, and, to the students of Europe and America, a thousand times more attractive. The evidence of this is making itself known by degrees and will, no doubt, be recognized after a time.

ART. VIII.—MONEY AND CURRENCY.

1. *Money and its Laws: Embracing a History of Monetary Theories, &c.* By H. V. POOR. New York and London: 1877.

IN placing at the head of our observations on currency the interesting work of Henry V. Poor on *Money and its Laws*, let no one suppose that we purpose to review his volume or to give it other endorsement than what it purports to be, "a History of Monetary Theories." *Money and its Laws* gives a condensed review of the conflicting theories of political economists from the time of Aristotle to J. Stanley Jevons, and presents a very fair summary of the literature of the subject to which we make a brief contribution.

When the Khedive of Egypt opens a new chamber in the Pyramid of Cheops, he finds in it four things, a cubit and a cup, a weight and a coin. They are all of gold. He finds on the wall an inscription; and when it comes to be deciphered it announces that the cubit is one-sixth of the length of the wall; that the cup is one-fourth the length of the cubit; that the weight is the weight of as much water as will fill the cup; and that the coin is the worth of as much wheat as will fill the chamber. These announcements all look alike, and, presented thus together, are a good picture of the way we regard money as an equally truthful measure with all other standards of quantity. And even when we correct ourselves we do not correct ourselves enough. And, therefore, money, when it has been thought, as Huskisson thought it, to be of steady value, and when it has been imagined that if it ceased to be tinkered with, it would be always the same; and when visions have been indulged of something fixed as a measure of price, like a pint, or a pound weight; and when we have been driven

from this and begin to find that no coin is steady, we are nevertheless still blind to what a mystery money is; even men like Locke and Newton and Mill find it impossible to feel what an inextricable puzzle is wrapped up in these simple coins of the country.

We have fancied this Cheops' chamber because it sheds a partial light on the subject.

The Khedive seizes the cubit and finds it one-sixth of the wall. He seizes the cubical measure and it is one-fourth of the cubit. He fills it with water and the water, without the measure, balances the weight. He inspects the coin and the royal assayers determine its grade; and the inscription on the wall for the first time fails. The chamber full of wheat entirely out-measures any modern value of the gold, and all Huskisson's idea is found to be, five times over, untrue.

Now, glancing at this, we come to all that is real very slowly. Our first impulse is to say it is the wheat that has changed its value. And even here, could we go no further, there would be many curious things.

If it had been the chamber that had changed its size, we could apply the cubit and find the difference ocularly and to a very hair. But in the case of the wheat, the first fact that must be noticed is the part that mind plays. In the matter of value the thing that must be measured is the willingness of the human mind.

The price of wheat has to be *resolved upon*, or it is a sort of tide or aggregate of human resolutions, like the bid of the Stock Exchange. This is one of the fogginesses of finance. If we could apply a coin to a surface, like a cubit to a chamber wall, matters might change at pleasure, and we could in part keep up with them; but price is a thing of credit, and that deals heavy blows just at the outset at Huskisson's idea of what is steadily intrinsic; and price is a thing of *false* credit, for, of course, it is risking no truth to say that the mind is always mistaken, and if the Trade Exchange had the mind of God it would fix all prices differently. That is, the value of wheat and cloth would be always different if men were not

forced to act upon the crudest and most superficial knowledge of such trade conditions.

Let us make one movement further. Price is not only a matter of trust, but also, very curiously indeed, of three different kinds of trust. These kinds attach themselves to the farm, to the court, and to the market; and the wheat exchange has to take note of each of them. To the first belong the cost of production, and all those changes that have to do with the overflow of the Nile, and the use of wheat by armies and through a scarcity in foreign lands. These approach the nearest to what Huskisson thinks of under the idea of what is intrinsic. To the second belong all that the court may choose to do. The government may assert certain royalties. Property is at the mercy of the common-weal; and there is left for the citizen what the government does not choose to demand. To the third belong the changes of the market. These three affect all human values. Take a house, for example. There is first what may be called the more intrinsic—the cost to build it, the wish to live in it, the health of the neighborhood, and its advantages, present and prospective. And there is second and third, the drawbacks that the government will inflict, and the state of the market. These three belong to all values; first, what the house is worth in itself; second, what the government leaves it to be worth to one after taking out its royalties; and third, the ease of the times, or that prevailing condition of the market that makes all values low, or raises them through a plethora or a confidence in the condition of exchange.

But now a new advance into a much more desperate and a much more illusory region of confusion. If only the wheat changed, much might be set by the coin as being like the gold cubit, an unalterable measure after all. And here, precisely, is where mistake comes in. The cup and the cubit and the weight and the money are all utterly unaltered. They have been the same for four thousand years. They came from the same pot of gold. They differ not a grain in weight and fineness. And as three out of four carry their power to measure through the lapse of centuries, we can hardly shake off the

Huskisson idea from the coin, and the very fluctuation of the wheat hides the like thought about the money, and we get the confused idea that the money measures the whole change that has taken place; just as if the Nile had swelled the cubit would measure how far it had departed from its ancient channel.

But a coin differs from a cubit in one very essential respect. A cubit is a simple measure. A coin is also a measure, but then it goes in exchange for the thing measured. Suppose it weighs exactly the same as the cubit, and suppose it has the same fineness,* and suppose it is utterly unchangeable, still the cubit is content simply to measure things. It does not confuse us with the question of its own value. The coin not only measures, but offers itself in the exchange. It is telling all the truth, therefore, to say, that if we could find a substance which through the miraculous providence of God were worth always the same, the knot would be untied. Huskisson then might be our high priest. That is distinctly what men are dreaming of when they talk of absolute money. And the key to our position is that the wheat and coin do not materially differ. Currency must be either matter or the promise of it. And the matter must either be from the mint of heaven, and kept by mental miracle always to a price, or must be some commodity of men; and of course no mortal can show why it should not fluctuate like the wheat, and be just as uncertain in its cost-rate.

We have, therefore, to double upon the subject all the confusion we found in the wheat itself. In the first place the coin value is a matter of *mind*, just as there must be a judgment of mind in the worth of the wheat. This at once spreads a metaphysical haze over all that Huskisson would make so plain. In the second place there must be three distinct judgments of the mind. Imagine now what inextricable confusion! The Khedive can seize the other pieces of gold and apply them at once to their work, and come out with an even measure. But he seizes the coin and has to measure the whole mind of the world. That mind *keeps*

measured; but he has to go to the Bourse to find it out. And what the whole world will give for wheat, and what the whole world will give for coin, and what Egypt will give higher or lower than other peoples of the earth, and what he himself can make Egypt take of bad money by stress of law,—all these things enter into the question. The demure lying of the coin in the crypt gives it the air of philosophic simpleness, yet it is but the type in that of all our thoughts about finance. A shilling is so familiar in our pocket that we can hardly suspect it of the depths of intricacy in which it is by necessity involved.

If the wheat has three matters that affect its value, and the coin has three matters that affect its value, and the mind has to take cognizance of all six, and the three of the wheat do not move in consistence with the three of the coin, we can see what a puzzle the price of a bushel of wheat is. It settles itself, it is true, by a sort of cross and common estimate, but all these elements enter into the combination. We have looked at the case in the matter of the wheat. Let us glance for an instant at the influences upon the coin.

In the first place, there is the *mine*. And yet we see in the very beginning that it is not the difficulty of digging that affects everything even in this department. Hundreds of things are difficult. In this influence among the three, viz., that which is more intrinsic, the time taken in digging will not determine everything; but we must take in other facts. There must be beauty, or there must be use, or there must be a rare assemblage of important characters. If it were hard to find an aerolite, or if it took an average hour to find a four-leaved clover, that would not fit it to be a coin. Gold is gold because it is like a diamond: it has use as well as scarcity. And if that use increases, if new fabrics are made out of the metal, or if some new nation stamps it as money—all this belongs to the first influence of the three. We may call it the criterion of the *mine*, but it is like the criterion of the *farm*. It is not the difficulty to produce, but the demand to use, that must enter as well in the estimate of these more intrinsic values.

In the second place, there is an influence of the

State. For example, we go to a neighbor to pay off a mortgage bond. He begs us to keep our money. There is a value in our gold that is given it by the law of the land. And however much our creditor rebels, we push it on him. He may think it inferior coin. He may believe it soon to be changed. He may know that he will gain by delay. But he cannot help himself. We pour out the coin upon his desk, and the law gives it a value beyond that which it has received in the mine. That is the second influence.

Then there is a third. Men may be sick of buying. Irrespective of the mine, and irrespective of the mint, and altogether outside of what belongs to the make-up of the coin; by influences that would remain if men doubled the field of gold, and by depreciations that might actually grow while the mint was coining it, gold goes farther, that is, is visibly appreciated, and that means will buy more goods; and that for the reason that men don't want to buy at all. There is a sense of poverty in the bag. Business has been overstrained. Men have rushed into too much expense. And now, as the recoil, men do not want our wheat. And hence, as the result, the intrinsic value of the medium being the same or less, its purchasing power has advanced, because there are great stores that men wish to sell.

Here then are the three great influences, the mint and the mine and the condition of the market, corresponding to the great influences in the case of the wheat,—the farm and the court and the balance of trade.

Now these three great influences are the lurking places of almost all that is preposterous on the subject of finance.

In the first place, of Huskisson's idea in regard to absolute money. It ought to have been seen that money must be some gross product, and it ought to have been known at a bound that no such product can have steady value.

Adam Smith planted a mistake of this sort at the very root of finance. He proclaimed the steadiness of labor. And what could be more absurd than the steadiness of labor? Smith was a vital genius, who has printed himself eternally in the world; and therefore this labor crotchet is eternally brought up. One

man has proposed that a dollar be a day's work. And what makes this out-giving of Smith so singularly revolting, is that he has built upon it a book that lives in all times; and what is more, he has cut away from it the support that might have been given to it by other mistakes of a cognate, and just as reasonable a kind.

For example, he would have scorned Huskisson; for he boldly avowed the fickle character of gold. And yet in spite of the fact that a Scotchman won less money than an Englishman; in spite of the fact that London paid more for labor than they did in Yorkshire; though he saw labor sink under his eye just like corn or brandy, and might have forecast that in crowded colonies like India, it would sink almost to nothing, yet he has planted that dogma upon the world, and to this very day, men yearning after a resting place, pitch upon labor as the place where the dove can light in the trouble of the waters.

And of a piece with this is all that we hear about "lamp-black and paper." Here is a nation that has the royalties of a continent. It has carried itself through a gigantic war. And as money and credit are stronger than money alone, it has used its credit and incurred debt, and that debt consists in nearly two thousand millions of bonds, and over three hundred millions of currency. Let it be interposed that the country needs paper and has had it in all periods of time. As the country needs paper and is bound to have it, the government has furnished it. This is the "lamp-black and paper" ignominy. It furnishes it of course without interest; for a currency does not need interest. And it keeps it afloat without undertaking yet to pay.

Let us look at it in all its bearings. A nation owns the taxes of a hemisphere. It gives millions and millions of bonds and pays gold as interest. It has paid off millions of the bonds in gold. It has untold moneyed income. It is one of the soberest and solidest and safest gold proprietors this side of the better land. It took forty cents for much of its currency, and that has steadily appreciated, till now it is worth ninety-eight, and what is called "paper and lamp-black" are these dollars

of the government, which the people are greedily taking up at ninety-eight cents; which will buy at that rate gold paying bonds; and which are even yet panting and quivering with the spasm with which they passed over a gulf, and with which, with desperate uncertainties of life, they saved themselves and the nation.

This, I say, is demoralizing. And when it rises to abuse, and the government is called the head embezzler, and all public and private wrongs are set at the door of the great example in the nation, it becomes a pitiable crime; pitiable, in the first place, because it is blind to the power of the government even over coin; and pitiable, in the second place, because it is so wedded to intrinsic price, that it fails to see that if the government could fix upon some absolute standard for its dollar, and make it practical, it would be a better tool than gold, and hold up the value of estates, which for a long time have been sinking under the depreciation of the metals.

But now, in the second place, while error gathers about the first point, namely, of intrinsic values, it gathers just as openly about the second, viz.: the power of the government.

In 1873 the government demonetized silver. In 1872, silver made a Huskisson dollar. In 1873, government hurled out of account what Huskisson pronounced steady and of intrinsic value. In 1876, Germany followed suit, and that, more than the Comstock lodes, ruined silver and destroyed the dollar of the fathers. In these late years "lamp-black" has been going up, and silver has been steadily degenerating.

These are acts of governments. Of course it is natural that there should be a school at the other edge of the pendulum, and that the run-mad intrinsicists should breed antagonists of run-mad waiters upon government.

These last are all that school who believe in any shape in *permanent inconvertibility*.

We have no doubt in the world that the government should issue greenbacks. We have no doubt in the world that it should continue to the end to issue them. We have no doubt that they are the best paper on the part of the people, and that the interest spared should be spared as a royalty of the

government. We would even go so far as to suppress the National Banks, we mean as banks of issue. We see no reason why citizens should make a double interest, and the government, who really keeps them secure, should not rather enjoy the loan. Once be fair in the gentleness with which the reform is carried, and we would not object to seeing the whole five hundred millions the issue of the government. But then, when men make a Mediterranean without a Gibraltar, we begin to hesitate. Of course the promissory form would have to be removed. And for the government merely to *mark* a dollar—we do not understand that. A solvent government would soon have very little coin to pay; and we should approve of such arrangements for convertibility as would supplant the least volume of notes (simply because coin loses an interest; notes lose none); but there must be a Gibraltar to every Mediterranean. At the very least, convertibility is an addition to the credit of a nation. And as the actual converting would need to be very small, the addition to the credit of the nation would gain more in the placing of its bonds than the small amount of interest on the coin that had to be kept, or circulated, to circulate its paper.

The whole idea, therefore, of inconvertible paper is an *idol* of the mint.

Then, there is an *idol* of the market. This is the stalking ground of Bonamy Price. It is a curious spectacle. Thread-needle Street has all the genius for making money. It sweeps into its Board of Governors the athletes of trade. Mr. Price comes up from Oxford, and attacks Goliath like David with his sling. And whether it be the gown of the Professor, we know not at which to marvel most, the boldness of the assault, or the submissiveness with which it is received.

There are certain principles that have regulated the Bank of England for scores of years. One is that when trade is in favor of a people, that is, when gold is flowing in; when, in the language of the street, there is what is called "favorable exchange," then the mercantile skies brighten, the banks may lower their discount rates, and merchants may trade more boldly. All this Mr. Price denies. When gold is flowing out,

and when there is "unfavorable exchange," and when the Bank of England begins to lose her sovereigns, and, to stop the drain upon her vault, raises her rate of discount, Mr. Price stands by and laughs. That instinct of the old experts of the street which makes them look grave at this condition of the coin, he abuses as a superstition and a cheat, and denounces the "Mercantile Theory," as it is called, as having no base in the actual position of affairs.

And what is strange, Mr. Price has many followers. We do not suppose he would deny the third influence we have been marking out, either upon the wheat or upon the coin. He could hardly come over to this country and say that there is nothing in the condition of trade which, irrespective of the mining of gold, is sending up its price in proportion to all other things; and yet virtually he is ignoring every one of these innermost realities.

I think I see the reason: he is floating his error on the wing of an unquestioned truth. How often is this the case?

It is an unquestioned truth that gold is a bad thing to *hold*. It is an unquestioned truth that it is unproductive in the vaults. It is an unquestioned truth that the more property is converted into coin and buried in a cellar, the more interest wastes. And, therefore, Mr. Price has always this gleam of reality when he abuses the welcoming of gold, and says it is not wealth practically when it floods a kingdom. But this is really a different practical thought from that which he builds upon it. What he builds upon it is that its presence in the cellar is not a glorious outstart for other adventures of trade. We might be willing to admit still a third thought; that is, that a lean exchequer need not always be an occasion of sorrow. England might have bought Egypt; or England might have built railroads; or England might have paid off debts,—in a degree to make it like a gorged vulture willing to sit on a rock and digest in present inactivity previous advantages of trade. But to say that a flowing back into a country of a country's gold, and a flowing back full of bright oxygen from the enrichings of trade, and a chance thereby to borrow it again and at a lower discount, and to send it back on new risks of com-

merce, may not legitimately brighten commercial eyes, is certainly to talk Greek to the moon; and Bonamy Price ought to be ashamed to bring up from Oxford anything so utterly disowned by the A B C even of necessary office reckoning.

Such, then, are the bases of value for all commodities, and which, in the instance of coin, have produced an oscillation which, by the report of Prof. Jevons, is almost incredible. He tells us that gold sank, from 1789 to 1809, forty-six per cent., and rose, from 1809 to 1849, one hundred and forty-five per cent. We can hardly believe it.

And now the question arises: Which is the ultimate basis of all the foregoing three? We had thought of saying, the first. But, on close reflection, we are forced to divide the subject.

If by ultimate basis be meant the base by which we can have money at all, I am frank to say it must be intrinsic preciousness. "Lamp-black and paper," much as we respect them, cannot be self-supported. Absolutism is pulled down by wrong; and I think history will declare that men will bear more of death and torment than they will of loss. It is impossible to palm off whistles and leather-strips and shell-tokens permanently upon a people. To have money at all, therefore, the ultimate resting-place must be something intrinsic.

But to have *this* money—that is to say, to hold the value that is now in our hand; and by this we mean, not to keep it in possession—though that also is a matter of trust—but to make the thirty thousand that we are possessed of permanent as money, is the work of the government. We do not mean even that they coin and measure it, but we mean a curious enough conclusion on a close reflection about money, that the government is its last dependence; that the government puts to the last hand, if the bottom is falling out, and it needs a *dernier* rescue.

This has been the case in the instance of silver. But for the Act of 1873, our thousands might be nine hundreds. What has been the base of the extra thirty hundred dollars? Not its intrinsic value, but the arm of the government. And such might be our fortune to any extreme.

Suppose we should discover a valley of gold. Geology says nothing about such things; but all the gold among men is now a forty foot cube. Three thousand millions of dollars would overgo all that we possess. Suppose we should find it in heaps. Suppose a miner, wandering from the rest, should find a peculiar valley where the streams had centred it like sand. Suppose it happened yesterday. To-day the universe would be on fire. Alarms would be rung in every nation on the earth. Absolute kings might demonetize the metal; and yet Turkey and Russia and Austria might hesitate. A stay-law, keeping people from all exchanges, might be all that could be hastened. Absolute empires are in debt, and here might be a chance to shake it off. And when it reached our own land, the slow motion of Congress might be moved by the divisions of the people. Millions would be clamoring for a sacrifice of all fortunes; and if wisdom at length prevailed, and the culture of ages were considered too valuable to be sacrificed by a sudden ruin, legislation would come too late to save immense excesses. And yet, come when it will, and, more than that, do what it might, who cannot see that the law would be the last resort,—that the Czars, and the Khedives, and the Parliaments would be the last bases for the value of our possessions?

We are prepared now for some of the great questions that are agitating the country.

I. In the first place, What is money? Huskisson says it is coin. Prof. Price, adds to Huskisson's definition, and says, it is also a mere "tool of exchange."

Now, neither of these men is correct. For, first, it is not merely coin; and second, it is not merely a tool of exchange.

It is not merely coin, because a good promissory note secured by the government is as much money, even confining one's self to dictionary use, as minted metal. Let any one consult the authorities if he doubt this.

Not only so, but there is a curious fact about the very word *money*. It comes from a Latin word, *moneta*. That all agree. *Moneta* is from the verb *monco*, and means *an ad-*

monisher. This would be a grand hint for the meaning of money if the lexicographers would allow us its use. But just as we are about to step in and conceive of money as that which *admonishes* us of its masterful right and purchasing authority by sanction of law, philologers come across our path and tell us that which strikes us as aboriginal is all a coincidence; that Juno's name was *Moneta*, that Juno's temple was on a certain hill; that the Roman mint was near Juno's temple, and that money was called *moneta* from the name of the goddess; that goddess having *admonished* the people once in anticipation of an earthquake. Now we might rebel. We might remember that Juno had plenty more names. We might show that this was a rare and local one. We might subjoin that Jupiter was called *Pecunia*, unquestionably from a term for money. We might quote authors who throw doubt upon the earthquake and call it an invented legend, and do this, indeed, without any thought of its bearing upon the coin. But let all that go. The lexicographers ought to be kings in their own domain. Let money be called after Juno, and not Juno after money. Still it is a rare coincidence. The monitory power of the mint is, as we have seen, great; to the extent of wiping out of existence in '73 one whole set of our national "tools of exchange!"

On the other hand this definition of Prof. Price is singularly inadequate. When a miser dies, are the bags dug up under his bed "mere instruments of exchange?" Why, they may be a substantial fortune. Mere scratches of the pen may be more than such "instruments," for there may be notes found under his pillow; that may found a college! *Moneta* is much nearer the right word than could well come by chance. But, parting with that, we will put in its place a definition which will show how complex money is; and which, though consisting of several words, cannot part with one of them without some loss of essential meaning, viz.: *Money is anything of certified and credited value used in exchange.*

In the first place, it must be of *value*. But that does not show that it must be of *coin*. If a man who owns a thousand acres gives me a note which I can sue on and recover at law,

and my neighbor tells me it is of no value, he is talking nonsense.

In the second place, it must be of *certified* value. If it is a value that must be studied at each offering in exchange, we can never pay our old debts. It must be *moneta*—something that admonishes, or is a legal tender.

And yet, in the third place, it must be a *credited* value; for how else can we go on to new transactions?

And fourth, it must be *of use in exchange*. A house is not money.

And yet, fifth, it may be *anything*, no matter what particular shape. It may be cowries. It may be bank notes. It may be any kind of metal. It may be sheep. It may be cattle (Germ. *vieh*; Ang. Sax. *feoh*; hence *fee*.) It may be wampum. It matters not what it is: anything of certified and credited value, of use in exchange.

II. Now, second, what is the best kind of money? We say unhesitatingly, national promises to pay. Recollect, there are two questions: Should greenbacks be irredeemable? and should greenbacks be used for currency? They are to be kept separate. On the former we have already explained ourselves. No money could live under permanent inconvertibility. But on the latter we have what might seem an opposite opinion.

Let us expound it. Suppose we own a house. We can put it to two uses. We can live in it and we can mortgage it. But we own a thousand eagles, and we can put them to but one. Perhaps it is going deeper to say that we can make but one use of the house, and that is to live in it. If we mortgage it we pay interest on the money, the house only serves as a kind of guard upon our credit. But if we keep the gold, we can make no use of that at all. Here then, are four courses open to us: we can spend it; and then of course it is gone. We can lend it; and then of course it is paper. We can hypothecate it; and then it is virtually lent. Or we can keep it; and then it is plain that we can make no use of it all. Now there are six hundred millions of treasure that are in this way losing interest. There is a still larger sum floating in book-account; but that we are not dealing with. There are at least six hundred millions (allow-

ing one hundred millions, to be issued) that are floating in currency notes. They are answering the ends of exchange; but they are losing all interest as money. And if any one says they deserve none, we reply that, though they are greenbacks as respects the government, or guaranteed promissory notes as respects the banks, they are gold as respects the people. That is, they have been poured full of property. We do not properly remember that the six hundred millions of currency have been paid for at the desk, and now it floats as property, and of course it loses its interest, as indeed a currency must in passing through the hands of the people. Somebody is gaining an interest: Who is it? If this sum were gold nobody would be gaining it. As long as it lay with the government the latter would lose. There is this difference between gold and paper: Forty-two millions of dollars, which is the interest on six hundred millions, is saved by this nation annually by circulating promises. Now who saves it? Undoubtedly the banks and the government.

It is an obvious policy, therefore, that this paper should remain in circulation.

In returning to redemption, which is a need we have all along argued for, there are two objects which different people keep in mind. One is a provision of coin; the other is the faith of the government. We wish to separate these objects altogether. Instead of believing that all currency should be coin, we believe that no currency should be coin. In other words, there are forty-two millions of dollars saved to these States by the use of paper rather than of gold. If it were all saved by the government (and we see no earthly reason why the issue of paper should not be taken away from the banks as soon as it can be fairly accomplished), it would be all saved by the people, and would be distributed in the fairest way to the relief of taxes.

Now, is there any scheme by which the government could separate the idea of a coin-currency from the idea of its own faith as a trader? We think there is. And it is the scheme of furnishing no coin-currency at all. Why should they furnish it? It may be said, for the very purpose of preserving

their good faith. But then the question is, Is there no other method? There is a currency which all delight in. It has not the risk of old time bank-notes, or the bother to carry of either metal. It is said to be the best currency on earth. Why should the government, when we need it, and must have it, and when our taxes are lightened by circulating it, and when they would be lightened further by taking the issue from the banks; when only foreign traders need gold, and only the public faith requires any to be paid—become a competitor in its own field, push out of the market its own promissory notes, and being a merchant itself, pay over to other merchants the abrasion and mintage and interest of coins, to be used in foreign trade, or to be melted in foreign furnaces?

Is there anything that would answer as well? And to this we reply that the whole object of separating a provision of coin from the good faith of the nation could be answered by not coining at all, but by paying in bullion. And this would improve our whole foreign exchange.

Why should gold ever be imported back from Europe? Why should coin ever be melted abroad? Why should the cost of transportation or the risk of shipwreck ever be needlessly endured? Suppose a merchant never dreamed of importing gold. Suppose he went to the government. Suppose government had gold in that best of all shapes for foreign uses, standard bullion. Suppose it gave this for any thousand greenbacks. Suppose for less sums it gave gold certificates. Or suppose, to make it more complete, its navy exported gold, and it gave the metal, on the other side. What would be the result? Why, that this convertibility would be the very best for foreign faith, and that, answering the end of keeping up the par of paper, it would leave it at the same time to circulate. There would be no use of expensive mints. There would be no loss if money were burned up. The government might buy gold at the mines, and assay and stamp it at a furnace; or if need be, buy all the gold, and, as its tax upon the mine, buy at a slight discount below the treasury note. The soft money men are anything but astray when they plead for a permanent greenback currency.

III. But, thirdly, are they astray as to resumption? That the government need never resume is a position we have already battled. But so far as there is a class of soft-money advocates who merely argue for delay, the position is altogether different. And the question is more a matter of agreement than we have been usually imagining. There are, in fact, two questions. What is honest? and what is safe? The question "What is honest?" we have already looked into. The government, when in fear of its life, grappled a forced loan. That is the plain English of it. It took our mortgage of \$100,000, and settled it for \$40,000; and as we were frightened, from that sort of wealth, we did not stay on the basis of the greenbacks, and rise with them as they recovered, but went off into other sorts of estate, and have been poorer ever since for it. Now it is enough for our patriotism if we do not complain.

But if a man, who perhaps paid off my mortgage, clamors now with the government because what has become 98,000 is not raised at once to 100,000, and begins to charge fraud, because it does not immediately transfer that two per cent. from the debtor class to the creditor, we feel a species of disgust; and, therefore, this whole first half of the question as to what is moral on the part of our rulers, takes no hold of us at all. If the greenback were a new-born thing, then pay it for the love of Heaven; but as it roots itself in the *ultima ratio* of force, we say, do exactly as has been done. Wait till the free confidence of the people heals this violence that was necessarily inflicted.

And this leaves the field very much to the other aspect of the question, and that is, "Is it safe to resume?" And such a question belongs eminently to those who are practised in the probabilities of the market.

One class tells us that resumption will be without a ripple; that, from the law itself, paper will rise up toward coin, and by 1879 greenbacks will be preferred to metal. One thing is certain, that if that be true, the Resumption Act is of very little moment. Another class tells us that re-monetization will appreciate gold, and that there will remain a substantive differ-

ence; that all the greenbacks will be hurried in; that the bank circulation will equally be brought to the desk; that the bonds pledged for security will be sold; that gold will instantly rise; that the government will utterly fail in its attempt; and that Congress will have to be rallied, suddenly, to meet the difficulty.

Whom are we to believe? It is certain that we are doing very well. And as few thoroughly wise statesmen will attribute the troubles of the times to the condition of currency, it is obvious that we have plenty of leisure to look about us. On the mere principle of letting well enough alone, it becomes us to pause. It is beyond a question that there will be four influences at work to embarrass the Resumption Act. In the first place, it will appreciate gold to monetize it. Currency is three-fifths of the use to which gold is ever put; and American currency is a good little fraction of all in the world. In the second place, it will appreciate gold to hoard it; and that the government is already beginning to do. In the third place, it will throw away an interest to hoard gold. This England has been doing ever since the Peel ordinance, which bound Thread-needle street for two hundred millions. And in the fourth place, beyond all manner of doubt, if all these united influences empty the nation's hoard, and rush in the bank circulation in 1879, there will be a great catastrophe, which will lay bare the nation's nakedness, infinitely impair her credit, and which will probably call for the action of Congress suddenly to suspend this premature attempt of the young eagle to try her wings.

Why has no one ever thought of what might be called gradual resumption? We have reached $98\frac{8}{10}\%$ in greenback appreciation. Why not say we will not hastily resume, but we will never go back from that voluntarily attained figure? Would not that itself continue the appreciation. But how could it be arranged?

It would not do to accept the greenback equivalent for duties; and for the simple reason that it would not be adequately efficient. It would be easy to pass a law, that on and after date, the average price in the New York coin market for

the previous calendar month should be accepted for duties in all the American ports; and it might promise efficiency by adding to it another enactment, that after three months another average should be struck, and if treasury notes had farther improved, the new rate should be accepted. But this would hardly answer. It would be really a rate of tariff. It would hardly affect the rate of gold. And if gold went seriously up, it would throw greenbacks upon the government, and it would have to buy gold for its own gold debts, to the still further disturbance and appreciation of the premium rate.

On the other hand, it would not do to pass a law altering the legal tender. If the people must give gold to the amount of ninety-eight, or take it as the case might be, and then, a quarter afterward, a new average were sought for on the New York Exchange, none of course would be found. The dollar would stay at ninety-eight cents. It would be a grand plan if the premium would sink; but what would sink it? If all traffic was done at ninety-eight, of course that would be the rate, and this plan would prevent resumption rather than hasten it.

If, on the other hand, the government paid ninety-eight, and took every note that might be brought at this last market rate, it would answer, as the last plan would answer, to hold up the value that has been acquired, and it might do what the last plan could not, secure a still further appreciation; but it would look a little naked to some people, as though the government were compounding its debts; and, at any rate, it seems not so good as another scheme which dispenses with coin altogether, and brings up our favorite thought of employing bullion as our currency base.

Suppose Congress should pass a law stamping bullion, and holding it in reserve in the treasury. Suppose it should order its sale, but only in large amounts, at the average price of gold for the month next preceding the passage of the law. Suppose it should order a like average to be calculated each succeeding quarter, and the sales to continue at the former rate of gold, either kept steady or advanced, but to be made at the new

rate if coin sank nearer to par: so that the law might act as the ratchet of a machine, holding back the greenbacks from depreciation, but availing of each advance, till, by the voluntary bids of the people, resumption had been gradually achieved. Why would not this answer?

IV. It is our rare good fortune, while one part of our article is falling into type, to be able to notice an event which lends it uncommon confirmation. That event is the price of gold—101 $\frac{3}{4}$ —on this the fourth day of March, 1878.

We will not discuss the Silver Bill. If we opposed it, we might be supposed to upset our own principles. If we favored it, we might awaken disgust that might stand in the way of our broader argument. If we touched it, in fact, we must look at it on many sides, and lay a hand on more space than these pages can allow us. But one thing is certain,—that the folly of the Huskisson dollar can be no where more clear than in the gold market of the last month set into comparison with what has been done in Congress.

The Huskisson dollar is a metallic coin which he says is the only real money, and which he vaunts as fixed in value. And yet government ordains a metal which it buys at 92, and which it makes a coin of as 100, and though that coin is on the brink of dropping into our tills, gold goes down instead of going up!

We say nothing about the Silver Bill. Congress demonetized in '73, what it remonetizes in '78. It was paid no consideration in '73, and therefore, by a known legal principle, is bound by none in '78. If it was actuated by considerations for the bond-holders in '73, it is moved by sympathy for the tax-payers in '78. The new faces of '78 have at all events looked differently and judged opposite to the old Congressmen in '73, and, as Judge Matthews would argue, were not bound by them. Undoubtedly mistaken circulars have been issued by Syndicates wrongly promising gold. The question is a very embarrassing one. Besides, if silver refuse to appreciate, there will come an ugly discrepancy between the worth of the metals; and to see gold bowing for a long departure will look sad in respect to our foreign

traffic. And if the two metals approximate in value, as of yore, the mono-metallists and self-styled conservators of national honor and the public credit will be safely delivered of an awful responsibility. Gold has begun right, and if it continues to keep low, the evil of its departure will be averted. But as we believe in neither gold nor silver coinage, and believe in bullion, and would make it gold bullion to secure a single standard, and would confine currency to government promises, we feel less zeal by far in the whole silver difficulty. The mintage is to be so slow that there will be plenty of time to watch; and if silver comes up, and gold, from partial disuse, settles a little and helps to bridge the difference—if the Latin coins are not mercilessly poured in, and the Comstock machinery proves not too pitilessly complete, we may stay as we are; or if not, some future Congress can fatten the coin as the silver, by larger mintage, becomes less subsidiary.

What we emphasize is *the credit character of coin*: that it depends not on what is intrinsic, but on that and both government and market, and that the power of the government is most significantly illustrated by this very day's price of gold.

ART. IX.—BIBLIOGRAPHY.

HISTORY.

1. *History of the Protestant Reformation*. 2 volumes. 8°. By ARCHBISHOP SPAULDING. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.
2. *Historical Reader, based on the great Events of History*. Second edition. 12° pp. 408. By W. F. COLLIN, LL. D. Edited with additions, by OLIVER R. WILLIS, PH. D. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1878.

THIS is a new edition of the late excellent Archbishop of Baltimore's *History of the Protestant Reformation*. The Archbishop gives in his work a spice of novelty to a theme never very attractive to the generality of secular readers, because he "carries the war into Africa," so to speak, shows "the reverse of the medal" which most English-speaking people are familiar with, and lets us know what an erratic and somewhat illogical set of men were those who first precipitated the movement of the great religious revolution—Luther and Calvin especially, concerning whom we have here recorded a number of anecdotes and life-passages which are not usually set forth in the biographies of these men, and which are calculated to arrest the attention of all dispassionate readers whether Catholic or Protestant.

Most of those church-reformers—Luther and Calvin in a very marked degree—were men of enormous vitality, acrid, contentious and intolerant, and "for a calm unfit," taking intense pleasure in the work of putting people's passions in an uproar. Sir John Falstaff says pathetically and apologetically, that "they who have most flesh have most frailties;" and in a somewhat similar way it might be said that they who have the most brains—

Sophists, bards, statesmen, those unquiet things
That stir most deeply the soul's secret springs,

are the most likely people to follow the ways of error and extravagance. Luther was a strange, impulsive being, full of the *gemuth* and *schwärmerei* so very notable in the German character, and easily carried away by his thick-coming fancies into altercations and contradictions which made his whole public life something between a triumph and a fight, and tended to show how

Christianity—according to one of his own favorite quotations—brought, not peace, but a sword. Archbishop Spaulding has made effective use of the extravagant sayings and doings of that renowned reformer; most carefully quoting either the man himself, or the opinions of those contemporaries who knew him best. Melancthon the Mild, has recorded how Luther would bully him and how on some very persuasive occasions he would beat him for his moral or theological shortcomings. This gentle revolutionist was in the habit of saying that his friend Luther's passions were as strong as those of Hercules—the strongest kind of a comparison that occurred to him. And, indeed, Luther honestly tells things a great deal worse of himself, in his *Disch-reden* or *Table Talk*—a very famous book, and the most wonderful farrago of the sort in all literature. The man's frankness was as astonishing as his passions, and he sometimes speaks of Luther as he might speak of the emperor, or the Pope, or the devil himself. This last individual was one of his interlocutors on more than one occasion. For him Lucifer was not that shadowy simulacrum or vulgar jest of the modern philosophers, but a grim reality to be "tackled," confuted in argument and pelted with any convenient missile—an ink-bottle, for instance, as was the case in one of those interviews. With this wonderful German, faith was all in all. Faith without works of any kind will justify man in the sight of God; "and this I declare," he adds, "in spite of the Emperor, the Sultan of the Turks, the Khan of the Tartars and Persians, the Pope, the cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, princes of the world and all the devils; and it shall stand for ever!"

Writing to Melancthon in 1521, Luther says: "Sin, and sin boldly, but let your faith be greater than your sin." Melancthon, of course, refused to make any such experiment; and it was for this, or something like it, very probably, that he received the "thrashing" already alluded to. Luther did not like long prayers. "It is enough to pray once or twice," he said; "God's memory does not need to be refreshed with such things"—a very wild and damaging admission—damaging because devoid of a rational philosophy of prayer. At another time—the Archbishop has overlooked this curiosity of church literature,—Luther saw at Dessau a child with a ravenous appetite, and saying it had a devil, and was in fact what the country people called a "kill-crop," he advised the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau to have it thrown into the Moldau, lest worst should come of it. Pity for the man would suggest that this must have happened before he was married to "my master Ketha," (as he called his wife, Katharine); for when he had children of his own he must have known that those little creatures can, as a general rule, be as ravenous as they are innocent, without being open to the charge of being "kill-crops." He was rather superstitious, certainly, that great man, who set himself

up as the rebuker of superstitions. Yet that quality may be in some degree essential to the general sentiment of religion which usually deals with the supernatural, and the evidence of things not seen. John Wesley, a sober Englishman of the eighteenth century, had a belief in ghosts. Writing to one of his lady friends in 1768—he had always a particular leaning to the fair sex—he says: “It is true the English in general and most of the learned in Europe have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives’ fables. I am sorry for it” And he gives his reason why. He drew up a “ghost-story,” in fact, and sent it to the lady. And in this connection, we may observe that the publisher of *Drclin-court on Death*—a book greatly read about a hundred years ago—introduces into the preface the story of a ghost that appears for the purpose of giving testimony in favor of the work—as a means of saving itself and several other sister-apparitions in the “shades.” This shows how tame the modern art of book-puffing is compared with that of a former generation! So that if people will blame Luther for wishing to drown the child as a “kill-crop,” let them do so with tenderness, remembering the amiable founder of the Methodist persuasion; and remembering also that the enlightened and famous lawyer, Sir Matthew Hale, declared it as his opinion that every witch in England should be put to death for the protection of society.

When he comes to Calvin of Switzerland, the Archbishop presents a picture which is not so highly colored or so grotesque as that of the German, but which is certainly the least attractive, or the more repulsive of the two. Calvin was a bitter predestinarian and had a scurrilous tongue. “Thy school” he writes to Westphal the Lutheran, “is nothing but a dirty pig-stye.” Again: “Dost thou mark me, dog, mad-man? Dost thou hear me, thou great beast!” This is like what a satirist of the last age called “spitting aqua-fortis.” Luther, under the inspiration of German ale, which he loved like an old monk of Melrose, was too mellow in feeling to use such very bad language. It is not pleasant to follow the terrible biography of John Calvin. When he had found a refuge in Geneva from his enemies he persuaded the magistrates of that city to arrest the poor Spanish fugitive, Servetus—the illustrious sharer with Harvey in the discovery of the circulation of the blood—give him a mock trial for one or two of his biblical crotchets, and burn him at stake in the public square! In one of his letters, which Spaulding has over-looked, Calvin, describing the last agony of his brother reformer, says: “he called out for mercy three times in his miserable Spanish manner—*Ter reboabat, more Hispanico, Misericordia!*” The man who could write this was not a good Christian, albeit he was a great theologian. Gibbon says respecting him, that his burning of Dr. Servetus is more scandalous than the *auto-da-fé*s of Spain and Portugal; and the philosopher of Lausanne is right. But Calvin scorned to keep

terms with human nature or human opinion. Another of his sayings was: "Heretics should be put down with a sword." He was the most unlovely theologian on record. And his human cruelty was equalled or surpassed by his divine cruelty. He held up Jehovah as a being who, from the beginning forecasts the doom of every creature born, or to be born, and sends the vast majority of the race to perdition. This dogma is terrific, differing from all other Christian ideas of God, and even from the Jewish, which give the Creator such an aspect of menace and awfulness, yet with a coloring of the human passions which has a look of mercy in comparison. The Deity of the Jews shows benevolence and kindness, feels anger, jealousy and repentance; and when he is provoked to deal a terrible destruction, is always ready to repair it, if his misguided people will only turn from the evil of their ways and love him as before. The Deity of Calvin is unspeakably remote and inaccessible—an inexorable tyrant, remorseless in judgment, freezing every feeling of humanity; not a living Beneficence whom it may be possible to regard as a father and a friend. The Christian idea is still better than the Jewish, since it brings the Deity down, so to speak, into the sphere of the human relations which touch the sympathies of men, and give him a Son, having a human mother, born of one of the Hebrew tribes, inhabiting the western coast of Asia, where the child grows up to manhood among his kindred. The Lutheran creed is in sympathy with a Deity, who, in Luther's opinion, is lenient and forgiving in his nature and disposed to overlook the faults and sins of men, if they will only believe in his fatherly goodness. These teachings are certainly more favorable to the sentiment of religion than the dogma of John Calvin, who was, in fact, as great a "terrorist" in his day and generation at Geneva, as was Robespierre subsequently in France.

From Germany, with which he began, Archbishop Spaulding traces the great movement of the sixteenth century, to the other countries of Europe. In England, he finds very fair game in the rapacity and self-will of Henry VIII, and he throws a strong light on the policy of Queen Elizabeth. In this way he presents a number of historical questions and characters, and, in one of his most interesting episodes, does justice to the character of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots—perhaps the most misused and calumniated noble lady on record. Montesquieu, *apropos* of one of Mary's descendants, says, "Woe to the reputation of a prince who is at variance with a triumphant faction." Those poor Stuarts have been much oppressed for the last two hundred years, and to hold them in contempt is an article of the political creed in which we have all been nurtured. But they were not a bad race, by any means; only a little high-handed, after the fashion of their brethren of the ruling order in those days; and, for the rest, great

lovers of literature, poetry and the arts, beyond any cotemporary princes. As regards Queen Mary, history is under a strong obligation to vindicate her fame, and will yet perform that duty.

The Archbishop deals with the character of John Knox, and does justice to the polemical savagery of that famous Calvinist. Knox was certainly in league, or at least in good understanding, with Murray (Queen Mary's half-brother), Morton (the ferocious Douglas) Maitland, and the other Protestant lords, who dreaded Catholic ascendancy under Mary, and a restoration of those estates of which they had recently robbed the Church, and who, to prevent it, instigated Bothwell to murder the Catholic Darnley; after which, to destroy the Queen's influence, he then tried to fasten the guilt on her. It is undeniable that the Reformation in Scotland was brought about by robbery, murder and calumny, worse than either; and Spaulding's statements, in this respect, have all the sanction of history.

From Scotland, the Archbishop carries us to Ireland and France, where the great religious revolution was not "made with rose-water," and where it was only imperfectly made after all; and then brings us to the Netherlands where the same sort of imperfection belongs to it, since Belgium is still largely Catholic. The Dutch succeeded in changing their creed, and, in doing so, showed themselves sufficiently blood-thirsty, as our author shows on the authority of Protestant historians, men who, like Menzel and John Lothrop Motley, were strongly opposed to the Spanish domination. On this theme Spaulding takes occasion wrongly to disparage Motley. He says: "As a historian, though not wanting in industry and research, Motley is immeasurably behind Prescott. He is a partisan of the most decided character. He writes, it would seem, more to sustain a favorite theory than to vindicate the sober truth of history. His readers have very little opportunity to see the other side, though every one knows that most historical questions have two aspects which the professed historian is bound to give, or at least refer to. With Prescott, the prejudice is the exception. With Motley, it is the rule." The Archbishop, however, quotes a long passage from Motley, who, referring to the Dutchman Sonoy, says, the latter "could give a lesson, even to the Inquisitors, in the diabolical science of persecution."

From the Netherlands we are carried to Sweden and Iceland, where the old religion was supplanted by the new, in the customary way, that is, with much intolerance.

In going through these two large volumes in one, the reader who can carry an even mind into the grand argument of "the Trojans and the Tyrians," will find that Archbishop Spaulding has given to it a certain freshness and interest, rectifying many errors into which people may have been led by d'Aubigné and others who have written on the side of the Reformers. Men are beginning to outlive their terrors of the old bugbears, and to find

that all the errors and ferocities were not on the side of the Papacy and the Catholic Church. These things have cropped up pretty freely on both sides; and it is the good fortune of the world in our time that the growing intelligence and common-sense of society have put those worthless old polemics to silence, and left the good that is in Christianity free to make itself felt and understood. Spaulding's work, though not free from the bias he so strongly condemns in Protestant historians, is written in a very fair style of historical composition, and possesses a quality of historical research that must commend it to the men of all creeds who may desire to hear both sides of a story. While writing from the Catholic point of view, one can discern an aim or endeavor to avoid those exaggerations which he condemns in his opponents, and this, in such a zealous churchman, is certainly a matter of commendation. Those who have read d'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation* should read this also, if they care less to "feed fat their ancient grudge," in the matter of religion, than to discover something of the truth of religious history.

This edition of Dr. Collins excellent compendium of the great events in history, which Dr. Willis, of Alexander Institute, has prepared for American pupils, is not a new book, but "an old one in a new form." It has been prepared chiefly for the use of schools and to fill a place in school literature hitherto unoccupied. The book, as it originally appeared, was devoted exclusively to Old World history. In its present form it begins with the beginning and traces in a manner to give no offence to orthodox tastes, the important events in the history of the Hebrews as they are given in the Hebrew Scriptures and the writings of Josephus. Then it follows with those of the Assyrians, Egyptians, Medians, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Greeks and Romans, forming a first period. The second period, comprises the story of the Eastern Roman Empire which makes the grand light of the Middle Ages. And then we have the great nations of modern times—the German, French, Italian, Spanish, British, Scandinavian, Russian, &c. The ninth period gives a History of the United States, up to the close of the Civil War. The latter portion has been added by the American Editor in order to make the work more serviceable to American pupils. But this is not the only contribution to the work made by him: "The events from the creation of man down to the opening [beginning] of the Christian Era; the articles on the settlement of America; the Indian wars; the war between Great Britain and her Colonies in North America; the war of 1812; the American civil war; and the French and Prussian war, have been added by the American Editor." (*Preface, p. 3.*) This was to the first

American edition. To the second, the one before us, other important additions and improvements have been made by him, notably an article on the history of England.

It is easy to pick flaws and find fault with a work of this kind, or any kind, in fact. The paper is poor and the type is small. Some recent great events in the world's history are omitted. The great events which it records are mostly confined to politics, ignoring those incomparably grander events connected with the growth and development of moral ideas, such as the march of the scientific spirit; the progress of discovery and invention; the decline of dogma and authority; the rise of mental freedom and self-reliance; (the abolition of hell,) &c. But if works of this kind must be confined to the record of political events, the value of the present one would have been considerably enhanced if two or three additional pages had been devoted to the later Sultans of Turkey, and the development of the far-reaching designs of the Czar of Russia; the later Popes and those neighbors of ours on the West of us, China and Japan. But the Editor had to stop somewhere. It could not be expected that he should compress all the great events of a singularly eventful age within the confines of a single, readable-sized volume. It is a good book as it stands for the purpose intended, and we commend it cordially.

In all its divisions the chief events and salient acts and important names are satisfactorily recorded: and the entire panorama, so to call it, is well-calculated to fill the reader's memory, and prepare him to take, at all times, an interest in the larger and more detailed histories of nations and races, and in those biographical facts presented or quoted in current literature. At the same time, those who have read the larger histories will be happy to have their memories refreshed by a convenient book like the one before us.

BIOGRAPHY.

1. *Memoirs of Charles Sumner.* 2 vols. 8°. By ED. J. PIERCE. Boston : Roberts' Brothers. 1877.
2. *Memoirs of Roger Brooks Tancý, LL. D.* 8° pp. 672. Second Edition. By SAMUEL TYLER, LL. D. Baltimore : John Murphy & Co. 1877.
3. *Popular Life of General Robert E. Lee.* 12° pp. 432. By EMILY V. MASON. Baltimore : John Murphy & Co. 1877.
4. *Gerrit Smith. A Biography.* By OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM. 12° pp. 336. New York : J. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

THE life of a man is somewhat like a river, which is considered beautiful or otherwise according to the scenery through which it flows, independently of the depth or clearness of its waters, the fertility it gives the soil or the use of it as a means of travel or traffic. And the readers of Charles Sumner's life in these volumes will be disposed to admit that a great deal of its interest is derived from the associations of the man in his youth, and especially on the old continent, when, at the age of twenty-seven, he emerged at once from the comparative obscurity of a lawyer's office in Court Street, Boston, into the broad light of European society—going, so to speak, from the flat scenery of the Charles River to the picturesque and crowded banks of the Rhine, the Thames and the Tiber. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the accessories of the biography are so much beyond itself as to throw Sumner's personality into the shade. He was really, by nature and education, a man of mark and likelihood; and his sayings and doings at all times and places correspond very fairly with those accomplishments, foreign or otherwise, which set them off so attractively in the work before us.

This Memoir by Mr. Pierce is really one of the best of our American biographies—perhaps the very best. It has all that crowding of personalities, names and incidents which excites and gratifies us in the most popular of such narratives—in Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, for instance, or Lockhart's *Biography of Sir Walter Scott*; and the author has made the most of the materials at his disposal, choosing the happiest mode of arrangement and making his own text the explanation of the original letters, diaries and other documents presented in his pages: the plan, it may be added, of Thomas Moore in his *Memoirs of Lord Byron*.

Charles Sumner appears always in contact with a number of noted and memorable people, and the notices, dates and sketches referring to these will tend to make the book as generally read as it deserves to be. The biographer is "an honest chronicler,"—like Griffith, in king Henry VIII,—and his heart is apparently in his work. He is, in fact, the chronicler Sumner himself would have selected—and perhaps did select—for our author is one of the three executors (H. W. Longfellow and Francis Balch being the others) entrusted with his literary remains.

Charles Sumner was a twin, born at Milton, near Boston, in 1811, his sister Matilda being born at the same time. Mr. Pierce gives a long introductory chapter to his English and American ancestors; and this is not at all too long, since a man's derivation often goes a great way in explaining his bias and character. And such was certainly the case in the present instance. Sumner was proud of his English name and its traditions, and this gave his mind its leaning to everything connected with England, historic or literary. This mental bent was due also to the influence of his father, a man of literary tastes and pretensions. The latter, Charles Pickering Sumner, a graduate of Harvard College (1796), and later in life, a Deputy Sheriff and Sheriff of Suffolk County, Boston, sent his son, in 1821, to the Boston Latin School, where the studious boy won a number of prizes, a Franklin Medal among them. At the age of fifteen he had read a great deal, surprising his school-fellows by his knowledge of out-of-the-way matters, and he went frequently to hear addresses from Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams and other notable persons, at Faneuil Hall and elsewhere. At the age of fourteen he wrote a Compendium of English History, reading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* at the same time and making extracts and abridgements. All this indicated an active and ambitious mind in a reserved and awkward fellow who never cared for the amusements of the rest of the boys. He went to Harvard in 1826, after his father had been disappointed in an attempt to get him into the military school at West Point. In 1829, Charles Sumner had his common-place book, and in this he was in the habit of noting and making extracts from books. He loved literary questions and controversies, and might truly have quoted—and it is a wonder he did not—the words of the venerable Bede, who said it was, in his opinion, a sweet and delightful thing either to learn, or to teach, or to write—

Me symble swēte and winsum thæs, that I otthe leornede, otthe lærde, otthe write.

At this time the idle fellows looked on Sumner as an oddity and a pedant or "a prig." He was rather careless in his style of dress, and was at one time, during his junior year, admonished for some eccentricity of costume. He belonged to the Hasty Pudding Club, and other societies; got prize-money for some of

his college dissertations, and was the happy purchaser of Shakspeare's and Byron's works and some others of the same attractive sort. He took long country walks in vacation time, and made a great number of friends and acquaintances. In 1829, he left college and set himself resolutely at home to learn mathematics and algebra. He wrote a Prize Essay on Commerce, won the prize and received the *Encyclopædia Americana* from the hands of Daniel Webster, who complimented him in a manner which the young man did not forget. In 1831, Sumner chose the law as his profession and began the study of it in the Law School at Harvard; being then a tall, gaunt person, about six feet two inches in height, singularly plain, with hazel eyes, a gentle genial smile, a look of intelligence and a great lover of walking exercise. Mr. William W. Story, writing from Rome, sends to Mr. Pierce some interesting recollections of Charles Sumner as he appeared at the time of his law-studies:—

"He used to come to our house two or three times in the week, and to his long conversations I used to listen night after night with eager pleasure. His simplicity and directness of character, his enthusiasm and craving for information, his lively spirit and general feeling immediately made a strong impression on me. My father was very fond of him, always received him with a beaming face and treated him almost as if he were a son.... He talked of Cicero and Cæsar, of Horace, Virgil, Sallust, and indeed of all the old Latin writers. English poetry was the constant subject of his talks. But the higher flights of poetry were above him. He was then, as in after life, a most indefatigable and omnivorous student. He lived simply, went very little into society and devoted his days and nights to books. He was guilty of no excesses of any kind. Behind every book he liked to see and feel the man who wrote it and, as it were, to make his acquaintance. He had no humor in himself and little sense of it in others. As a young man he was singularly plain. His complexion was not healthy. He was tall, ungainly in his movements and sprawled rather than sat on a chair or a sofa."

In the second year of his law studies Sumner began to write for the *American Jurist*, and, in 1834, he entered the law office of Bergen, of Court St., Boston. Introduced by his good friend Judge Story, he associated with the Judges of Washington and the most distinguished lawyers. In 1835, Judge Story made him Commissioner of the Circuit Court of the United States, and he was admitted to practice in that Court. In 1837, he contributed to the *North American Review* an article on Grund's "Americans." He also lectured at the Boston Lyceum with Mr. Choate and others. With all his industry in the law, which he had chosen as the profession and mainstay of his life, he still cherished his love of general literature, and it more than divided his mind with his graver studies. He always in fact liked literature better than law, and of this his friends were sufficiently aware.

The Memoir shows that Sumner's mind and general ability were rather underrated by his cotemporaries. After his visit to Europe, in 1837, people were surprised to hear of the distinguished

notice he received from the most learned and aristocratic societies of the old world—in England especially. The present Memoir shows that the English welcomed him with the utmost cordiality, freely admitted him to their houses and club-rooms, and generally conversed with him in the frankest and most genial manner. There must have been something in Sumner, even at that age of twenty-seven, that deserved such a reception, and, in fact, there is no difficulty in comprehending it. He was a gentleman in right of his birth and academic education, and his profession of the law. His friend, Judge Story, introduced him and spoke of him as a man of "truly extraordinary attainments, literary and legal," and a gentleman "of the highest purity and propriety of character." At the same time strangers found something simple and candid in his manners, and they could see that his honest enthusiasm predisposed him to love the traditions of English society and English genius. There were other good reasons, also, why Sumner should have had such a cordial reception in England. Just then (1837), the Americans and the English were warmly debating the Maine Boundary Question, together with "the affair of the *Caroline*," and there was a talk of war. Under such circumstances, "the gentlemen of England who lived at home at ease," found it very pleasant to meet an American who always spoke of the brotherhood of those speaking the same language, and who deprecated anything like violence in the mode of settling their controversy. Sumner's happy experience in England is, therefore, easily accounted for. He anticipated them, and also justified them by his literary accomplishments, while at the same time he devoted all his energies, in the most prepossessing way, to the great purpose of enjoying them; for his literary energies were by no means intermitted during that remarkable European tour. His old habits of work and study still attended him, and in the midst of his European enjoyments he must have spent nearly half his time with a pen in his hand taking notes of everything and writing the long letters which appear in these Memoirs, and which we are convinced were prepared as a means of distinguishing himself and preserving his memory.

Charles Sumner, on his departure for Europe, in 1837, received a loan of one thousand dollars from each of his three good friends—Story, Fletcher and Lawrence—a fact that speaks highly of his character. Approaching England, the young American felt all the glow of Lord Byron when he first saw "the isles of Greece" and the old Rock of the Capitol—only that Sumner's feeling for "the inviolate island of the brave and free," the mother of his race and language, is much the more natural enthusiasm. In passing up the English Channel he recalls the Norman flotilla of 1066, and the passing of the Spanish Armada at the same place. He spent about a year in England, where he went everywhere, so to speak, and saw everybody. He was admitted as "foreign visitor" to four

clubs—the Garrick, the Alfred, the Travellers' and the Athenæum,—and was present at the coronation of the Queen, the sessions of the law courts, and the debates in Parliament, etc. He sat on the Judge's bench in Westminster Hall, dined with the judges, and spoke after dinner. He then went about to the great country seats and castles of the nobility and gentry, where he rode with the hounds at a fox-hunt and had the honor of being flung out of the saddle. He met all the great law-lords—Brougham, Denman and others—and dined with crowds of lawyers and bishops; passed a day at Windsor Castle with Lord Byron and other palace-noblemen, and visited Oxford and Cambridge. Meanwhile, he conversed with the grand army of authors—with Rogers, Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, and Sir John Bowring; with Thomas Campbell, W. S. Landor, Henry Hallam, Grote, Jeffrey, Talfourd, Milnes, Sydney Smith, Milman, Cornwall Lewis, Theodore Hook, Kinglake, Barry Cornwall, Bulwer, Macaulay, the Countess of Blessington, Mrs. Shelley, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Marcet, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Montagu, Joanna Baillie, Sir David Brewster, Lockhart, of the *Quarterly*, Sir George Back, of the North Pole, Lord Morpeth, and his sister, the Duchess of Sutherland—noblest and most amiable of the name of Howard—and a vast number of others less distinguished. During all this time, so crowded with festive enjoyment, he was always making memoranda in his diary, and almost always writing to his friends or family at home, especially to his beloved sister, Matilda. No American ever mingled so much with the celebrities of England, and, indeed, few Englishmen.

Sumner had prepared himself to go through those gratifying experiences, and he was happy to make them the chief business of his life in England—noting, at the same time, perhaps, a great many particulars which other travellers might have passed over in silence. Still, they were very notable; and readers of the present day must thank him for the enthusiastic vanity, or ambition, which drew him on to illustrate such a multitude of memorable men and things, and that in a style of English, so animated and so happy. He had always a kind of leaning to the high literary modes of expression and loved a measured pomposity on occasion; but those letters from England seem to have been written unaffectedly and with good taste and judgment.

Mr. Sumner often speaks of Lord Brougham and seems to have been greatly attracted by the oddity of his lordship's manners and customs. The ex-Chancellor was very blunt in his conversation, and showed a somewhat savage disrespect for the amenities of lordly society and the law courts. He always had the affectation of writing his name "H. Brougham," after he had become a peer. Sumner was surprised to hear him swear. It will be remembered that Miss Harriet Martineau, who never liked his rough ways, mentions the same bad habit.

In speaking of Junius, he said that the man must have been in office and was also "a d——d rascal." He said Daniel O'Connell was a shocking thief, and Harriet Martineau "a great ass" for presuming to write about State policy. He called the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV) "a confounded bore and fool." Sumner says: "I have dined in company nearly every day since I have been in England, and I do not remember to have met a person who swore half so much as my Lord Brougham, and that in the company of an aged clergyman." The traveller speaks well of the gracious Lord Denman, Chief Justice, who said that the legal wig worn by Judges on the bench was "the silliest thing in England." Sumner met Campbell the poet one day at dinner—"a short, stout man who did not look like a gentleman" and who drank too much brandy and water at table. He also met Walter Savage Landor whose dinner costume was a careless morning dress, heavy frock coat, heavy boots, &c.; and who took the young American to task for saying "the ashes of George Washington" rested at Mount Vernon; whereas the general was not burned at all, and "remains" was better than ashes. It is just possible the rough old fellow—the original of Böythorn in *David Copperfield*—was quizzing the precise language of our New England jurist. At Lord Lansdowne's the latter saw, across the table, a black-haired, short man, with a very plain face and very large stomach, who addressed himself to the stranger, putting a great number of questions about America. This was Macaulay, who talked a great deal in a very able and interesting manner. Sumner visited Carlyle and found him a man of "simple and unformed manners" who was living (1838) in something like poverty and in a very retired way, scarcely going out anywhere. Moncton Milnes (Lord Houghton) said "nobody knew of his existence;" and Sumner adds: "neither he nor his writings are known in London." Carlyle said in conversation that he had recently received fifty pounds from America on account of his *French Revolution*—which, he observed, was more than he had ever got for it elsewhere, or expected to get: a very curious confession, supposing that Sumner reported him correctly. The latter went also to see Leigh Hunt who was living in a poor way, with no carpet on his hall or on the stairs. "But he possesses a palace of a mind and is truly brilliant in conversation." Rogers received our countryman with great cordiality and was always happy to receive and talk with him. One day, when Rogers, Harness, Babbage and Sumner were walking in the narrow street where Harriet Martineau lived, the former observed: "who but Miss Martineau could have drawn us into such a place as this?" Lord Durham, some time Governor of Canada—a man of acrid and contentious moods, who once proposed that Goat Island should be blown up with gunpowder to let Niagara come down the falls in one single and semi-circular cataract—told

Sumner in confidence that Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, was "one of the greatest blackguards in the three kingdoms."

Sumner's reception by the ladies was very agreeable to him. Lady Morgan welcomed him cordially to her *boudoir* and, on the coming in of the Marquis Douro, son of the Duke of Wellington, was happy to introduce his lordship to a "distinguished gentleman from America." Mrs. Shelley, the great poet's widow was equally agreeable and thought it would be a woman's greatest happiness to be the wife or daughter of a famous literary man. She herself was both, in her day; being the daughter of William Godwin. She spoke French and Italian to her guests. Lady Blessington—*née* Margaret Power of Clonmel—was still more charming in her hospitality. On the occasion of a morning call at her house, she told Sumner that Brougham and Denman had just left her and were both pronouncing the *éloge* of her American friend. She had always a very winning Irish way with her, and in this assurance there might be a slight *souçon* of the "blarney"; and Sumner accordingly adds that though she might be about fifty-eight, she really looked no more than twenty-five. But the most charming of all British beauties was the grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Hon. Caroline Norton, then about twenty-eight years of age, who had recently parted from her husband on account of the great Melbourne scandal in which she had been cruelly implicated. Sumner met her at the house of her uncle Sheridan, and said she was a most fascinating and beautiful woman, with dark eyes and hair, and complexion perfectly Italian. On that occasion he also met her sister Lady Seymour, subsequently Duchess of Somerset, who was almost the equal of Mrs. Norton in those personal attractions which, about a year from that time, led the Knights of the Eglintown Tournament (1839), to crown her as the Queen of Love and Beauty. Sumner was highly pleased with the intellectual talk of the poetess. He said it was the pleasantest dinner he ever enjoyed, and he believed she was a grossly slandered woman; an opinion, it may be added, shared and expressed by the London reviewers who have been recently noticing the biography of William, Lord Melbourne, written by Mr. Torrens. With reference to the above dinner, Sumner adds: "In such society the hours flew by on rosy pinions"—a sentence which reminds one of Thomas Moore. But it is notable enough that the young American never met the poet of the Melodies who was generally such a diner out. It was strange he did not fall in with him at the house of Lord Lansdowne.

Sumner met Lytton Bulwer once or twice at dinner. He says: "I must confess it was a relief from the incessant ringing of Macaulay's voice to hear Bulwer's lisping, slender and effeminate tone. I liked him better than I wished. He talks with

sense and correctness, though without brilliancy or force." He mentions also how Mrs. Bulwer—then at feud with her husband—goes to the theatre sometimes to hiss his play of the "Lady of Lyons"; one of those exaggerated stories which might have been told by Theodore Hook, a wag, whose acquaintance he made during his stay in London, and who on one occasion declared that the atmosphere of London was a sort of rarefield pea soup.

The foregoing may give an idea of Sumner's visit to England. He had visited France before he went to London; and he visited Germany and Italy subsequently, making ample notes in these countries. But we can only allude to those for want of space. The reader will of course find his English tour the most attractive. He used to say that England was the "Italy" of an American. While he was in England he wrote a long argument about the North Western Boundary, which was printed in *Galignani's Messenger*, and which gave general satisfaction to his English friends. It was also satisfactory to his own countrymen; for it maintained the American claims in the matter under discussion.

After his return to Boston, Sumner resumed his professional work. But he always remembered England. "It was long," says W. W. Story, "before he could settle down to the practical work before him. He did, indeed, set himself with determination to his duties, but they had lost the old charm, and the dreams of those delightful days, and the echoes of the far voices haunted his memory." All this passed away; but never to his dying day completely. He lived at home with his mother and family. "There was a world of love and tenderness in him" says his sister, Mrs. Hastings. He was by nature a philosophic reformer. He hated slavery and sympathized with the abolitionists, especially John Q. Adams. In 1844, he had completed his edition of Vesey's Reports. He was very enthusiastic in the cause of education, and advanced \$5,000 of his own money—which he subsequently found it hard to get back—to secure a like sum from the Legislature for the establishment of normal schools in Westfield, Bridgewater, and Northampton. In 1845, Sumner, who had not hitherto received any notice as a public man, brought himself into contact with public opinion by an effort of oratory, in which he gave expression to those ideas which the remainder of his career tended to illustrate. On the Fourth of July of that year, he delivered, by request, the oration of the Day in Tremont Temple; and on this occasion, the great force of his address was a denunciation, in good set terms, of the ancient and barbaric system of war as a means of settling international controversies. A great many naval and military officers were present; and they, as well as the majority of the audience, must have felt somewhat disconcerted by the nature of the discourse, since Independence had been won by the sword of war. He made several good points, one of them

being the fact that the "Ohio," a ship of the line then at Charleston, had cost more than Harvard College. He compared the nation preparing in peace for war, to the savage boar whetting his tusks for some possible encounter with a forest enemy.

This outbreak of philosophic oratory made him generally unpopular, and many critics compensated themselves by disparaging his style of language. But he had much hearty commendation from the judicious and philosophic people. It was allowed in general that while the doctrine might be very good in theory, it was not at all practicable during the present state of human society, in which the cannon is accepted as the readiest sort of arbiter in questions of great difficulty. Sumner partly admitted the logic of his opponents; but he also insisted that a beginning should be made in the right direction, and that the world must be brought to learn the lessons of reason and of common-sense. He had always a philosophic independence; and after the close of the Rebellion, he publicly contended that the regiments that had distinguished themselves in the contest should no longer be permitted to carry on their flags the name of those battles in which they had defeated the Confederates—men who were once their brothers and were such still. Coming from such an opponent of southern slavery as Charles Sumner, this was very significant and afforded honorable evidence of his natural nobility and goodness of heart, as well as his indifference to the more vulgar sort of public opinion. Perhaps he might have remembered at the same time, that among the glorious and quarrelsome little states of ancient Greece, it was a law, or a recognized custom, that after their fights with one another, the victors should erect no trophies, or only those made of timber and other perishable material, that the remembrance of their unbrotherly affairs should fade away as soon as possible. And certainly that old Pagan example is one that may well be imitated in a Christian community like ours where such by-gones should be by-gones always.

In conclusion, we can only say what we have said already—that this is the best executed American biography within our knowledge. Mr. Pierce has not only furnished a great number of particulars respecting Sumner's notes and letters, but he has given miniature biographies, so to speak, of all the notable persons with whom the American came into contact during his foreign pilgrimage, making the work, so to speak, a gallery of celebrities, and at the same time rendering it valuable as a book of reference for those who would ascertain dates and facts, &c., respecting the notabilities of literature. The biographer has done his work with creditable care and industry, and not in any perfunctory manner. He has made it a labor of love; and no monument to the memory of Charles Sumner could be superior to this. Any other sort of *In-memoriam* would be a superfluity.

The life of a man like Chief Justice Taney presents many features in striking contrast to that of a man like Charles Sumner. The judge did not write books, and was all his life a lawyer and judge exclusively, with no taste for any of those *rôles* or pursuits which bring a person prominently before the public eye and *en rapport* with general sympathy. He did not greatly distinguish himself in politics or statemanship, though he had some of the better qualities of the politician and the statesman. His grave and dignified vocation is to interpret the laws in a constitutional way, and his great praise was that he tried to do it fairly and fearlessly. The high and honorable ambition of his life was to deserve the eulogium expressed by the poet Horace in one of his odes :

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida.

This sentiment is one which he himself quoted in a letter to one of his intimate friends as something significant of his own character and philosophy.

Dr. Tyler's Memoir is enlivened and very fitly prefaced by what has been always considered the most attractive sort of literature—an autobiography. The Chief Justice being at Old Point Comfort for his health, began it in 1854, when he was in his seventy-eighth year, and carried it on to the twenty-fourth year of his age, being desirous, like Sir Walter Scott and a great many other distinguished men, to give, in a correct manner, the tenor of his earlier and obscurer life. He was born on the 17th of March (St. Patrick's Day), 1771, in Calvert County, Maryland. He speaks of his forefathers as having been among the earliest emigrants to that colony, and as owning the homestead in which he himself was born. They were Roman Catholics, and were probably from Ireland, though he does not state this. His mother was Miss Brooke, daughter of Roger Brooke, owner of a large landed estate at Battle Creek.

Mr. Taney's account of his boyish days gives a curious insight into the old colonial ways of life and thought. He learned his lessons in a plodding way from some irregular teachers living in log-huts in the neighborhood of his home, and otherwise "cultivating literature on a little oatmeal;" but he learned to ride, swim, row and hunt foxes with a great deal of alacrity. His father, the judge tells us, kept a pack of hounds and he himself often rode with them. In 1795, he graduated as A. B. at Dickenson College, Carlisle. In 1796, he began to read law at Annapolis in the office of Mr. Townly Chase, one of the judges in the General Court of Maryland; going at the same time into society to wear off the reserve and timidity which were born with him and which he never entirely got rid of. After a study of three years he was

admitted to the bar. Of his first case he gives an amusing account : " I took no notes," he says, " for my hand shook so that I could not have written a word legibly for my life; and when I rose to speak, I was obliged to fold my arms over my breast, pressing them against my body, and my knees trembled so much that I was obliged to press them against the table before me to keep myself steady on my feet." This morbid sensibility must have rendered the Justice unfit to play an active and pushing part among the politicians of his time. To disable him still farther, his sight was always defective, which he lamented as a great hindrance to a man's efficiency in public life. His nature seemed to dissuade him from politics; and yet one of his first public steps was in that direction. In 1799, he was chosen delegate on the Federalists' side, to the Maryland Assembly for Calvert County. But it was only for a short session; and, after the election of the "republican" Jefferson to the Presidency in 1800, Mr. Taney retired to a private station, at Frederick city, and set himself exclusively to the practice of the law. In 1806, he married Phebe Charlotte Key, sister of Francis Scott Key, who secured his immortality by writing the well-known song, *The Star-spangled Banner*. In 1819, Mr. Taney was counsel for Rev. Mr. Gruber, Methodist minister, who had preached a sermon against the institution of slavery. The lawyer pleaded that a hard necessity had compelled the tolerance of slavery for a time. " It is a blot," he said, " on our national character, and it must be gradually wiped away." This opinion was shared by a great many men " below the line " at that time; and it is to be lamented that they did not allow themselves, or were not allowed to act upon it, in an enlightened and dispassionate spirit, and thus prevent the heart-burnings which the present generation has been fated to endure. The jury in Mr. Gruber's case found him " Not guilty "—a verdict which very probably would not have been rendered in Maryland fifty years later.

It was Mr. Taney's habit in the practice of his profession to advise his clients to settle their difference amicably—a very old fashioned style of lawyership certainly, but one that presents a notable feature of his character. " He was," says Dr. Tyler, " a fair and open practitioner. He never cloaked a point, but presented it fairly and distinctly for adjudication by the Court." This shows great nobleness of character. Along with this there was in his nature great tenderness of feeling. In 1823, before he left Frederick, to take up his residence in Baltimore, he made an arrangement with Mr. Murdock Beall, a lawyer, much younger than himself, that, in the event of his own death at his new residence, his friend should have his body brought back to Frederick and laid beside the coffin of his mother in the graveyard of the latter place, attached to the little Catholic chapel which both mother and son had been in the habit of attending for years. Judge Taney always loved the law; but it could never harden him

against those emotions and sentiments which are after all the better parts of a man's nature.

In 1824, Mr. Taney advocated, though not very prominently, the election of General Jackson to the Presidency, and in 1827, Governor Kent made him Attorney-General of Maryland. General Jackson was elected in 1829, and Taney was made Attorney-General of the United States, and member of the President's Cabinet (1831). When Jackson declared his hostility to the money-power of the American government, and especially to the Bank of the United States, he was supported by Mr. Taney, who was conscientiously opposed to an arrangement which had been made in stress of circumstances, during the War of 1812, but which had long outlived its *raison d'être*. In 1832, the Bank party in Congress proposed a renewal of the charter which was to expire in 1836, and passed a bill for the purpose. This bill Jackson resolutely *vetoed*, supported by Taney, the only man in the Cabinet who favored the *veto*. Henry Clay and others denounced the government policy. But the General had a sort of Roman firmness in his nature and would not yield.

In 1833, Mr. Duane was dismissed from his post of Secretary of the Treasury, and R. B. Taney appointed by General Jackson to that office. In a short time the treasury order was issued by which the national deposits were removed from the National Bank. Mr. Taney, in his letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, said: "It is a fixed principle of our political institutions to guard against the unnecessary accumulation of power over persons and property in any hands. And no hands are less worthy to be trusted than those of a moneyed corporation." The truth of the latter sentiment has, unfortunately for society, recently received ample confirmation in this country.

In the midst of this great monetary turmoil, and the period that accompanied it, Mr. Taney preserved his equanimity and remained untouched by any of the acerbities of the occasion. His tenderness was proverbial. Hurrying one morning to his office at an early hour, he saw, says his biographer, "a little negro girl trying in vain to get water into a tin bucket hanging at the spout of a pump, and he took the pump-handle, filled the bucket, and, placing it on the girl's head, he said, 'tell those who sent you here that it is too cold a morning to send out such a little creature.'"

In 1834, the Senate having refused to confirm the appointment of Mr. Taney, as Secretary of the Treasury, he quitted office. In 1836, he was made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, as successor of Chief Justice Marshall. Clay and Webster opposed the nomination, but it was nevertheless confirmed.

Dr. Tyler gives a number of Justice Taney's decisions, and these will, no doubt, be interesting to such readers of the biography as are students of law. The general reader may take an interest in the following part of the narrative: On the forty-sixth

anniversary of his marriage (1852) Judge Taney wrote to his wife: "I cannot, my dearest wife, suffer the 7th of December to pass without renewing to you the pledge of love which I made to you forty years ago. And although I am sensible that during this period I have left undone many things I ought to have done, yet, in constant affection I have never wavered, and I now pledge to you again a love as true and sincere as that I offered in January, 1806."

The Dred Scott case was another of those questions that enter largely into the biography of Chief Justice Taney, who pronounced the decision which denied the man his freedom and his claim to any right of citizenship under the Constitution. Being sworn to interpret the law, not to give it—*jus dicere non jus dare*—he felt he could have made no other decision. His decision accorded perfectly with the southern interpretation of the Constitution of the United States; but *Inter arma silent leges*; and four years of war sufficed to silence the unhappy controversy of half a century.

Dr. Tyler's *Memoir* touches nearly all the great law cases occurring in Judge Taney's career, and they will be found interesting to historians as well as lawyers. The latter will find in the Appendix the argument of Judge Taney in the Dred Scott decision. When one of the United States generals arrested a man named Merryman, the Chief Justice issued an attachment under the law of *habeas corpus*. But the soldier, acting under the President's order, did not obey it. Whereupon the Judge published a protest which was widely read but which produced no result. When "the star of peace returned," however, the Senate passed a law providing for future emergencies of the sort. The Chief Justice died in 1864; and, in 1872, his statue, cast in bronze by Rinehart, was, by order of the State of Maryland, erected in the city of Baltimore.

The Lees of Virginia sprang from one of the ancient families of England, the founder of which acquired his estates at the time of William the Conqueror. Richard Lee, a younger son of Sir Robert Lee of Hulcott, was the first representative of that family who settled in Virginia. He came over in the time of Charles I, as Secretary of the Colony and member of the King's Privy Council. Thomas Lee, grandson of Richard Lee, was appointed President of the Council and Governor of the Colony, and was the first native American who assumed that office under the British Crown. Gen. Henry Lee, father of Robert Lee, was a grandson of a brother of President Lee. He served with great distinction during the Revolution, and though young, his military genius won the confidence of Gen. Washington. He was as equally distinguished in civil life as in his military career. He was selected by both Houses of Congress to deliver the funeral oration of General Washington, and in the resolutions which he drew up for the occasion, occurred these memorable words: "First

in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He was three times chosen Governor of Virginia. His services were so highly esteemed by his countrymen that a vote of thanks was accorded him by Congress, which also presented him with a medal on which was engraved: "Notwithstanding rivers and intrenchments, he, with a small band, conquered the foe by warlike skill and prowess, and firmly bound by his humanity those who had been conquered by his arms."

General Lee was twice married: first to Matilda, daughter of Philip Ludwell Lee of Stratford. His second wife was Anne Carter, descended from Robert Carter, known in Colonial history as "King Carter," so-called from his immense estates. Robert E. Lee was the son of General Henry Lee by his second wife, and was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 19th of January, 1807. In 1829, he graduated at West Point, and in 1831, married Mary, daughter and heiress of Washington Parke Custis, and grand-daughter of the wife of General Washington. In 1838-39, he executed one of his greatest feats in engineering—that of opening a passage for the Mississippi River at the Des Moines Rapids, thereby averting the danger of that river cutting a channel on the Illinois side, which would have destroyed the prosperity of St. Louis as a commercial city.

In 1847, Col. Lee was destined to exchange the quiet and comparative ease of garrison life for that of active service. General Scott had commenced collecting troops on the Island of Lebos for an expedition against Vera Cruz, and Captain Lee was assigned to the central army in Mexico as Chief Engineer under Gen. Wool, and was conspicuous during the campaign for his gallant conduct.

He was twice promoted for his services in Mexico. In '47, he was brevetted Major at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and later was made Lieutenant-Colonel by Brevet at Contreras and Cherubusco. In '52, he was appointed superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, where he remained for three years.

In the Autumn of 1859, Colonel Lee was recalled to Washington from Texas, where he had been engaged in Indian warfare, to take part in the skirmish at Harper's Ferry, against John Brown with his sixteen white men and five negroes. In February of '60, he returned to assume the command of the Department of Texas, where from that remote corner he noted critically the evidence of the approaching storm, but took no active part in the questions that were agitating the country. When these issues reached the crisis, and seven of the States seceded and formed themselves into the Confederate States of America, no one was more averse to the act than Colonel Lee; but when Virginia seceded, he regarded it his duty to cast his fortunes with her.

After Colonel Lee had resigned his position in the United States army, he was offered the command of the State forces of Virginia, which he accepted. The events of the War of the

Rebellion are too recent to render their recapitulation necessary, or to note in detail the conspicuous and distinguished part taken in them by General Lee. As commander-in-chief of the Southern Army, he husbanded his resources well, and fought against fearful odds. To gain the victories he won with his poorly equipped soldiers, sometimes against thrice the number of his own, is evidence of superior generalship.

When hemmed in on three sides by Northern troops and forced to surrender the army of Northern Virginia, his sorrowful dignity excited even the admiration of the victors. With this event Gen. Lee felt his life-work finished. The war has engendered a mutual respect between the two great sections North and South, and will undoubtedly tend to unite them into one great confederation.

During the Summer of 1865, General Lee accepted the presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., which position he held until his decease, which occurred in October, 1876.

The authoress of this volume shows her partiality for the "Lost Cause" throughout her pages, as she was clearly entitled to do, being a southerner. That she should also show intense admiration for its hero was to be expected. She not only exhibits admiration for him: the feelings which inspire her pen are those of affection and veneration allied to worship. And the man, though a good general, was greater as a man than as a general. He is in need of no eulogy here. The name of General R. E. Lee will long live in the hearts of the American people—North as well as South. We cannot sympathize in the sentiments of those who would connect his course in respect of the Rebellion with dishonor. There are higher claims upon us than country—the claims of right, duty, conscience; and when the alternative is presented of recognizing or denying the authority of any of them, no true man will hesitate which course to pursue—nor did General Lee.

MR. FROTHINGHAM introduces his subject with a notice of Gerrit Smith's father, Mr. Peter Smith, which affords an interesting glance at the old Knickerbocker ways of thinking and transacting business. The latter was the son of Dutch parents and spoke the Dutch language—a form of speech more generally understood in New York a hundred years ago than it is at present. He began life as a dealer in furs and kept a store in this city in partnership with John Jacob Astor; and these two traders were in the habit of going in a sloop up the Hudson, in the Summer months, as far as Albany, whence they would strike inland and make their way on foot through the wild places of the State inhabited by the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, and Senecas, whom they enriched with beads and beautiful specimens of painted glass, in return for the furs which became the sources of so much wealth. Smith subse-

quently bought vast estates in the centre of the State, and Astor made himself lord of a great number of acres in New York city.

Later, Peter Smith left a diary or diaries of his journeys among the Indians, sixty or seventy years ago, and Mr. Frothingham gives a few extracts from them which suggest that he must have been a very singular mixture of impulsive pietism and business cleverness, "a sad good Christian at his heart," and, at the same time, a dead hand at a bargain. Noticing in one place that some Vermonters were to give \$20 an acre for the ground of some new township, he adds: "I am very much worried and fatigued—very little attention to make me comfortable at this tavern. O, may I be resigned to all my trials! Give me, heavenly Father, a contented mind." And yet, if he had received that divine blessing of a contented mind, he would not have gone through so much worry to make himself wealthy. One of the State laws prohibited the purchase of the lands appropriated to the Indians. Yet he contrived to get the lands by agreement with the State, and at last was master of about half a million of acres. In 1792, he was married to Elizabeth Livingston, of Montgomery county, and had five children by her, of whom Cornelia, Peter, Gerrit and Adolphus were the only ones who arrived at maturity. In his later years, he resided at Schenectady, and his letters to his son Gerrit exhibit as much restlessness and discontent as if he were a very poor man. "Complaints of loneliness, ejaculations, lamentations, reproaches, desire to be elsewhere, groans over the vanity of his life and all life, morbid uneasiness about the health of his body and the destiny of his soul, remonstrances with Gerrit for giving too much to the missionaries, make strange confusion in the sentences" of his diary. His son inherited a good deal of his fervor and impulsiveness, but had much more "sweetness" of character, to use the expression of Mathew Arnold.

Gerrit Smith was born in 1797 at Utica, and educated at the Academy of Clinton and Hamilton College, Hamilton. He was not distinguished for intellectual brilliancy. In youth he was very handsome and somewhat vain of his flowing hair and broad, Byronic collar, which was regarded as a sort of foppery at that time. He loved games and sports and belonged to a club of card-players. One of his friends, presenting him with a copy of Byron's *Siege of Corinth*, wrote this on the fly-leaf of it: "To my sincere, affectionate, sentimental, poetic, ambitious, superior-minded, noble, generous, honest, jealous, deceitful, hoaxing, partial, epicurean, gambling Smith, 1816;" a set of epithets which would indicate that Gerrit was something very different from the common-place order of "yunker." He must have been popular at Hamilton College, for he subsequently remembered it with a gift of \$20,000. In 1819, he married Wealthy Ann, only daughter of Dr. Azel Backus, first President of Hamilton College; and after her death (in the same year) he married (1823) Ann, daughter of William Fitzhugh, Livingston county.

Gerrit now began to keep house in the family mansion of Peterboro, which had been transferred to him by his father. He became a regular man of business, with clerks and agents in his office, and speculated as actively in land as others speculate in stocks. When the United States sold land by auction at Oswego, near the Welland and Oswego canal, Mr. Smith was the chief purchaser; and in a few years his purchases were worth half a million of dollars, in general estimation. He bought the whole stock of the Hydraulic Canal Company and put the canal in good order. In 1837, he found himself in a monetary strait and removed to a smaller house, called the Grove, where he lived economically for a few years. He was the creator of the city of Oswego, and this place and the land about it have been the great sources of his wealth which, for a period of twenty-five years, averaged an income of \$60,000 a year, and on the last ten years of his life \$80,000, according to his biographer. Much of this prosperity was due to his own business ability, which was held in high honor. "Gerrit Smith had the power which wealth gives; had he not possessed it he certainly would not have occupied the place he held." This is the opinion of Mr. Frothingham, who certainly gives a very fair and frank estimate of his character. Of Gerrit Smith's person he says:—

"His form was stately, his countenance noble; his massive, well-proportioned head was set on broad shoulders. His chest was deep, his face was expressive, his eye was large and brilliant, his voice was sonorous and rich, remarkable for compass, musicalness and power; his brown hair, worn long in youth, fell in strong masses, over his collar, which, open in front exhibited his round smooth throat. The man possessed the great advantage of stature and weight. He was six feet in height. In his youth at college, he was a model of manly beauty and power."

Mr. Smith was abstemious in his diet and circumspect in his habits. In 1832, he gave up the use of tea and coffee. In 1835, he began a course of abstinence from fish, flesh and gravies. Then all the products of slave labor were excluded from his diet. But in these matters he did not make his own rule the rule of his family and guests—not being tyrannical. In a few years he relented in favor of fish, believing probably, that it was desirable as brain food. His abstinences were no doubt observed in part on account of his health which was never very robust. His diary contains many records of sickness and disease, for almost every year between 1836 and 1863—rheumatism, fever, giddiness, rush of blood to the head, hydrocele, hemorrhoids, tumor in the back, hernia, and sufferings from blisters, ointments, &c. His eyesight was imperfect, and at one time he feared the formation of cataract.

In the matter of religion, Gerrit Smith had at first some of his father's fervors. He was early a professed Christian and a lover of the Bible. In his journal he records the texts of the sermons he had heard during thirteen years. Later, his religion sat looser upon him; yet his feelings were always religious. In 1844, he thought the

end of the world was at hand. The "Midnight Cry" told him so. "I seek salvation," he says, "though it is in the last hour. How my eyes have flowed at the welcome thought that we shall meet our dear Fitzhugh and Nanny!" He thought the Bible should not be excluded from common schools; urging that "the word of God" is one of the best words that could be heard in such a place—a position not easily overthrown. Sects and divisions in the profession of religion he held in disfavor, and would have no Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, Baptists; but all Christians. He had a little chapel of his own at Peterboro. It existed for some years, but was at last closed for want of attendants. Mr. Smith was in the habit of preaching, and he preached politics as often as anything else; in this respect resembling Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who, being once invited to preach, mounted the pulpit in a blue dress coat, and gave his hearers a deep dissertation on the Corn Laws—not those of Joseph in Egypt, but the Corn Laws of English legislature. In Mr. Smith view, religion concerned all the affairs of men and should be blended with them. In 1865, he said, publicly, that mere theologies were the curse of religion and society. True religion did not consist in throwing contempt on human nature, but in enlightening and improving it. The religion of Jesus was a service of reason and not of mystery or transcendency. He denounced the logic of the Atonement and the tormenting creed of a hell, and, in his latter years, was somewhat of a "Liberal Christian," proving all things, and holding fast that which he thought good, with an easy independence which is one of the blessed privileges of wealth. The common schools of the country, he said, in bringing about a humaner and more Christian spirit in the community, would do less good than the judicious condescension of the wealthier classes in favor of the poorer. He acted on this principle himself, making his house at Peterboro as open and hospitable as the tent of an Arab. In his diary he records: "A man calling himself George Brown, of Corning, came here to-night with a heavy pack upon his back; he is accompanied by his wife and child." "Mrs. Crampton, a beggar-woman, spent last night with us." "Charles Johnson, a fugitive slave, took tea at our house last evening." "A begging blind man and a begging woman and her son, from Cazenovia, breakfasted at our house." "Wm. H. Douglas, of Eastern New Jersey; ran away from his home a week ago; he had no money; gave him three dollars and some bread and cheese." "An Indian and a fugitive slave spent last night with us; the Indian has gone; but Tommy McEligott (very drunk) has come to take his place." A gentleman who knew Mr. Smith well, says: "I have seen, eating in peace, at one time, at dinner, in his house—all welcome guests—an Irish Catholic priest, a Hicksite Quakeress minister, a Presbyterian deacon of the Jonathan Edwards' school, two abolition lecturers

a Seventh-Day Baptist, a shouting Methodist, a Whig pro-slavery Member of Congress, a Democratic official of the Sam-Young school, a Southern ex-slaveholder, and a runaway slave, Lewis Washington by name, also his wife, one or more relatives, and aunt Betsy Kelty. And he managed them all. Not one was neglected. He did the honors of his table, carving his meats like a gentleman to the manor born; conversing with each in such a sweet way as to disarm all criticism, and make every one feel that if he could be other than himself he would rather be Gerrit Smith than any other man."

On the death of his father in 1837, he paid to the eight children of his brother and sister, twenty thousand dollars each, as their share of the property, that being at the time its estimated value. In this way he became possessor of the entire family estate, and stood legally acquitted of all claims. But that did not satisfy his ideas of justice. In 1860, the property having largely increased in value, he gave one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to his nephews and nieces.

"A similar amount"—we quote his biographer—"was given in 1862; and in 1864 a farther gratuity of eighty thousand dollars. The papers conveying these sums are so unostentatious in form, that they do not at first give an idea of these transactions. The house he lived in was a large square mansion of wood, standing about twenty-five yards from the village street, (in Peterboro) on a dominion of some thirty acres. It was built by his father in 1799, and altered in 1835. A wide hall ran through it from front to back, on one side was the general parlor, on the other side was the library. The sleeping accommodation was abundant and elastic. As many as twenty-two guests found shelter on occasion beneath the roof. All the rooms were furnished with extreme simplicity. The host would have nothing too fine for the humblest visitor.

"At present, Peterboro is a quiet, inert, dull village. It has no hotel, no activity, no interest for the traveller or sojourner. Mr. Greene Smith, Gerrit's only son, maintains open house during the Summer. The family still make free with the mansion and grounds; but the tide of strangers come no more."

Mr. Smith, ardent in everything that concerned the welfare of society, was, from the first, a strong advocate of the temperance cause. The only tavern in Peterboro, the Old Osgood House, was like all other taverns, a place where people could get strong exhilarating drinks. To "fight the fire" Mr. Smith built a rival hotel, comfortably furnished, with barns, stables, &c., and, for 'fire water,' a Bible in every sitting room. But people would put up at the Old Osgood, and Mr. Ambler, who had conducted the wholesomer *ménage*, gave it up. Then, a certain general bought the property, and to Gerrit's astonishment turned it into another Old Osgood. It was bad morality, but good generalship, for the lord of the manor was obliged to re-buy the house at a very high figure; and bring the concern back to first principles. But—like the pilot in Rabelais' wild book, who begs God to keep him in the midst of the terrible storm, and then at the same time adds

that whether *le bon Dieu* will do so or not, he, the steersman will continue to hold his helm all the same—Gerrit Smith persisted in his good but unremunerative purpose; and the temperance hotel lingered, rather than lived. People laughed at his failure. But he did not fail.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Time is the grand element, as well as the grand test, of all human purposes and experiments; and time is doing its work in this direction, as well as in every other—never disconcerted by the haste, disappointment and despair of men. All those temperance people are doing the beneficent work of time; and those fervors and extravagancies, for which many are laughed at, are aiding and abetting the good cause. Gerrit Smith did his part in this cause and he did it manfully and nobly, and, with all his impulsiveness, shrewdly; for though he had strong imaginings and sanguine hopes, his mind was too large to be very fanatical in anything.

This sentence leads us to refer to a part of our subject which has led many to conclude that he had a good deal of the fanatic element in his nature. The man always disliked the idea of slavery; in this respect resembling the majority of his fellow men; while as an American, proud of his country for many good reasons, he only felt the more sensitively the one great blot upon its escutcheon. He rated human rights as something above the written law of a nation, and, like most people, felt rather glad to hear that a slave was able to better himself by running away. He was disposed to give such fugitives shelter and help in life, and also disposed to think favorably of the practice of those who gave those wretches a more active help than he could himself afford. He had in fact the idea of founding a colony of free blacks in the state of New York. Nobody doubts that he encouraged the "flitting" of those southern slaves; and there need be as little doubt that he hoped to see it increased into such a way as to force the southern slave-owners to come to terms, *i. e.*: assent to some equitable law of Congress which, providing compensation in a spirit of justice and fraternity, would in a few years, leave the industry of the black races as free as that of the whites—as free as that of the Spanish blacks.

Where Chimborazo over earth, air, wave,
Glares with his Titan-eye and sees no slave.

It is well known that Mr. Smith was the warm friend of John Brown, whose fervid and impulsive nature somewhat resembled his own; and it is equally well known that the former gave his friend the means of encouraging slaves to quit their masters. On this subject, Mr. Smith himself wrote, in 1867, in a letter to Frederick Douglas:

"But my gifts to Brown show only a small part of my relations with him. For many years, and down to the last year of his life, he had business transactions with me. The title to 80 acres of land which he bought from me in 1858 and paid for, he left in my name when he bade me farewell on the 14th of April, 1859, and in my name it remained at the time of his death. I did not hold the land subject to the repayment of the sums he drew from me in 1850 and 1859. These sums were not advances or loans, but gifts, and gifts too, I admit, to help him deliver his and my enslaved brethren." Mr. Smith goes on to say that he can hardly blame those who say he had a knowledge of Brown's plans, but that he "had only a partial knowledge of those plans, and not the least knowledge of his exchanging them for others." Mr. Frothingham, in commenting on this portion of his theme, treats the matter very frankly, and will not acquit Mr. Smith of the charge that he encouraged the actions of John Brown. He says: "Whatever the motive that prompted him to conceal his complicity with the man whose blood was the seed of the union, it was not disgraceful to his character, and should not injure his fame. It was a weakness, but it was not a baseness; a fault, but neither a crime nor a guilt. That he was faultless, it would be foolish to affirm. His faults were conspicuous and even showy. He was not always candid; he was not always generous; he was not always fair. He lived too consciously in the world's eye. He was too large a figure in his own regard. He lacked somewhat the reserve of modesty. To the appeal of history made through Mr. Sanborn, he, as we have seen, turned a deaf ear. Biography was to him more important than history. This was an infirmity. Personal feeling should never be permitted to obscure historical truth."

The biographer is rather severe on Mr. Smith's egotism. But egotism is a grand element in all human nature—though it may carry some alloy with it at times. The most charming poets are the chief of egotists—Shakspeare not excepted: for the poetry of the "sonnets" is that which he identified with himself, leaving his dramas to any fate the world may have in store for them. Napoleon was an egotist. He said of himself, on one of his occasions of stormy talk: "*Je suis grand bavard!*" Without the pride of self-consciousness, men are scarcely disposed to earn the good opinion of their fellows—which is the first and most intelligible motive of human action and by far the least superstitious or ascetic. For the rest, it is likely that when a man is honestly anxious to do justice to his own biography, he is indirectly tending to do justice to "history," as it is called. Perhaps Mr. Frothingham does his subject less than justice in this matter of "complicity." If John Brown intended to make a downright "insurrection," he would not speak of such a thing to Mr. Smith, who "had given too many hostages to society," and who, furthermore, was such an impulsive, out-

spoken man, that he would be no fit keeper of a dangerous secret. Besides, Mr. Smith hated the arbitrament of the sword. His opinions on that theme were those of Charles Sumner, alluded to on a preceding page, and he could only tolerate the late civil war for the good that must result from it in the removal of American slavery. John Brown knew him well, and knew that the condition of his body often disordered his mind. In 1857, Mr. Smith had typhoid fever; then acute neuralgic pains of the head, then a dropsy, then dyspepsia. The gubernatorial election of 1858 worried him greatly. Brown would never talk of a bloody insurrection of the southern slaves to such a man. He would keep his dangerous *arrière-pensée* to himself, and only speak of some grand scheme of "running off," which would bring the slave-owners to their senses. It has been argued from this that such a proceeding would violate the Constitution and the laws of the States, and that Mr. Smith must have acquiesced in such a violation. This is very probable. At the same time such an understanding would be very different from a downright "conspiracy" to raise an insurrection in a sister State. And it should be observed that while we are writing these lines the biographer concedes his error in imputing a knowledge of John Brown's final plans to Mr. Smith.

Gerrit Smith was deficient in one of those things which men in general agree in regarding as distinctive of character: he did not care for literature:

"Gerrit Smith," says our author, "was not a man of books; not a reader even of such books as he possessed; not a reader of reviews or of magazines. The newspapers, of which he took many of all sorts, furnished his intellectual material. It would be a mistake to call Gerrit Smith, on this account, a superficial man. That he was not, because his own mind was anything but shallow. He was gifted with extraordinary intellectual force. His mental impulse was great. He was always awake and alive, eager to receive and impart. To think, write, speak, cost him no effort; he enjoyed the exercise. He was massive and keen at the same time with a perspicacity that a pleader might envy and a momentum that would make a fortune at the bar. In business clearness, decision and despatch he was almost without a peer. One who knew him well said: 'without doubt his was one of the profoundest and most fertile minds America has produced,' and viewed from any point which human vision can open, it is a great pity he had to spend the rich boundings of his nature in caring for wealth which, in a large degree, fettered his genius and cramped his powers, and without which both he and the world would have been better off this day."

And yet it may be argued that his wealth was the great means of bringing his singularly noble character into such strong relief. His career was beyond anything that he or anybody else could possibly put into any literary work, however attractive. He practised the democratic doctrine of the divine Jesus, when he opened his house and made a place at his table for the poorest and most needy of his fellow beings—a philanthropy more honorable to him than the writing of books on philosophy could have

been. As a man obliged to work for a living, Gerrit Smith would have shown himself a clever lawyer, or man of business, and nothing more. As Mr. Frothingham justly says:

"Nature made him a philanthropist, and wealth enabled him to do what philanthropists love to do. His name among men is, as a matter of fact, due to his wealth and the use he made of it. His personal expenses were absurdly small, even for a man of moderate means; not for the reason that he was ascetic, but for the reason that money, in his opinion, was worth too much to be wasted on frivolities. His house was large, for it answered the demands of his hospitality; his table was bountiful, as it must have been to feed the people who came in from the highways and byways; but there was never the least ostentation. He was essentially a man of heart. His warmth, exuberance, generosity were conspicuous in his college days, and they were equally conspicuous in his maturity and old age. His affections were ardent and constant, his lovingness had no change of mood. His letters to his wife and children are perfect in their simplicity and natural flow of expression. He had a passion for children. His eyes moistened at the least mention of suffering or sorrow. Like all men of heart he allowed feeling to dictate and direct the movements of intellect; the wish was father to the thought."

Daniel O'Connell, was in the habit of saying of himself that he was "the best abused man of his time." Gerrit Smith might not have been able to say that, but he could have said something very like it. His political ideas made him very unpopular, and he received many letters expressive of the anger and malignity of those who wrote them. One of them said: "It is impossible to find language to express the indignation and contempt with which every honorable man looks upon your conduct with regard to the election that has just passed. You mean, contemptible, fawning hypocrite and apostate, we can see through you as easily as we can through an old sieve!" His religious opinions exposed him to a tempest of objurgation. But his biographer does him justice: "His was a genuine life, pure, obedient, trusting, manlike and childlike, honorable, chivalrous, spotless, a life of aspiration and of service. His faults were those of a large, self-assured and self-reliant nature. He was not sordid or cunning, and had no private vices. He was proud and confident, but neither arrogant nor overbearing. Let men judge his character as they will. It was original, unique, a singularly pure example of a type extolled in all ages, and in Christian ages pronounced divine; a type reveringly looked back upon, and in its ideal form, worshipped under the name of Christ. Separate traits of it, discernable here and there, are commented upon as saving graces in human beings otherwise wilful and corrupt, and are ascribed to the influence of a sanctifying spirit which works beneath the individual will. Of these traits Gerrit Smith possessed and combined more than any man of note in this generation; more, we may say, than any man of note in this century of the world. On this account his life deserves to be written, for on this account his example is of general interest to mankind."

The extracts cited in this notice will give some idea of Mr. Frothingham's conscientious and thoughtful way of doing justice to his subject; a justice which does not quite meet the ideas of some of Mr. Smith's friends on that vexed question of John Brown's raid on Virginia. But the question is not worth discussing compared with those greater facts and features of Mr. Smith's life, which present him as "a man of ten thousand," and throw the faults he may have had completely into the shade. Nevertheless, we are glad that it has been amicably settled.

If there is any truth in the photographic art, the portrait accompanying this biography shows that Gerrit Smith must have been one of the kindest and most amiable of men, and not at all the Catiline which Mr. Horace White and others have fancied him to be.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

1. *De Ecclesia et Cathedra: or the Empire Church of Jesus Christ.* An epistle by the HON. COLIN LINDSAY. 2 vols. 8^o
London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1877.

IN these large volumes on the theme of *the Church and the Chair*, the Hon. Mr. Lindsay, who has already been distinguished in the world of religious literature by his work on the Papacy, approves himself one of the most earnest and eloquent of those who have at all times stood forward as the champion of the Catholic Church, to protest against the calumnies of its enemies, to present it to the world as still maintaining its ancient prestige, "unfading in glory, unfailing in years," and, we might say in prophesy too, for he claims for it a future as illustrious and powerful as its past has been. No writer of the *Maxima Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum* will be found more earnest and devoted than Mr. Lindsay in everything touching the glory of the Church to which he has brought the proverbial zeal of a convert, for he was first a member of the Anglican Establishment.

Our author's work is composed of a series of homilies, argumentative and explanatory, all conceived in the antique spirit of the saints and fathers—Clement, Origin, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Augustine and others, whose logic is echoed and very often mended in the expositions of these pages. He concedes nothing, as has been observed, to the times we live in. He takes his stand on the very oldest and most orthodox platform of the Church and fairly and squarely joins issue with the age. He begins with the ages before Adam and the war in Heaven, in which Michael

and his angels fought against the Dragon and his followers, and these last were driven sheer over the battlements of the empyrean—

“With horrid ruin and combustion down,”

to a place of punishment somewhere below the surface of the earth. It may concern those people in our own day who doubt the existence of a tempting devil or a burning hell, to know that these points of belief are part of the revelation which all Christians must respect. Jesus himself says: “I saw Satan fall like lightning from Heaven”—a statement which offers a very brief, and perhaps the best answer to all scepticism. In this way our author comes to the creation of Adam and the Garden of Eden—concerning which last his descriptions are nearly as impressive as those of the great Puritan poet,—and so to the Deluge, the Tower of Babel and the final coming of Christ, who was destined to replace the Satanic depletion of the kingdom of God by the number of the redeemed who were to ascend in virtue of his own death on the Cross. Mr. Lindsay shows how the Church was founded by Christ on the “Rock,” and he presents it as simply a restoration of the old Hebrew system, directed by a divine jurisprudence, and living under the immediate presidency of Jehovah himself. All the types of the Old Testament have been but prefigurations of the Christian system. Christ was another Adam.

This brief glance at Mr. Lindsay's premises may give some idea of the homilies that compose his work. His arguments will provoke discussion and dissent, if people are not tired of the profitless subject. It might be denied that the purposes of God can be read in the history of the Church—as it has been derived from Adam, the Jewish patriarchs and prophets, and the Fathers. An article in this present number of the *Review—Divine and Human Agency*, p. 310,—takes issue with it. And yet it may be added: If they are not to be recognized there, where can they be recognized at all? Many will be disposed to contend that a true revelation from a beneficent God to his dependent creatures would not be a mystery or a riddle, to baffle the reason, but a lesson and a message of light made plain to the understanding of those who were to receive it,—so plain that it would be received instantly by the whole human race. Mr. Lindsay has his answer ready. It is Satan who darkens the minds of bad men and delivers them over to their own evil devices. He and the men of his church receive the Hebrew oracles—the only Revelation which the Divine Being has made of Himself and of His Will to the human race—or, at least, that portion of it existing in the European and American divisions of the earth. They believe that if He did not make the Revelation, He never revealed anything to the human race. Certainly, the idea of a silent, remote, inscrutable God is very depressing to the human mind: and it is no wonder that

people in all ages instinctively recoiled from it to take refuge with a divinity that might in some sort be the "image" of their own individuality. Men will always want a God who resembles themselves in some way, and who for that reason may be supposed capable of understanding their nature and caring for their well-being. And in this lies the stronghold of the Church and the efficacy of such arguments as Mr. Lindsay and other Catholic theologians make use of.

As regards the Popedom, for which the author pleads so powerfully, it has the attraction of an old and venerable piece of history, full of those great events—military achievements, overthrows, controversies, purple splendors, and startling tragedies which give such exercise to the imaginative powers;—and we remember that it was also the salvager of those literary wrecks in which the ancient intellects were scattered over all the strands of the world, and on the point of perishing. We need not forget how many orders of Catholic priesthood and profession were distinguished for their Greek and Roman learning.

In short, the greatest geniuses of Italy were nourished on the Catholic creed; and we must regard the Papacy with a respect due its history and traditions, and as possessing many good points of logic in its favor. With a few notable exceptions, Popes have been men of good character; and as rulers much milder, more enlightened and not half so mischievous as their contemporaries, the crowned emperors and kings, among whom they were generally in the habit of interposing in order to avert the cruelties and desolations of war. And as regards the future, they are at liberty, and have a grand opportunity, to grow better than ever they were. They have been stripped of their secular "lendings"—their church property in Italy, which was a source of embarrassment to themselves, and, latterly, of discontent to their subjects. The Papacy has not fallen because it has lost the gift once received from a Roman Emperor—

Che Costantino al buon Sylvestro fece.

If its blazonry is somewhat blotted in the *Urbis*, it must become more splendid in the *Orbis*; and one would be apt to imagine that, in standing, as it were, "stripped" in the great arena, it stands there after the fashion of an athlete, whose great work and perhaps great victory are before him. To this end it must employ those great and good agencies of progress—education and literature,—which, after all, do as much as the Church, or the churches, in the work of civilization. It must, indeed, be confessed that these agencies were always employed by the Catholic Church, and are still encouraged by it. So that it will have the less difficulty in stretching that principle of enlightenment as far as religion can have influence. Of this result we have no reason to doubt. The Catholic Church, relying on the great masses of

the people to whom it ministers, has done wonders, and against many discouragements in the way of education, especially in this country, where it may yet have its learned Universities comparable with those of Paris, Madrid or Louvain.

The first volume of Mr. Lindsay's work contains a Speculum of the External Policy of the Church in the Nicene Age, and a list of the Dioceses and Metropoles of the Roman Empire. In the second, it exhibits a list of the Popes from St. Peter down to the late Pius IX; the succession of the Jewish Patriarchs, and the order of priestly rule from the time of Moses to that of Caiaphas, the High Priest. Altogether this work is a valuable addition to the history and literature of the Christian Church.

MISCELLANEA.

1. *Catalogue of the Mercantile Library of Brooklyn, L. I.* In three Parts. Part I, A. to C., 4° pp. 400. By the Librarian, S. B. NOYES.
2. *The Modern Cook ; a Practical Guide to the culinary art; comprising in addition to English Cookery, the most approved and recherché systems of French, Italian and German Cookery.* 8° pp. 585. Tinted paper. Sixty-two illustrations. By CHARLES ELMÉ FRANCATELLI. Revised and enlarged from the ninth London edition. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1878.

PART *first* of the new Catalogue of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library was given to subscribers some time since; part *second* is nearly ready for delivery; and the *third* and concluding part is promised shortly to appear. The critical reader will find, by a careful inspection of the work, ample cause for the tardiness with which it has been published. The author has evidently undertaken a task in bibliography the execution of which has been equalled by none of his American compeers, and excelled only by a few of the more elaborate and expensive catalogues of the famous Libraries and Museums of the Old World. The work shows, indeed, a degree of industry and painstaking highly creditable to its author. Were we to indulge our pen in criticising its pages it would only be in respect of certain minor peculiarities, chiefly verbal, which, since the author has consistently carried them out in all the details of his work, with only an occasional

lapse—e. g. Duke de Broglie is printed with a small *d*, while the Duchesse of that name is printed with a large *D*—we can take no exception to them except as matters of taste. We refer to the general disuse of capital letters in the titles of books, persons, subjects, &c. For instance, the titles Lord and Lady appear, with more than republican simplicity, in small *l*'s; so likewise, Duke is printed generally with a small *d*. It seems to us that it would be quite as consistent to write, or print, Mr. or Mrs. with a lower case *m*. Moreover, in the titles of books, subjects, and periodicals, the author has followed the custom of the compiler of the Catalogue of the Boston Public Library,—or should we write it, Boston public library,—and omitted capital letters altogether after the initial word in the title;—as for examples, “*The boyhood of great men*” (p. 119), in cataloguing Edgar's work on that interesting subject. Our worthy contemporary, the *Quarterly Review*, is printed “Quarterly review:” and by a similar inelegant rendering, the *National Quarterly Review*, is simply “National quarterly review.” It should be observed, however, that the usual number of capital letters is retained in the title of the *Catalogue of the Mercantile Library*, and also where the author refers to it as the *New Catalogue*. But, we repeat, the dropping of capital letters is a minor fault, if fault it be, and by no means detracts from the substantial merit of the Catalogue.

This work might properly be called a Cyclopædia as well as a Catalogue, containing as it does more bibliographical information, and offering better guidance than one is accustomed to find in the mere Catalogue. The inquirer who wants the work of any author will find it mentioned in connection with that author's name. If he wants to consult those writers who have treated a particular subject (*Architecture*, for instance), he will find them indicated under that heading, their names being also printed elsewhere under their proper letters. Under another general heading, say *Biography*, he will have names of distinguished persons linked with those of the men and women who have written about them; such names of distinguished persons occupying independent places elsewhere in connection with their own productions. That is to say, Byron will be found in two places, viz., under the heading of *Byron*, and also of *Biography*. Our Librarian, in setting forth the method of his work, says: “Volumes of miscellaneous essays, biographical, historical, etc., have been carefully analyzed and the contents have been distributed under their special subjects. A considerable portion of the periodical literature issued since the year 1852—the date of publication of Poole's Index—has received like treatment, particularly in the line of biography and criticism, so that the Catalogue supplements in no small measure Mr. Poole's very useful publication, a continuation of which, though urgently called for, will scarcely be completed within five years to come. Many thousand references to magazine articles and to

chapters and parts of books are entered in the Catalogue under the subjects of which they treat. There are about 8,000 such references in the class biography alone; and in this connection it should be stated that, in the same class, a brief characterization is given of each of the persons—about 3,000 in number—whose biographies are recorded, together with the dates of birth and death.”—*Preface*. This, in our view, is the most valuable feature of the work.

The benefits of this Catalogue will be more especially felt by writers, compilers, essayists, journalists, librarians and others, who need to improve their knowledge of subjects, and who will find themselves spared a good deal of trouble in the way of research and “reading up.” As for the general reader, he may, at first glance, fail to appreciate the trouble that has been taken in this unique arrangement, or rightly apprehend it. But a close study of a few minutes will make everything clear; and having made the effort, he will cease to wish for the old catalogue instead. To such as will decline to give it this degree of study, the new method will doubtless be somewhat confusing and altogether less satisfactory than the old. We do not urge this as a valid objection to the work, though it will measurably detract from its general usefulness. It is needless to say, however, that the Catalogue is not designed for the use of idiots, but rather for the benefit of those who read for a purpose, and who really wish to find means to help it on. And if there be any method by which the vast treasures of a modern library can be more effectively brought to the attention of the earnest student and bibliographer than the one adopted in cataloguing the interesting collection of books, etc., of the Mercantile Library of Brooklyn, we are sorry to confess that it has thus far eluded our search. The work must prove especially valuable to librarians, and its completion will be an event in which they will have an interest in common with its indefatigable author.

THE MESSRS. Peterson have recently brought out for the use of American gastronomes, Francatelli's great work on cookery. The author is a pupil of the celebrated Carême, and “late maître-d'hôtel and chief cook to her majesty the Queen of England,” (and Empress of India). That he is master of the practice of his art as well as of the literature of it, his pages bear ample testimony.

The author lays down as a maxim, which he has respected throughout, that “the palate is as capable and nearly as worthy of education as the eye and ear.” From this it appears evident that he is in love with his art, and does not underrate its importance to the human family or standing among the fine arts,—a fact

which has played no unimportant part in securing him the eminence he has attained in his calling, and the excellence he has been able to embody in his work.

The work itself is most elaborate in every part, containing nearly 1,500 recipes, and many excellent illustrations, and yet the author has studied to apply and practise a "judicious economy" "in the composition of every recipe contained in his book." "In his present undertaking" he observes, "the author's object has been to produce a treatise which may be useful, not only to cooks themselves, but also to those who employ them. He has, accordingly, been as sparing as possible of the use of technical terms, and has endeavored, at the same time, to be concise as well as explicit in his directions." (*Preface, p. 23.*) Whatever may be thought of his success in his endeavor to avoid the use of technical terms, he has certainly succeeded in the latter endeavor. His recipes are written concisely and with great simplicity; and so explicit is the author in his directions that no one need err therein.

The work will be useful to all who wish to study cooking as a science and practise it as an art, as well as, to those who have cooks and kitchens and would make good use of them. It is supplied with a glossary which will be useful to those unfamiliar with the nomenclature of the gastronomic art, *à la Parisienne*, and a copious index to serve as a guide through what would otherwise be a trackless forest of recipes, *à la Française, à l'Anglaise, à l'Italienne et à l'Allemande.*

ART. X.—EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

THE general demand for economy in the public service works its evil effects as well as good. Not content to confine themselves to the correction of the abuses that have developed in appropriating and spending public money, our authorities seem anxious unwisely to curtail the appropriations in certain directions, or to withhold them altogether. Instead of abolishing sinecures and cutting down salaries; discharging useless clerks and compelling the needed ones to earn their wages; avoiding costly department buildings and elegant equipments of department offices, &c., our rulers seem disposed to withdraw public support from the charities and limit appropriations to the common schools and educational and benevolent enterprises generally.

We regret to say that the Empire State takes the lead in practising economy of this kind. It was but a year or two since that her legislature curtailed the usual appropriations for charitable and benevolent purposes and definitely declined to bear any part of the expense of publishing the proceedings of medical and other societies of the State. It is true that the outlay for these purposes has been large and possibly in excess of a wise economy—in its distribution. But it should not be forgotten that the various State societies are established in the interest of the public, and that their members have no other reward for their services than the satisfaction of doing something to promote the public weal. For the State to refuse to publish the results of their self-sacrificing labors is not only to chill the enthusiasm required in the successful prosecution of such enterprises, but to defeat, or at least, to curtail their usefulness. Be that as it may, not content with throwing cold water on the public spirit of scientists, by withholding State aid from their work in behalf of the public interests, it has been gravely proposed by our Chief Magistrate to economize still further in this direction and withhold the aid of the State from educational institutions other than the public schools. The reasons for this procedure are set forth in the second annual message of Governor Robinson. "The only good reason," he alleges, "that can be urged for taxing one class of citizens for the education of the children of another class is the necessity of giving to the children of all classes a sufficient common school education to enable them to understand their duties and exercise their rights, as citizens of a free country, governed by the popular voice. When we go beyond this and take from one man the money necessary to educate the children of another man in the arts and sciences, we perpetrate an act of injustice under the forms of law."

It seems hardly credible that a democratic Governor of the great State of New York, should embody such sentiments as these in a public message.

Were they carried out to their logical sequence, they would inevitably degrade the public schools by lowering the standard of public instruction,—for, surely, many branches of learning are taught in them—drawing, rhetoric, natural philosophy, the higher mathematics, &c.,—which are not necessary to enable pupils “to understand their duties and exercise their rights.”

But this is not our chief objection to this view of the ethics of the public school question. There are certain responsibilities imposed on the individual by the possession of property, which are wholly ignored by the fallacious assumption, that what one acquires “under the forms of law” is his own, for his own use and betterment. One of these responsibilities is to bear the public burdens. It is one of the justifications of the unequal relations of labor and capital, that upon the latter should fall the responsibility of maintaining public instruction. To tax capital for such a purpose is not to extort a charity, but to exact a right. It is an act of justice to the productive classes—to all classes—that those who reap the emoluments and increase of associated industry should make this return to them, not as a charity, we repeat, but as an acknowledgement of the source whence such increase comes, and the diviner uses, to which it should, of right, be devoted. If this be not so, our free-school system is founded on injustice, and must therefore be productive of evil “under the forms of law,” like any other wrong, whether “the arts and sciences” are taught by it or not. Nay more, the pupils in the public schools are paupers!

Let not the appropriations for educational purposes be cut down! Let them rather be increased. Eleven millions of dollars is not a large sum for the State of New York to appropriate once a year in support of her schools and colleges. There has never been extravagance in that direction—in the appropriations we mean—be assured. The State is suffering from the defective training of her people in “the arts and sciences,” as well as, in those weightier subjects which fit them to understand and properly exercise their rights and duties, “as citizens of a free country.” Had the educational system of New York been more thorough; had a more thorough knowledge of human rights and political philosophy been taught by her schools and acquired by her citizens, the Empire State would have been more likely to have had a Governor in 1878 better qualified to fulfil his duties and sufficiently enlightened to respect and comprehend, instead of ignoring and misinterpreting the rights of the Commonalty of a great Commonwealth. For ourselves, we should like to see all the educational institutions of the country endowed and munificently maintained by their respective States. This is the future of the educational system of the Republic of America.

* * A few words in respect of Military Schools: Many people with peace-loving proclivities, who believe that the long-looked for era of “peace on earth and good will toward men” is near at hand, find fault with military schools, as tending to develop in the youthful mind a love for arms and the *clat* and pomp of war. While hating brass buttons, gilt stars and shoulder straps as heartily as any one, our observations do not entirely

accord with that view. Military drill and discipline seem to us well adapted to give strength and symmetry to the physique, inculcate methodical habits, restrain mischievous tendencies and awaken the enthusiasm of the pupil in his tasks. Besides, the "era" referred to is not so near at hand as many suppose. Masters of schools—military, it is true—gentlemen of perfect candor and large experience in teaching, find the military method with boys a useful one. Mr. Bisbee, of Riverview Academy (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.), writes: "We continue the military drill because we feel that we have thereby the means of physical and moral training and discipline unsurpassed by any other." The testimony of Dr. Willis, of Alexander Institute (White Plains, N. Y.), accords with that of Mr. Bisbee. He informs us that he is perfectly convinced of the advantages of military training for youths, not only as an aid to physical development and the formation of correct habits, but also, as a stimulus to study and culture. These gentlemen, be it observed, make the military element of their respective institutions subsidiary to the academic and collegiate course—an adjunct of education, as it should always be,—and not an idle pastime as we fear, in many places, it too often becomes.

* * "The Bishop (Coxe) visited the Jane Grey School on the 9th inst. (January '78). * * * The ordinary exercises of the School went on before the visitors, who were more than satisfied. The musical teacher, Miss Lindley, is a most accomplished mistress of her instrument, the piano, and with her pupils she supplied some delightful harmonies for the occasion.

"The School seems to have surmounted its difficulties and to be truly popular, not only in Mt. Morris, but elsewhere. Young ladies are among its pupils, who have come from Connecticut, New Jersey, Ohio and even parts more distant. Only a few vacancies now remain to be filled. Mr. Lindley deserves all praise, and all in Mt. Morris are united in bestowing it."

The above well-merited notice of Jane Grey School, from *The Orbit*, a parish paper in the interior, is presumably from the pen of the Reverend Bishop Coxe. But it is one-sided and does but partial justice to the management of *Jane Grey*. In omitting to mention the name of Mrs. Lindley, the bishop follows the traditions of his Church in respect of the position she assigns women in public work, and ignores the services of a woman whose genius is the inspiration of the institution to which he refers.

* * The twenty-ninth Annual Report of the Astor Library has been issued by the trustees. From this we learn that the increase in the number of volumes was 11,533 during the past year—many of them very rare and costly. The number of readers for the past year (58,621) was twenty-three per cent. in excess of that of 1876. At present there are 177,387 books in the library. The "alphabetical" and "subject-card" catalogues, complete from the year 1866 (when the printed catalogue ended) to the present time, are in. Under that plan the catalogue of additions is put before the public in about a week after the books are placed on the shelves. The Astor Library is one of the finest institutions of New York, and its popularity will oblige the trustees to enlarge their borders somewhat in the way of providing sitting room for the increasing numbers of those who visit the Library

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
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